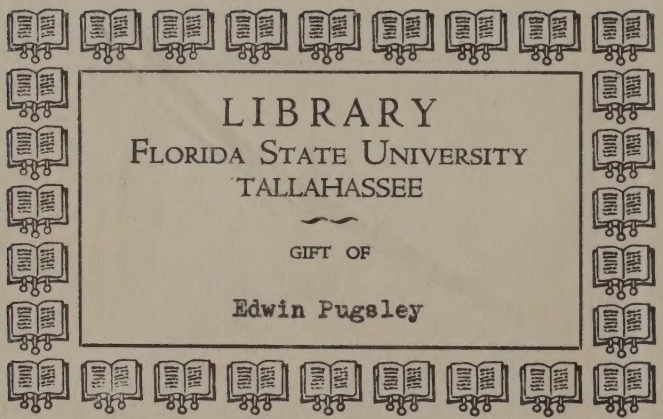
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FROM FORECASTLE TO ACADEMY

LARS GUSTAF SELLSTEDT

NATIONAL ACADEMY, 1872

FROM FORECASTLE TO ACADEMY

SAILOR AND ARTIST

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

LARS GUSTAF SELLSTEDT, N. A.

BUFFALO
THE MATTHEWS-NORTHRUP WORKS
1904

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MADE IN BUFFALO

BY THE MATTHEWS-NORTHRUP WORKS

I DEDICATE THESE MEMOIRS TO MY WIFE, WHO HAS MADE THE NOON AND EVENING OF MY LIFE REPLETE WITH SOCIAL HAPPINESS; TO MY LOVELY DAUGHTER AND HER BOYS OF HAPPY PROMISE, WHOSE MANHOOD, I TRUST, WILL HONOR THEIR PARENTAGE; TO THE MEMORY OF DR. WILLIAM KENNEDY SCOTT, MY SECOND FATHER; AND, LASTLY, TO THAT OF MY MOTHER, TO WHOSE TEACHINGS AND INFLUENCE I CAN TRACE WHATEVER OF GOOD THERE MAY HAVE BEEN IN ME.

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PREFACE

The earlier parts of these memoirs were written many years ago, long before age had dulled the impressions on my brain. Besides the pleasure I found in, so to speak, living over the days of my most youthful activity, it seemed a duty to my family to leave behind me a record of the principal events of my life. I had no idea then that they possibly might be published, if at all, while I was living, though I may have harbored a secret hope that after my death a readable book could be made out of the crude materials. Years rolled on, and before I realized it I found myself an old man, though still in good health and mental vigor.

Many of my friends to whom I had told parts of my history had repeatedly urged me to write my life; few of them knew that most of it was already written. In time the idea of posthumous publication grew fainter; since giving one's self away in autobiographies had become the vogue, it began to occur to me that I, too, might as well give personal attention to my own story.

But what seemed to me a serious difficulty arose: I could not, as I desired, give expression to the grateful acknowledgment which I felt due to all the loving friends that had helped to make me what I was, and to whose beneficent encouragement and companionship so much of the formation of my character and social success was due, without far exceeding the limits of a book which

had for its purpose the exhibition of a life void of other influence than that which any life of moral and intellectual trend deeply in love with art and kindred pursuits may radiate.

I found, too, in talking it over with some friends, that it was expected that in some degree the social history of Buffalo was to be enriched by my narrations; but, although during my sixty years' residence I had seen Buffalo rise from what, as we now view things, was scarcely more than a citified village to the dignity of a first-class city, and a prominent commercial and manufacturing center of the country — from a population of scarcely 20,000 to that of half a million — my position and bare-handed struggles gave small opportunity and less desire for social functions and critical observation.

It is true that during the latter moiety of my life chances for "taking notes" have not been lacking, but devotion to ART leaves little time or inclination for pursuits outside of the range of her requirements. The cult she demands is hard work and much self-denial; but she gives compensation in the pleasure of every stroke of the brush, especially if success attends it. In the picturesque confusion of his beloved studio, surrounded by the tools of his profession, his walls encumbered with ineffectual attempts to give visible form to his imagination, or hasty records of Nature's protean beauties, the painter lives in happy contentment while he has the means to meet his simple requirements; nay, he may even, in the joy of a successful interpretation of Nature, for the time, forget both cook and iterating landlord.

In the following pages there will be found many

names of friends whose precious personalities were so woven into the web of my own life that they could not be omitted; but others there were, less immediately in touch with it, whose claim upon my gratitude deserved no less "the honorable mention."

To avoid a situation which might be thought invidious I had almost concluded to end my tale with my admission to the National Academy of Design, as indeed the title of the book implies. It will be seen that this idea was abandoned for reasons stated, and a subsequent conversation with Mr. James N. Johnston, a well-known gentleman of culture and acumen, confirmed me in the propriety of giving vent to my feelings in closing with a few tributary sketches of some of the most distinguished public gentlemen to whom, during the latter part of my life, I had been particularly bound.

Buffalo, July 20, 1904.

"THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN."

I

PARENTAGE AND ENVIRONMENT

THE use of patronymics is, as is well known, of comparatively recent origin. In cities or in large towns surnames became a necessity for identification, which did not obtain in sparsely-settled communities, such as feudal tenantries, hamlets, or farms. The Oriental Beth, the Mac of Scotland, the Gothic "son," are vestiges of the tribal or nomadic lives of our forefathers. Even the great feudal barons of medieval fame were generally known by the names of their castles, their demesnes, or the devices on their shields. The names of Frangipani, Medici, and other well-known Italian families would seem to indicate that among the descendants of ancient Rome traits and occupations were proudly remembered. Even to-day in Scandinavian countries, among the tillers of the soil, surnames are not universal; in my boyhood they were uncommon, and when my grandfather was born, near the middle of the eighteenth century, they were almost unknown.

To this ancient custom the family of my forefathers was no exception, and thus it came to pass that my grandfather was the first to bear the name of Sellstedt. My own rather stunted genealogical tree may, therefore, with propriety be considered to have sprung from this shoot.

My grandfather was the youngest child of a struggling proprietor of a few rocky acres some eight or ten miles from the small but flourishing city of Sundsvall, and thither, when the time came to shift for himself, he naturally bent his steps in search of employment. This

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he immediately found in the house of a Mr. Bill, a fuller and dyer, or clothier.

This business took high rank in the guilds of the city. Its proprietors were dignified with the title of "Fabriqueur" and in society stood on equal footing with judges, lawyers, clergymen, officers of government, goldsmiths, and rich tanners. It was, when well conducted, a profitable business, as at the time of my childhood all the products of the farmers' spinning wheels and looms for more than fifty miles around must come to the city to be dyed, fulled, and finished for family use or the country tailor.

It was the custom among tradespeople to visit all the fairs, or markets as they were called, which were held at appointed times in the various provinces, where profitable trading might be had buying and selling from and to the peasantry; and thither, too, the clothiers would resort with their finished cloths, bringing back the crude fabrics of the farmers who lived at great distances from town.

My grandfather's first employment was that of a man-of-all-work; but after a year's service in this capacity he was permitted to become apprenticed to the business.

He thus became a permanent member of the family, served his time out, and in the end succeeded in winning the love of the only daughter and heiress, whom he married, thus becoming the head of the concern.

There were two establishments of the same nature whose original owners were brothers, separate in plants and interests, rivals in fact. They had separate houses, barns, and offices, though the land on which these stood seemed common property, at least I never knew of a dividing line. Each had, however, its own inclosed flower garden near his house. That of our neighbor stood on a rising ground, while ours was situated on the level below. The dwelling houses, and the various necessary buildings, such as storehouses, press, brewing houses, and quarters

for the employees, surrounded the common yard, a grassy square prominent in my memory as the ordinary playground and battlefield of my cousin Otto and myself. Behind these buildings, on the side opposite to the houses, was a large vegetable garden, also common property, though divided by some imaginary line, so that each family knew its own gooseberry and currant bushes, pease, cabbages, turnips, carrots, etc.

The dye-houses occupied the river bank, a part of which was used for a flower garden, supported by piles, in front of our own house, and which I remember with special pleasure as the place where many happy hours of my childhood were spent.

Grönborg, the name by which the whole domain was commonly known, was triangular in form, one side of it running along the highroad leading to the principal street of the city, and by a gentle slope descended to the river, which it crossed by a well-built wooden bridge with three arches. Our neighbor's house and flower garden fronted this road. The river side, along which our house and garden, the dye works of both houses, woodsheds, etc., were situated, terminated not far from the mouth of a considerable brook which joined the river.

This brook, and a highway by its side, bounded the premises on what might be called the hypothenuse of the triangle; it was crossed by a small bridge near its junction with the main stream, along the bank of which it was continued far into the country.

Beyond this brook were cultivated fields, belonging to the inhabitants of the city, and here a wolf-trap had been constructed. These animals were no strangers to our town. In summer they were never known to show themselves near human habitations, but in severe winters they became troublesome. They were known to pass through our yard at times, and indeed I found the skin and part of the carcass of my own favorite dog on the ice not more

than fifty rods from our house, where it had been killed in a fight with a pack of them. I do not recall more than one successful attempt to capture a wolf in the manner described below, but this achievement left a deep impression on my memory. In a neighboring field a large and deep pit had been dug and faced with upright boards. In the center a pole reaching to the top had been raised, on which a small round platform had been securely fastened, spruce twigs were laid from this to the periphery, on these twigs straw was scattered, and all covered with snow. A small dog had previously been chained to the center, and a good fall of snow had completely hidden all. In the morning, a large wolf was discovered at the bottom. The news spread quickly through the town; a crowd of people soon gathered round the pit, eager to get a look at the captive, and one of them, a well-known farrier, lost his footing and fell in, luckily, on the side opposite to the crouching beast. It has never been put on record which of the two occupants of this undesirable resting place was the most frightened, but it is said that the intruder was surprised into an exclamation, the only equivalent of which in American English I can think of is "Holy Moses!" or "Jerusalem!"* A ladder was procured and you may be sure the worthy man lost no time in parting company with his neighbor, whom it became necessary to shoot, as no way could be contrived to get him out alive. It was a great satisfaction, not unmixed with pride, that my own coaster, a fine and strongly-made sledge, on which six boys could ride, was selected to carry the dead beast for exhibition all over the city.

Our out-door amusements in winter were such as are common to all cold countries when snow and ice are abundant. Coasting was most common, since hills were plenty, but with us this was done sitting and steering with

* "Tagmigtusan."

the feet stretched out forward, and if more than one boy was on, the guiding was the business of him who sat behind. Skids* were also much in vogue, but with these I never became an expert, as I never owned a pair. Skating was nearly always to be had, and better ground for this enjoyment can scarcely be imagined, since not only did we have the river but also the whole harbor, the only limit being the open sea, and as the ice was always sufficiently thick at the very edge most of our pleasure lay in running as near it as possible.

My evenings were generally spent in learning the lessons for the next day. Supper was served at 8.30 or thereabouts, and invariably consisted of barley mush and milk, except when we had company, when all rules of economy were in abeyance. Bedtime came ordinarily between 9 and 10 o'clock.

My native city, though small, was of considerable importance as a port, a very large share of the lumber exported to foreign countries from Sweden being shipped here or within its environs, it being conveniently situated between the estuaries of two large adjacent rivers.

The retail merchants, who were very numerous, lived in rooms adjoining or over their stores. The business part of the place rambled along the turns and bends of the river, whose banks were covered with warehouses, tanneries, and even dwellings, interspersed with pretty gardens where no other accommodation was needed. The river debouched into a large bay, protected by quite an archipelago of fir-covered granite islets. This made a fine and spacious harbor, where in summer a large fleet of merchant ships rode at anchor, mostly Norwegian and Swedish, though occasionally the flags of other nations were visible. If I add that the houses were all built of hewn mortised logs, with vertical clapboarding, one or

* Pronounced skeed.

two stories in height, painted red, yellow, or white, roofed with red tiles — that the town-house was a two-story building, with the jail in the backyard and the public school in one of the wings — that it fronted a large square where boys snow-balled, thieves were whipped, and fairs were held in summer — that near by was a stagnant pond, said to be bottomless, though now built up, and by a generous lady converted into a most lovely little park and given to the city — that the city boasted a fine stone church with a good organ, a fine altarpiece after or perhaps in imitation of Reubens, a copy of Perugino's baptism of Christ, a fine clock that struck the quarters, and three large and very fine bells in its tower — I have said all I deem necessary of my native Sundsvall as it was in my childhood.

My grandfather having, on the death of my grandmother's father, succeeded to the business, became very successful, so much so, that at the age of forty he was for his time and place regarded as one of the wealthiest men of the town, and at fifty was a councillor in the city government and none more highly esteemed. My father and mother were married in 1818. My mother was a clergyman's daughter and orphan. I remember my father as rather tall, with noble features, a high and clear forehead, nose slightly Roman of medium size but well formed, blue eyes, a rather small mouth with a pleasant smile, and a profusion of light brown hair with a decided inclination to curl. My mother was not beautiful, but her sprightly and attractive manners and jovial disposition made her immensely popular with all.

II

BIRTH AND EDUCATION

ON April 30, 1819, I was born. I was a stout and healthy child and my romantic mother conceived the idea of making me a pattern for all children, body and soul. To this end my infant ablutions were performed in cold water, with Spartan firmness, to harden the body; other hygienic means were resorted to also, which, if they did not strengthen and harden, proved at least that I was pretty tough to begin with, for I survived them all. Neither was my soul's education neglected. It commenced very early, and the entrance to the "little man within" was generally effected through the skin of that part of my body that presented the most inviting surface for the application of the birch; in passing, I may say that birch here is not a figure of speech, which may stand for any instrument of torture you can lay your hand on — far from it, for there was always at hand in the nursery, the trysting place between my mother and me, a nicely-tied rod compounded of six or eight slender and supple twigs of birch, and this effective moral agent was far from idle.

However, I owe it to my mother's memory to admit that, though sometimes unnecessarily severe, judging by the educational methods of the present time, her actions were always in line with her conscientious ideas of duty; and, besides, it was an age when King Solomon was still held up as a model of wisdom.

Notwithstanding her uncompromising code of right and wrong, even in the smallest matters, I loved her in-

tensely. She was of a kind disposition, benevolent, hospitable, and deeply pious, nor was her piety at all gloomy; in her younger days she greatly loved all innocent amusements, was a member of an amateur theatrical club, where her fine voice in ballad singing was highly esteemed; she also played boston and whist, danced, read novels, and, in short, enjoyed life in every way conformable to respectable society.

My father was a worldly but good-natured man, whose principal amusement was fishing, and through which practice, in fact, he was supposed to have shortened his days, by taking a cold which affected his lungs and paved a way for early death.

When I was three years of age my education commenced. I well remember the fat old lady that taught me my A B C. Her name was Fisher. I was so small that I had to stand on a stool beside the table when saying my letters out of an old dog-eared horn-book, the frontispiece of which represented a full-page rooster who was supposed to lay goodies for diligent scholars. At about the age of five I was transferred to a so-called Lancastrian school. This was held in a large room over the city poorhouse, and was conducted by a learned hatmaker. I do not vouch for the correctness of my adjective, but I am sure that he wrote an excellent hand and that nearly all his pupils became good penmen. Here I learned to write, and as I have never since witnessed the process by which my first ideas of written letters was formed, I will describe it. The boys sat in a row before a sort of prolonged desk or, rather, shallow continuous box containing fine white sand; this was made smooth by passing a piece of board, to which was attached a handle, over it, and then each boy with a turned pin some six or eight inches in length copied from a blackboard the letters written in chalk upon it. There were several advantages in this process, as the letter formed was colossal, say six inches high, and thus

MY MOTHER

PAINTED IN 1854

its form was more readily impressed upon the memory, another advantage was that it was done sitting upright; and, lastly, it was a cheap process — the same sand and pins doing duty for any length of time. I suppose the Lancastrian system is well known to many at the present day, but I fear the time will soon come when the body of the last Lancastrian scholar shall have returned to its dust. I will, therefore, sketch the essential characteristics of the system as exhibited in our school. Large printed cards were hung on the walls of the room; on these were lessons in A B C, spelling, and arithmetic. Classes were conducted by so-called monitors. These were not regular teachers, but advanced scholars, who by diligence and good behavior were invested with the badge of office, a pointing rod, thus becoming teachers, pro tempore, of classes lower in grade. So far as I remember, this method worked well, and I cannot conceive a greater incentive to good behavior in school. One day I was called up before the master, trembling lest some forgotten fault was to be atoned for, when to my surprise and infinite gratification the monitor's stick was handed me with direction to hear a class in A B C. Imagine a monitor not six years of age!

While in this school I learned to write; how far I was advanced in spelling and arithmetic I am at this remote period unable to say, but certain am I that I learned to write a good hand. About this time I had a narrow escape from a violent death. It was winter and we were out in the street at recess, when I espied my father's horse and sleigh going by, driven by our hostler. I rushed forth, intending to claim a ride, but stumbled and fell directly in front of the horse, which harmlessly passed over me, and I found myself behind the vehicle, none the worse for wear, though badly scared.

In 1825, being six years old, I was sent to a clergyman who took private pupils, to commence the study of

the Latin grammar. I remember while in this school hearing the origin of man discussed among the boys. About this time some of them had become acquainted with the scientific statement then new, "omnis ab ovo," and I no longer believed that babies dropped from the sky or that an old woman brought them.

My playmate Otto, who had not been pushed in his education to the same extent as myself, was about this time to be sent to a woman's school for his rudiments; but disliking to go without me, I consented to accompany him. I am sure I learned nothing there, but it is the only part of my school-life which I remember with pleasure. The teacher was a nice little old maid of gentle disposition, whose cozy little parlor was redolent of growing plants, and I never catch the scent of geranium or mignonette even to this day without a pleasurable remembrance of it.

In the summer of 1826 I came nearer death than I have ever been before or since. It was haying time and the business of the house was suspended, everybody being wanted to assist at taking in hay, for we owned several small farms not far from the city. The house was, therefore, nearly deserted. My mother was much addicted to weaving and had her loom in a summer house on the other side of the street, on the hill. I was in a boat outside of the pile work upon which our flower garden was, which projected over the river. In throwing my fishing line out I lost my balance and fell backward out of the boat. No one was near, it was evening, but, of course, full daylight, the sun being a couple of hours high or more. I remember distinctly trying to hold on to the keel of the boat, but the bottom was covered with a slimy green conferva and I could distinctly see the mark which my little hand had made upon the bottom of the boat. There I lay for how long I know not, but after the struggle to save myself by grasping the boat's keel

proved abortive, I lay still on my back with my eyes open looking at the green light which shone through the water. It was an extraordinary sensation, painless, nay, rather pleasant, but the vividness of my thoughts were most extraordinary. Of course I expected death, but for me he had no terrors. I could then rest securely upon the mercy of the Lord; ah! what faith I then had! I had then no doubt as to the hereafter, the gates of heaven were wide open, and only one thought gave me trouble; this was of my mother, for she would not know what had become of me. Well, I was rescued at last. A little girl passing with her maid seeing something moving in the water, from the bridge near by, immediately conjectured what the matter was, and though only of my own age ran and informed our nurse that I was in the water. I was sinking when help came and it became necessary for the girl to reach her whole arm into the water to get hold of my foot, my head being at this time downward. "Please, Sarah, don't tell mamma," was all I said as I emerged from the water, for I feared that my permission to go fishing would be curtailed. After I was fairly on land I became insensible, and remember nothing till the whole family was standing around grandfather's bed, whereon I had been laid. The strangest thing about it was that my mother declared that she heard me cry "Mamma!" "Mamma!" several times, and that she stopped her loom to listen. Of course this was not an audible voice, for I could not have cried out if I would, and if I had cried out lustily she was too far away to have heard me. Was it presentiment or was it merely imagination, or, rather, was it my soul striving to communicate with hers? Was it "telepathy"?

This event produced a strong impression upon me. The memory of it is made more distinct by the fact that it was the second mishap that I experienced on the same day, having in the morning torn my new coat to pieces

in a big wild cherry tree that stood in the garden only a few yards from where I took my forced bath. From that day I made up my mind to learn to swim, but I labored all that summer and the next, too, before I accomplished it.

But to proceed with my schooling, which took so huge a slice out of the happiness of my boyhood.

My studies had hitherto been preparatory to the great object of my mother — that of making me a clergyman, or perhaps a bishop. I could read and write, could decline mensa, conjugate amo, and had read some in Æsop's Fables in Latin, and was only seven years of age. What expectation could not a fond mother-heart base on this! I must, of course, be sent to Hernösand, where the great preparatory school and the gymnasium were situated. The system of classical education prevalent in Sweden rendered a tutor necessary, as the seats of learning were few and far apart. In my youth there were but two universities in the country, that of Lund in the southernmost and the world-renowned Upsala in the central portion of the land. These were supplied with students from preparatory institutions in cities where the bishop of the diocese and the governor of the province resided. These schools, or seminaries, were divided into two branches, with four classes in each, called respectively prima, secunda, tertia, and quarta. The four lower or, as they were called, "trivial schools," prepared the pupil for entrance to the higher, the "gymnasium," from which the next step was the university.

Some three or four miles from my home dwelt a clergyman, the pastor of a large country parish, a very intimate friend of my parents, and as he had in his family a poor boy student for whom he kept a tutor, or informator as he was called, I was sent there to be placed under the same guidance, and to be under his care after my admission to school in Hernösand. This was the way

in which I fell under the tyranny of a man of whom I cannot remember anything but acts of cruelty. I remember him now as a very large man, my fear of him in childhood may have magnified him, but tall he was and large-boned, with magnificent teeth set in jaws heavy enough to have furnished weapons for Samson. He was at the time in the gymnasium, happily with only two years more to stay before he left for the university. He took orders, but, I have since learned, never got beyond a poor curate's place in a remote country village.

Thus in the latter part of the summer of 1826 I became a member of the family of Pastor Carling — Carl Rudolf Carling. I love to dwell on the name, as it brings back to my memory his great head, portly form, his genial face and large blue and prominent eyes, so full of intelligence and love. He was of a Finland family and greatly esteemed for solid learning, but, I am sorry to add, his very kindness of disposition and love of friends became his ruin. At the time of which I write, however, all seemed well and no household appeared happier.

The house and grounds, which were beautifully situated on a height overlooking a lovely lake, became a favorite resort for visiting friends from the city, and dinner parties were of common occurrence, especially on Sundays in summer. These occasions, on which I was always permitted to be present, are among the most pleasant recollections of my life. Wit, wine, delicious viands, were all abundant, and, boy as I was, I enjoyed them all. After dinner, pipes, which it was my privilege to fill and light, and conversation often involving much learning, and always interesting, which I loved to listen to — indeed I may say I sat at the feet of the doctors. Then there was a tenpin alley in the open air, and within cards, music, dancing, and all manner of recreation. All this with piety and reverence! I believe the picture will not be unfamiliar to any Swede of the period.

One word of the pastor's wife. Lovely, delicate in figure and face, she was one of the very best of women. She could not be my mother, but, though I called her aunt, she was more like an elder sister. They had a housekeeper, too, a nice young lady, who became, by the way, in after years, Mrs. Lidén. All I can recall of my companion in my studies was that he looked heavy faced, and that he was not very bright, but good, and attentive to his lessons. I loved to torment him, and upon one occasion came near killing him. Our tutor was fond of hunting and had several weapons, which he usually kept in a clothespress at the end of the room. Whenever I could get hold of a rifle or other firearm I would chase my companion around the chamber snapping the flint-lock at him. On one occasion, it was a Thursday, Mr. Lidén had been off duck shooting with a sort of kill-deer gun he had, which he left in the corner near the clothes-press while he went to find the key to the door, and while he was absent I got hold of the weapon; fortunately, my target had stepped out and, so finding nothing to snap at, I simply cocked and let drive at the corner. Bang! The priming burnt my eyebrows off and blackened my face; the noise stunned me and, bewildered, I found my way downstairs, where I met Mrs. Carling, who asked me what was the matter; I remember telling her I did not know. However, it was soon known, as the whole charge of duck shot had gone into the corner, the wall also being blackened all around by the powder. I dreaded meeting my tutor and, indeed, with reason had I met him alone; but the flogging he had purposed for me was absolutely forbidden by the good pastor, who, instead, gave him a lecturing for carelessly leaving the gun where a child could get it. I could soon fill a volume with recollections of this delightful summer; my informator had not then fully developed into the tyrant he afterwards became; but as I am desirous of getting over my childhood ex-

periences as soon as possible I shall only relate one more scrape I got into.

I had been permitted to visit the city in company with the pastor one Saturday. There I was left at home with my grandmother (my father and mother being absent at some party, I suppose). The worthy pastor was to call for me before going home; unfortunately, he had been too sociably entertained and did not come till midnight, when I was snugly ensconced behind grandma, hoping to stay there all night, as it was raining and thundering outside, and it is one of my most miserable recollections that I had to arise from the warm bed, put on my clothes and march off with him when he made his appearance after midnight, too late to get his horse. We had a walk of three miles before us, two of which ran along the highway. All went well so far, but here my sage guide determined to take a short cut, which brought us to grief. This "short cut" led us through a dark grove, for it was towards autumn and the nights had begun to grow obscure. I did not know the way, and he had too much wine aboard to steer a straight course. We lost our reckoning and suddenly came to an awkward stop. An attempt had been made to drain a small pond and a very deep ditch had been dug, perhaps fifteen feet wide, which must be passed. A spar lay across the ditch and on this I climbed over; but when my honored companion essayed it he was less successful, and, to my dismay, I saw him disappear in the gulf. It was eight or nine feet deep with a bottom of blue clay, which the late rain had not improved as a promenading ground, and he floundered and fell at every attempt to climb the slippery bank. At last, after tugging with all my might, I got the end of a pole down into the bottom, and in this way, by holding on to his coat collar, I helped him out. We got safely home and went to bed. The next day being Sunday, he preached as usual in the morning, and I hardly think that

I can better illustrate the manners of the country at this time than by stating that at the dinner table, where, as usual on Sunday, he had invited a goodly company, he himself told the whole story to the great amusement of the guests and to my great satisfaction, as he gave me the whole credit of getting him out of the dilemma.

The school term at Hernösand commenced in October, I think the tenth. It is my impression that we took our departure from my father's house, and that we had our own horse and chaise, at least for the first stage or relay, there being four of these between the two cities. At each of these stopping places a regular tavern was kept, called in Swedish a "Gästgifvare Gård." As we usually left home after a rather late breakfast and often had to wait for relays at these places, we generally passed the night at the nearest to Hernösand, called "Mark." Thus I made my entrance into the city of learning in the morning. Our lodgings were taken for us in advance by my parents in the house of a Mrs. S——, who kept a very small needle-and-thread shop, eking out her living by boarding students.

My sufferings may be said to have commenced here. The room in which Mr. Lidén and myself studied and slept was old, dirty, and infested with bugs, creatures hitherto unknown to me. Then the food was poor and badly cooked, and everything was so different from what I had been accustomed to. Still I was young, and youth as well as age is disposed to make the best of everything, each in his own way.

When school began I was too young to be inscribed on the books as a regular scholar, the limits being between the ages of eight and fifteen and I was only seven and a half. I was, therefore, by special permission allowed to occupy a seat in "prima" on the lower form, as "auditor," the term applied to one not yet inscribed on the official record, until I should reach my eighth year,

My position was no sinecure, for I learned and recited all the lessons the rest did, and the next year I was promoted to the highest place in the class, being first on the catalogue, a distinction which, thanks to my quick apprehension and the severity of my tutor, I maintained as long as I remained at Hernösand.

With the exception of the Christmas and Easter holidays, at which times I was permitted to go home, the school term lasted till the first of June, when we had our examinations in great style. It was the season of flowers and tender green, and it is one of my happiest memories to recall the going out into the fields to gather flowers, making wreaths and cutting young trees and branches to nail to the standing desks in front of our seats, decorating the whole school with garlands of flowers, thus making a sort of Arcadean grove, full of sweet fragrance, out of our musty old prison. We were examined by a committee of professors from the gymnasium, assisted by the dignitaries of the city, and our places in the catalogue fixed for the next term.

I do not care to dwell on my miseries, but one occasion I shall never forget. It was the day I learned to tell the time of day by the watch. Mr. Lidén asked me to tell him what time it was and I gave the hour and "a little after," how much after I do not remember. He then informed me, looking his most ogre-like, that there were sixty minutes in an hour, and again asked me to give him the time. I never heard how many minutes, or if I did the fact was without signification. I only thought of the huge hand which I saw ready for me — and it came on my cheeks and head several times, when the same process was repeated, and at last, after a good many trials of the same sort, it did get into my head that the little marks round the dial were indications of minutes, and then I saw it all and have never had any doubt on the subject since. Now this method, though effectual, was

not the best, since it took much longer than necessary, for I have been able to teach a child the same lesson in much less time.

But, thank God, Lidén's time was up in the gymnasium and we separated. My next tutor was a kind-hearted young man, one Richter, the son of the jailer at Hernösand. It was found that I showed a love for art, and my mother persuaded a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a lector in a gymnasium, to give me some lessons in drawing. How well I remember the elegance and taste that pervaded her perfumed boudoir, and my blushes when she spoke to me or leaned over me to guide my hand. Well, I took I don't recall how many lessons, but I remember about a dozen sheets of the finest of drawing-paper covered with flowers, a landscape with a big spruce, and one head with abundance of curly hair, all done in the neatest manner possible of penciling. This was the only regular instruction in art I ever had.

I remained at school in Hernösand four years. During this time I became, for my age, fairly advanced in Latin and geography, read some history, learned the first rudiments of Greek grammar, a little arithmetic and geometry, together with a good deal of catechism and biblical history. Our studies began at 7 A. M., though it was necessary to be in school half an hour before that time to attend prayers, when the roll was called, and woe to the unlucky boy before whose name the ominous word "absent" was written. Of course, the first two hours were by candle light and mortally dreary hours they were. At 9 we went to breakfast, and at 10 the next session commenced; we were let out at 12 and had a respite of three hours, when the bell again called us to our tasks. At 5 P. M. we were free for the day, save that the lessons for the next day were to be learned before bedtime. Many a weary hour have I spent before my book, evening after evening, sometimes so sleepy that I have been obliged to

hold my eyelids open with my fingers, and I was frequently aroused at 4 the next morning when I had failed to get my task by 11 the night before, the hour of my release, for my tyrant never stayed up later himself, and seldom allowed me to go to bed before he did. Sometimes I would feign sickness in the morning and in that way get an hour or two more of sleep, but this could not be often. I remember one night having feigned sick and been permitted to go to bed with a promise of a whipping in the morning should the suspicion of my tutor that I was shamming be confirmed. On awakening the next day I really had such a cold that I could not speak aloud; in fact, I had completely lost my voice. Imagine my joy! I was free from school a whole day, and the only drawback was that I had to swallow several hot draughts of catnip tea sweetened with honey.

About this time I used to know a poor mute boy who sold gingerbread and molasses candy in the school yard. I was ever benevolent of disposition, and a sort of friendship sprung up between us, in so much that I sometimes made visits to his mother's home, when I had the pleasure of witnessing the interesting process of manufacturing the candy. The molasses, or rather treacle, of which it was made, was boiled and potash put in, causing it to foam up, after which it was poured into small cornucopias made by rolling paper on the finger to a point. These little parcels just held a fair mouthful and were sold for about a sixth of a cent of our money, the ordinary way of getting at the precious morsel being to lick the paper until it could be unrolled. I had a pair of spare boots and my humble friend of the deaf ears had none, so I gave them to him, covering my generosity with a falsehood, namely, that I had taken them off in a field to go barefoot, a common boy's trick, and that I could not find the place again. It served my turn. At this distance of time I cannot analyze my motive in

telling the untruth, though I am sure I desired to protect my poor friend in his right to the boots, for I knew my tutor would not have allowed him to keep them.

Notwithstanding the many miseries of my school life I cherish some sweet memories of Hernösand. Among these I reckon the so-called mountain. This was simply a gradual ascent on one side of the town to a high ridge of bald granite of uneven surface; the way to this lay through lovely fields, which late in May were full of wild flowers, rich carpets of gold, scarlet and purple, and mixed with the divers greens of the tender spring grass. There were also beautiful groves; alas! they were mostly birch, and thus did not leave the pleasant memories that ought to attach to this of all Nature's products the most delightful, when in the early summer morning they are full of warblers that have come back from the sunny south to the land of their birth. Here we gathered flowers, here we bound garlands; here frequently in the pleasant shade, seated on some lichen-covered rock, we conned our lessons or enjoyed the stolen pleasure of an old romanza, and hither the gymnasiasts came to sing their harmonies in the early summer nights.

The summer of 1828 was a memorable one in my history, for it was the year of my father's death. He had been ill all the summer, and I well remember the gloom that hung over the house the whole season. It came home to me personally, as I was not allowed to make any noise about the premises, and how can a boy be happy without the privilege of making a noise, especially if he is what I was — a robust and boisterous fellow? But what I could not do in the house I effected on the river, frightening my grandmother out of her wits by my recklessness. But one hot day in August, when only our foreman, Salander, and I were at dinner, the news came that my father had breathed his last. Salander at once, with becoming respect, rose from the table, when

astonished at my continuing to eat, he exclaimed: "Boy, do you not hear that your father is dead?" "Yes," I answered, "but can I bring him to life by refraining to eat?" I never could quite analyze my feeling, or rather want of feeling, at this event; but I suppose that, as I had never been very near my father, and, as during his sickness he had seemed cross sometimes, his death did not affect me very much at the time. And yet I loved my father, and many a tear I shed in later years on his grave. He was a good man, though I often heard him called worldly. A man more occupied with his business affairs than anything else. At the time of my father's death my mother was away at one of the before-mentioned business fairs and did not reach home till nearly a fortnight after, during which time the corpse lay in state in the coffin, which was a marvel of workmanship in its way, being the product of the best cabinetmaker in town; it was made, as was customary in Sweden at the time, with arched lid. The shroud was of white silk and the coffin lined with white satin; outside it was painted ultramarine blue and studded with silvered stars. I shall not attempt to describe my mother's grief.

The funeral was on a grand scale, and there must have been at least a hundred invited guests. A description of this ceremony is typical, and I will, therefore, give it as I remember it. At 3 o'clock P. M. on a fine day early in September the funeral guests were assembled in the festal salon. Regular printed invitations on black-edged letter paper, and folded the old-fashioned way without envelopes, were sent to all friends, but to the most intimate the letters O. S. A. (och spisa afton), angl., and eat supper, were written in the right-hand corner.

When the guests had arrived the ladies repaired to an inner apartment with the lady mourners, and the gentlemen walked about in other rooms, discussing the topics of the day in a rather subdued key, but with long-

stemmed meerschaum pipes in their mouths. Coffee was then served, and after that brandy or punch to the men and "bischoff" (port wine, sugar, water, flavored with orange) to the ladies. The funeral cortege was then formed, the minister leading, the mourners following, then the hearse drawn by white horses, then the bearers (if the distance be short no hearse is used), all marched to the grave. The funeral service is performed, the dust thrown on the coffin, and all is over, unless, as was the case with my father, a man of prominence is dead, when a short sermon is preached afterwards in the church. All then repair to the house, and the rest of the afternoon till 7 o'clock is spent in conversation, smoking, and moderate drinking of arrack punch, or bischoff. I ought to mention that it is not the custom for the lady guests to go to the grave — they remain in the house to receive the mourners on their return.

When the time comes to break up, in addition to comfitures properly labeled with pictures suggestive of mourning, which have been distributed liberally to all, a peculiar cake called "kringla" is served to every male guest, and this he is expected to take home with him, which he often does by putting his arm through it. It was in the form of a bretzel, but about a foot in its longest diameter, made of fine wheat and studded outside and inside with currants. This was for those who remained at home, and was always cut into convenient pieces and given to them as wedding cake is with us. The punch and bischoff were kept in very large punch bowls, the filled glasses being placed on large trays and served round to the guests. I am ashamed to acknowledge that I got very tipsy on the occasion of my father's funeral by drinking from the bowls out of the silver ladle, when no one saw me.

After my father's death I was sent back to Hernösand, where I remained two years longer, this time under my

new "informator," Mr. Richter. We had changed our boarding-house, being better lodged and fed, with a shoemaker near the school and just over a little brook that ran at the back of the school-house. I remember having to pass a small flock of turkeys, owned by one of the professors, on my way to and from school. It was a frightful ordeal, as the great gobbler would sometimes show a disposition to make it uncomfortable for little boys — especially, it was said, if they had red vests on. Truth compels me to own to one thing here — my progress in study was much slower under Richter than under Lidén, my natural laziness not being stimulated by corporal punishment. Among those that I remember as students in Hernösand at that time was the afterwards celebrated poet, Sehlstedt, who even at that early day showed remarkable talents for poetry, and even design. He was by ten years my senior, and was then in the gymnasium. It is a pleasant thing for me in my American home, almost within sound of the roar of the Niagara, to read in his poetical writings, now in my library, the familiar description of Norland, and especially his humorous description of Hernösand and its surroundings, with its memories of the haunts of the students, where "en Ijuslett pounch som värmde magen" was still dispensed, "man Stenholms* kände och man Roslings† kände, om Wisselgren‡ man viste ingenting."

But I may not linger among these pleasant memories. In 1830, my mother having given me a stepfather, I was taken out of this school to be placed in one of a more practical tendency at home. Thus were the dreams of my mother's ambition for me forever dissolved.

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* A light-colored punch that warmed the belly.

† Well-known keepers of confectionery "boutiques," where punch was sold.

‡ A professor who introduced teetotalism.

The school at Hernösand was a state institution wholly supported from public funds; the lectors of the gymnasium as well as the teachers in the lower department, who were all highly-educated clergymen, were salaried by government, the whole being under the general direction of the "Rector," a title never applied to a church minister in English, but simply regulator or superintendent. All tuition was free; there was a well-appointed gymnasium for physical training, the only expense to the student being for books, papers, and other materials for study, besides his personal keeping. In Sundsvall the school was supported by the city, and on much more economic principles, for, although the instruction was gratuitous, the care of the school-room was not wholly so, neither were fuel or lights freely furnished. I do not recall how the candles, which in winter were burned till 9 in the morning and from 3 to 5 in the afternoon, were procured; but I remember well that each boy had to take his turn to bring wood and make the fire in the morning. The method of warming houses in Sweden was by heating a large brick structure or oven till the accumulated heat of the mass kept the temperature of the room comfortable, all apertures through which heat might escape being as hermetically closed as possible after the wood had burned down to live coals. Two large armfuls of birch wood were sufficient for the day, and these were loaded on the coaster and drawn to the school-house in time for opening at 6.30 A. M. I lived about three-quarters of a mile from school, and I can remember many a pitch-dark morning with the thermometer a long way below freezing point, when, after a good cup of coffee, well muffled up and with Lapp moccasins on my feet, I sallied out from the house before 6 in the morning to drag my sled (loaded with wood the night before) often through heavy drifts of snow. Strange to say, it did not occur to me to look upon this as a particular hardship.

My studies were chiefly in mathematics, especially in geometry, in which I became somewhat proficient because I loved it, and arithmetic, which I never learned well because I hated it and never understood its principles. The fact was, I was so far advanced in some studies that too much knowledge was taken for granted in others, and instead of being put where I belonged in arithmetic — that was among those of the lowest form, so as to get a gradual light on the principles — I was at once placed among the advanced scholars. The result was that I got through my tasks by hook or by crook, and generally by the aid of one of my playmates, the before-mentioned Otto Bill, who had not been sent to Hernösand, but began in the school of his native city, thus gradually acquiring a good foundation, and by a thorough understanding of principles he found the most complicated tasks easy. So we skated or coasted when I should have been working over my "sums," and while we ate our bread and butter, from 9 to 10 in the morning at school, being too far from home to go to breakfast, he finished my tasks as well as his own. It was friendly and convenient, but, as I found in after years, not profitable. As my intimacy with this boy was of the closest, I shall here mention what I learned years afterwards of his history and sad end. Carl Otto Bill was a bright, handsome boy, but not what is called a good one; not that he was worse than most boys, but he never would have figured as the hero of a Sunday-school book; certainly not as an example. And yet I loved him as I have never loved another boy. He studied civil engineering, went to Stockholm, where he was well connected, but in an evil hour got drunk and enlisted in the guards, becoming a common soldier. Through the influence of his relatives he was released before his term of servitude was ended, and as no hope for amendment from his bad habit was to be found on land he was sent to sea for his moral training, and it is possible that this

heroic treatment might have succeeded, but, unfortunately, he was drowned on his first voyage. Poor Otto! I was sad at missing him when I visited my home soon after. "I could have better spared a better man!"

III

I GO TO SEA

IN the spring of 1831 I was ill-treated beyond endurance by my step-father for what he was pleased to call an offence, though I never, in my mature life, could see that it was an offense to cut a sapling growing from the root of a mountain ash to make a fish-pole of for a little boy. He took the sapling and wore it out on my back. As I considered the property mine and him a usurper, my anger and indignation overcame my pain, and I can recall no humiliating appeals for mercy; but, the injury having been inflicted, I immediately went to my mother and informed her of my resolution to go to sea, and in less than a month I was on board of a small schooner bound for Stockholm. It was a short trip, and did not occupy more than a month, but henceforth I was to be a sailor. On this, my first voyage, I escaped seasickness by being permitted to keep my berth during the passage (twenty-four hours). I well remember my first view of Stockholm. It seemed to me as if I had been there before — as if in some other life I had been familiar with its streets and palaces. I have since had the same feeling with regard to other and foreign cities; it is a curious sensation, and I wonder if it is shared by others.

But my real sea life did not begin till autumn of the same year, when I was actually shipped as cabin boy on the ship "Petrus" of Vifsta Wharf, a considerable shipbuilding establishment, owned by a rich company that sent its vessels into all the seas of the globe. The "Petrus" was a full-rigged ship of 600 tons burthen, com-

manded by a Captain Nordstrom, the oldest and best sailor in the company's service. Our cargo was square timber, and the destination Alexandria, Egypt. It was a cold November day in 1831 when we set sail. The weather in the Baltic and Cattegat was far from beautiful, and, consequently, I soon found my first sea enemy, sea-sickness, which hitherto had been only a hearsay, but now, alas! I realized the misery of those who go to sea for the first time. Sea-sickness is far from jolly for him who can lie in his berth and quaff his champagne, but to a luckless cabin boy, whose duty requires him to be on hand to wait on the captain or mates, it is a condition of unhappiness to which no words can do justice, and if anything be wanting to complete the picture of utter abjectness to which a little boy of thirteen, of good family, may be reduced let him remember that I was in a vessel laden with lumber, the deck load of which was higher than the sheerpoles. These square-hewn timbers were always wet and slippery, and to ascend them to go to the galley for the cabin dinner, or to wash the dishes, one was compelled to use them as steps, each log being a foot high, it will easily be understood that many an unfortunate tumble was unavoidable. I remember once being so sick as to wish that someone would throw me into the sea and end my misery, that I was mounting the deck load as carefully as I could with my hands full of dishes when a lurch sent me, crockery and all, into the uneven interstices which formed the end of the cargo abaft. I don't remember what became of the ceramics, but I know that I was hurt and miserable beyond expression.

But I will not dwell on things like these. It would only tear open wounds that long since have healed. One instance I will relate because it is not unmixed with a humorous recollection. This was after I had got somewhat seasoned, and after a storm, when only the heavy swell remained to tell of the subsided fury of the waves.

We had a house on deck quite aft over the rudder head. This was our dining-room at sea, for the handsome and spacious cabin was filled with lumber, the perquisite venture of the captain. The day was fine, and a resolution to turn over a new leaf came over me. I would reform and try to be henceforward a model cabin boy, no longer the lazy, careless fellow that all my superiors made me out to be, and for which I was almost every day rope's-ended. To begin with, I thought I would clean out the locker in which the dinner things were kept. This receptacle was horizontal, and its top was our dining table. I took everything out, piled all the plates and other dishes on top of the table and went about my cleaning, when suddenly a lurch sent everything onto the deck with a terrible crash, awakening the captain, who had been asleep on the lounge near by. I took a hurried glance at the wrecked earthenware and demoralized viands, caught sight of the awful countenance of my tyrant, and, before he could get hold of the rope's-end which hung near the door, and whose peculiar and biting qualities my poor little back knew so well, I was out of the door as fast as I could scamper. I believe "The Old Man" took in the situation before reaching the rope, for he only called out, "Come back, you little scamp, and pick up the pieces." On reviewing the wreck I only found three plates serviceable, and they had each a piece out of the rim.

Only one more episode concerning myself before reaching the end of our long and tedious passage. One dark evening orders were given to take in the royals. Though I was not by Nature cut out for a cabin boy, I took easily to the adventurous and perilous life of a sailor. Without anyone knowing it, I ran up the mizzen rigging to take in the royal, a feat I thought I could perform alone. I was successful, but it came near costing me my life. The sail was simply lowered to the yard below and there secured, the clews or corners being permanently

fixed to the top-gallant yard, as was the ordinary custom at the time in small ships, and may, perhaps, still obtain with regard to skysails or skyscrapers of vessels of larger capacity. As I was coming in after what was, to me, a ticklish operation, I lost my hold of the yard and fell backward. Happily as I fell my feet slipped on the foot rope forward, so that I hung with bended legs, as one does in a gymnasium, and I had been accustomed to gymnastic exercises at school in Hernösand. I came down safe, only minus my last headgear, for one after another had been blown off during the voyage. It is only the old sailor who can keep his head-piece on at sea with any degree of certainty, but even he can often take leave of his hat, as three or four seas off he sees it rise on a wave with a sort of mocking "take me if you can" expression.

The ship "Petrus" was no clipper — far from it. I don't think that the hardest gale under which sails could be carried would have induced her to a pace beyond eight knots. Consequently, our passage was a long one — three mortal winter months from land to land. Of course, the weather was stormy the whole voyage. It is always stormy at this time of the year in the seas we were obliged to traverse to reach the land of the pyramids and wonders. November was spent in the Baltic, the Cattegat, the Scagerack, the North Sea, and Channel. It was December before we came to the famous Bay of Biscay, and during a large portion of this wintery month, as well as through the whole of January, we plowed the Mediterranean. In fact, we had bad weather most of the time, the only difference being that it was sometimes worse. The culmination of a succession of gales came off the island of Sicily. It was one of the worst storms I ever have experienced. I shall never forget one night when even I, though scarcely more than a child, was kept on deck all night. The night was dark as pitch. You

could not see your hand before you, except when the vivid lightning for moments made the smallest objects visible. I knew nothing then of Tam O'Shanter, but when I think of that night the words of Burns come naturally to my mind :

> The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
> The rattling showers rose on the blast;
> The speedy gleam the darkness swallowed;
> Loud, deep, and long, the thunder bellowed:
> That night, a child might understand
> The deil had business on his hand.

As is natural with a boy, I had wished at the beginning of the voyage that I might see a real storm. Well, we had been out, as I now know, in almost continuous tempests, but, as my idea of stormy waves was mountain high, and none had so far risen to the dignity of even a moderate hill I naturally supposed that the real thing was yet to come. This night put me in the right on the subject; for if the darkness was too thick to take close observation of the altitude of the seas, their roar and magnificent phosphorescence, combined with blinding flashes of lightning, added to frightful peals of thunder, were enough to give free scope to the terrors of the imagination.

And yet I never for a moment thought of impending danger. It was the bliss of ignorance, for there was danger, as my after experience enables me to realize. The ship had sprung a leak, and the pumps were going incessantly, their creaking noise keeping up a kind of fugue with the other unearthly sounds, or their rhythmical cadence might well, without great stretch of fancy, seem mournful accompaniment to the diapason of the elements. But amid all, and piercing all, rang out the trumpeted command of the captain to the sailors, and their answering yells as, perched upon the topling yards, they

were doing their best to reef and stow the sails. All went well till the courses were furled and topsails close reefed. I suppose the intention of the captain was to lie to under close-reefed foretopsail and spanker. While hoisting the foretopsail a sound like the report of a cannon was heard above the storm, and we learned that the sail had been split almost from yard to foot-rope.

To keep the sail from blowing to ribbons the ship was kept before the wind. This kept the canvas bellied out, and two men were sent aloft to repair damage. I have never since seen sails mended in the way they were, but as a temporary relief it was successful. One man was lowered in front and the other behind, passing the sail needle to each other till the rent was closed by strong, if not neat, stitches!

By morning the gale abated, and the rest of the passage was performed after the permanent repairs had been properly made.

IV

ALEXANDRIA

WE entered Alexandria on a beautiful day in the early part of February. Scarcely was the anchor down before we were surrounded with bumboats and officials. The former had an attraction for me that to this day I recall with pleasure; they were full of fruits, both dried and fresh, long strings of dried figs were heaped among luscious bananas, fresh and dried dates, and other things tempting to a boy's palate. Dried figs were familiar, but dates and bananas were revelations. It goes without saying that I invested the few coins I possessed; it was not much, but fruit was cheap, and for the first time I sated myself with these unknown delicacies.

A fat, middle-aged Turk came on board as interpreter, a very useful man he proved to be, but when or where he had learned Swedish passes my comprehension. At the time it seemed so natural to hear my native language spoken that I did not even think to ask him. Several other Mussulmen came on board. I think they were government officers, for I believe our cargo of square timber was for government account, as at the time there was much stir in their navy yard, whither it was taken as fast as it was unloaded. These gentlemen were very fond of coffee, and not averse to taking even stronger beverages on the sly; I also remember that they were readily induced to partake of our ham if we did not call it pork, that, too, being an interdicted article of the Koran. But these were war times, when perhaps the sumptuary and hygienic rules of Mahomet were less

strictly observed. All was excitement and everyone busy with warlike preparations. Egypt was in the midst of its struggle for independence under the vigorous rule of old Mehemet Ali, the famous slayer of the Janissaries.

While employed in waiting on these guests and preparing coffee for our interpreter I had frequent opportunity to observe some Turkish habits and mode of dressing; the latter I will here describe as I saw it, my old friend Shirarah often taking occasion to undress and dress before me, for we got to be very familiar through the coffee pot, which was never idle. His outer garments consisted of a large turban, a short embroidered red jacket, an inner vest also embroidered, and over which and the upper part of the trousers the large and thickly-folded girdle was wound. The trousers were large, of a red color, very wide, loosely fastened at the knee, or rather not fastened, the simple bands which confined the folds being close about the upper calf of the leg. They hung in a large bag their full length behind, the legs were bare and the feet covered by embroidered red slippers somewhat turned up in front. If I add to this the brass inkhorn and a spoon and knife stuck in the girdle of silk of many colors, a little white of the shirt seen in front, that the neck was bare, brown, and strong, that his age might be fifty, that he was large and fat, with a kind though cunning expression on his rather well-formed and full-bearded face, that his amber mouthpiece pipe was never out of his hand, you have as good a description as my memory allows me to give of Shirarah, the Swedish interpreter.

But what interested me more than all was the manner of his inner costume or way of dressing. Everybody can see the typical Turk in the outward description, but it is not everyone who has been permitted to examine the things hidden to view. First, then, is the headgear. It is incredible what a mass a man may wear on his head in

Egypt and live. Of course, as is well known, barring the lock by which he shall be conveyed to the region of eternal bliss, every true believer's head is shaved. Next to his shaven cranium Shirarah wore a white linen cap and over this a close-fitting red fez, then another upon which a number of small packages were fastened, which he told me were amulets; over all a high, heavy red fez with a large blue tassel, round all he wound a silk scarf of many colors at least eight feet long, the folds of which projected some three inches from the head; inside of his girdle he wore a leather belt four inches broad, in which he kept his choice treasures, especially his wives' jewelry. His usual habit, when not on duty, was to sit, with his legs crossed, on the deck sipping coffee, which I made many times a day for him, and smoking his pipe.

Though among themselves the Arabs and Turks seem to prefer their coffee finely ground and served thick as chocolate, Shirarah and his friends never objected to my clear and carefully prepared beverage; perhaps they had become accustomed to it by frequent visits to European ships.

I recollect one instance of their hypocrisy with regard to their religious tenets. At a dinner on board there were spirits and wines, as well as ham, offered them. Shirarah was there with the custom officers and other visitors from the city. Swine's flesh and I believe strong drinks are forbidden the faithful; but they did eat heartily of the ham as it was not called pork, and did full justice to the liquids; one alone refrained, and he was jokingly called "Mahomet's man."

There stood at this time in Alexandria an obelisk usually called Cleopatra's Needle and beside it lay a prostrate one that had lain there many years; I believe the former is now standing, a mournful monument of archaic zeal, in the Central Park of New York, the other now stands erect in the Place de la Concord in

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Paris. The ship constructed to transfer this to French soil was even then lying at the mole with an enormous hole or opening in the stern for its reception. The transportation of such an enormous monolith was at the time considered a feat of some consequence, and not without reason in the days when steam was not. I have somewhere read that the Romans who laid almost the rest of the world under tribute to beautify their city, when they wished to transfer an obelisk, adopted the simple plan of lashing it to a raft which they towed with oared galleys, casting their tow adrift if a storm came up, and picking it up afterwards.

One day the captain gave me leave to go ashore with two of the sailors; the permission was accompanied with a Spanish dollar out of my wages, and which I was at liberty to spend as I pleased. It was not much, but little as it was it brought me trouble, and for the time shut the gates of Alexandria against me. We landed at the mole all agog with hope of enjoyment on a fine day in February, 1833. A crowd of half-naked Arab boys surrounded us with their donkeys crying out at the top of their voices: "Rida de boricca," an invitation, meant to be in Swedish, to ride their animals. As there seemed to be no other way of getting rid of their importunities we were fain to accept their offers and mount. As usual with sailors on shore leave, our first destination was a wine shop. I do not recall any attempt to see the city before dinner, which was ordered and served in a large upper room, the stairs to which led almost to the front door. I greatly relished the dinner, a memorable part of which was a kind of stew or ragout, which I found so delicious that after the meal I asked of what it was composed. I suppose that I must impute to healthy youthful hunger the freedom from any reflex action of the nerves of the stomach analogous to seasickness when I was informed that I had been dining on rat. This may have been a

joke on me, though I scarcely think so, as these rodents were plenty in Alexandria about the granaries that supplied the vessels that were loading cereals.

After dinner I left my companions to see the city of strange smells, historical interest, and jumble of still more curious and picturesque inhabitants. My dollar had by this time been changed into little thin brass discs called piasters, a portion of which had been invested in the dinner, and I was ready to mount my steed again, the boy having waited till I came out.

I had great desire to go to Pompey's Pillar, a magnificent Corinthian column that forms so striking an object as seen from the harbor. My muleteer was a villainous-looking Arab boy several years my senior, dressed in a short and very dirty shirt, with fez to match, who drove his animal by running behind and accelerating its speed by shying sticks and stones. It had been understood between us that for a consideration amounting to about twenty cents he would take me to the column and back. I was not long in finding out that I had made a mistake in leaving my companions and trusting myself to the keeping of this young Bedouin; for as soon as we had got away from the thickly populated part of the city he stopped the beast, and made me understand that unless I paid him then he would take me no farther. This I did, and the journey was continued till we came to a square in the upper portion of the city, where the squalid surroundings indicated poverty and a debased condition of the inhabitants. It must have been the camping ground of both boys and donkeys, for the place was swarming with both. Here another halt was made and more money demanded. I flatly refused to be imposed on longer, and tried to make him understand by signs and the little Latin at my disposal (which seemed to serve my purpose, the common language to strangers being Italian) that he must first fulfill his promise to take me to Pompey's

Pillar. This he refused to do, and made me understand that he would take me no farther. During this discussion, if so it could be called, there had gathered round us some dozen ugly looking donkey boys, who began to make belligerent demonstrations with whips and sticks. Thinking my life was menaced, I jumped off the ass and, drawing my pocket knife, I swung it about in defiance of the whole crowd.

I remember thinking of Charles the Twelfth at Bender, and, like a true Swede, I intended to sell my life dearly. Remember, I was but thirteen years of age. Just at this moment a gendarme came along and, seeing the commotion, inquired of my boy, as I suppose, for, of course, I did not understand, what was the matter. What the boy said I do not know, but doubtless nothing in my favor; for with one hand in my collar and the other much lower down, he suddenly hoisted me into the saddle, telling the boy to lead us, the understanding being that the prison was to be the goal. The situation was far from agreeable to a little boy who had heard terrible stories from the sailors of the way young boys were prepared for service in the Pasha's household, and which he firmly believed. I tried to make the officer understand that I wanted to be taken to Shirarah; I supposed that everybody must know our interpreter, but I do not think he understood me. I made up my mind to escape and quite suddenly formed my plan. My Latin served me again sufficiently to have him understand that I wanted aqua to drink, just as we were passing the very groggery where I had dined with my friends. Here he permitted me to descend to get my drink, following close at my heels; but as soon as I entered the house, instead of going up to the bar, I ran as fast as I could up the conveniently located stairs into the aforesaid upper room. Here I found six Swedish sailors, some of whom were from my own ship. I quickly told my story

MY FIRST SHIP
PAINTED IN 1854

FRIGATE BY MOONLIGHT
PAINTED IN 1873

and they scarcely stopped to hear the end before they all were down and in the street. One of them caught the donkey boy, tore off his fez, and took him by Mahomet's lock with one hand while with the other he belabored his face till the blood came; meantime the officer had drawn his saber, but it was twisted out of his hand and thrown into the street by another sailor, who, having grabbed him by the ever-convenient top knot, was striking the wall with his head. All this was the work of a few moments, while I stood in agony begging them to stop. The street was crowded with people, some of whom wore swords, but no one interfered; perhaps because there stood four Herculean Scandinavians ready to take a hand in the fray if it should become necessary. When they thought that my supposed enemies were sufficiently punished they were left to pick up their caps and donkey and take themselves off, a privilege of which they were not slow to avail themselves. We all went in, had a glass of wine, paid our reckoning, as it was time to go on board, and departed, being permitted to go without let or hindrance.

Seventy years of my life have run their course since this youthful adventure, but it left so deep an impression on my memory that it seems as if it was but yesterday that it took place. Half a century later a British iron-clad fleet drove the people of Alexandria into a defensive resistance against encroachment on national independence. It was deemed a brave act to conquer a nation; but when I think of the episode I have just related, the miserable humanity that composes the bulk of the population, their physical weakness and utter want of spirit, the result of thousands of years of oppression and slavery, I fail to see the glory due to choice English armies, led by able officers, and supported by an unequaled armor-clad navy.

Egypt at the time of our arrival was even then in the midst of war. Ali Pasha was fighting Turkey for his

country's independence. Many ships in the harbor were transporting troops to the scene of war, and opportunity for study of the live material was not wanting.

The great outer harbor presented a magnificent spectacle, being full of transports and men-of-war. Of the latter, three or four were seventy-fours, with three tiers of guns, half a dozen frigates, several corvettes and vessels of minor armament. Above all loomed a line-of-battle-ship, the largest in the world in commission at the time, said to have been built by the American designer, Eckfort, the architect of the "Ohio" of our old navy, the handsomest modeled three-decker that ever floated. This ship was a magnificent sight, with her five tiers of guns, and beautiful proportions; I believe she was of the same character and dimensions as the "Pennsylvania" of our navy, since completed, and afterwards condemned.

One great gala day will live in my memory forever. It was a celebration of a great victory over the Sultan's army. Morning, noon, and sunset simultaneous salutes were fired by the entire fleet. The roar of the cannon was incessant, but nothing but smoke could be seen, except aloft, where thousands of gay flags, with which every ship's "top-hamper" was decorated, hung languid in the dead calm produced by the cannonading. At night the scene was beautiful beyond description; from every porthole and from lanterns hung aloft where flags were hung by day gleamed lights of every color—all reflected in the mirroring calm of the dark water, the clear Egyptian firmament taking up the refrain in the brilliancy of its glorious constellations.

More than once, too, I saw Mahemet Ali himself; on one occasion when in his barge he was, as was his frequent custom, inspecting the fleet, he came alongside of our ship, remaining quite a little while, giving me a fine chance to have a good look at him (I believe there had been some talk of chartering our ship as a transport for

troops). He was seated in the stern sheets on a cushion, cross-legged, smoking, while a man on each side kept the flies off with long feather brushes. He was the handsomest old man I ever saw, his beard was of unusual length, pure white and flowing over his vest, while his complexion seemed fresh and youthful. The last I saw of him was when soon after he disappeared through a lower porthole of a seventy-four ship near by us.

Once I was permitted to accompany the captain on an excursion to a cave not far from the city. It was popularly called "Joseph's Granary," and I was informed that the common people believed that it had been one of his storehouses in Pharaoh's time. We went there in one of the ship's boats, landed near a rocky bluff, where the entrance to the cave was situated; we had provided us with a ball of twine, the end of which was made fast at the entrance to guide us on our return, a precaution which I afterwards thought wholly unnecessary, as we were provided with a guide. The cave was dark and we carried torches and a pot of black paint with which to make our names immortal. I have no distinct recollection noticing anything but some rectangular stone boxes said to have been receptacles for grain, though it is more probable that they were sarcophagi, and that the place had been a catacomb. We explored several chambers connected on various sides by narrow, and sometimes very low, passages. At last one of these opened into a large circular apartment with a dome-like ceiling, on which we proceeded by the aid of long-handled tar brushes, brought from the ship, to paint our names among hundreds of our precursors in vanity; we were not over careful of the fame of previous visitors, and I dare say our names are long since obliterated by our successors. Some officers from a French war ship were with us, among whom was a Swede; they were more venturesome, penetrating into low passages on their hands and knees.

They told us on their return that there were many more rooms, in some of which were bones of animals, supposably carried there by dogs or jackals.

One cold morning as I was about to prepare the captain's coffee I happened to look over the stern, where the jolly boat was hanging by the davits just out of the water. To my surprise a naked boy, whom I at once took for a native, sat shiveringly crouched in the bottom of the boat, which even had water in it with a thin sheet of ice over. After he was brought on deck by the captain's order and warmed, he told us, or rather the captain, who understood Italian, that he had escaped by swimming from a transport ship, having been forced into the war service. It was impossible to keep him, at least our captain would not take the risk, and he was sent back to the nearest war ship. I think I never in my life have had my sympathies more keenly excited.

We were loading the ship with brown beans in bulk for Leghorn, and the hold was now full. The time had come when I must leave this classic ground, never, as it happened, to return.

V

LEGHORN, RIGA, AND HOME

IT was in the latter part of April when our heavy-laden ship weighed anchor and I saw the last of Alexandria. Our passage to Leghorn, where we arrived early in May, was in the season when Nature, both on sea and land, is on her best behavior, and was made without incidence worthy of record. On our arrival we were quarantined thirty-six days, as we came directly from a cholera-infected port. Of that I knew nothing while at Alexandria, or, if I heard of it, it had conveyed no idea of danger. It was the first season, so far as I know, of the appearance of the Asiatic cholera in the West, and the character of the disease was comparatively unknown.

I remember little of these quarantine days except uninteresting hospital buildings, and the excessive heat, which caused the rigging to drop tar and the pitch in the deck seams to melt. I used to go barefooted, and I remember well jumping from one shady spot to another, the deck planks being so hot that it was painful to stand on them. I have also a remembrance of two Italian rascals in shape of custom house officer and quarantine guard who used to take advantage of my youth and ignorance by teaching me foul language in Italian, which I was anxious to learn, in reply to my questions. I would ask how to say this or that in their language, and receive some blackguardisms in answer, which I supposed was all right, and which I would con and repeat to myself.

Happily I had no occasion to use my newly-acquired information. It was many years afterwards that I learned the full extent of the cheat.

I do not recall much of Leghorn; but I remember the beautiful statue of Ferdinand I., with a splendidly-executed Moor slave in bronze at each corner of the pedestal, commemorative, as I believe, of victory over the Turkish pirates. Leghorn is also memorable as the place where I bought my first suit of clothes with my own earnings; it was a beautiful blue suit of fine broadcloth, with three rows of gilt buttons in the jacket front, and cost eight dollars, almost my year's wages, but I thought it was a daisy.

After having discharged our beans we sailed to a place in Spain, near Alicante, called Torrevieja, for a load of salt destined to Riga. There being no harbor, we anchored in an open roadstead, the rock salt being brought out in lighters to our ship. The salt was handed up to us in baskets, which were thrown up by two men to a staging hung on the vessel's side to two others, who threw the baskets on board. It was my duty to throw the empty baskets back into the boats, a task that was very unpleasant, owing to my bare feet having to step on so many salt crystals scattered over the deck. I could not wear shoes, having knocked so many holes in my toes against the ringbolts in the deck.

The passage to Riga was without event, and I think we must have arrived some time in September. We anchored first at Dunamunde, where the customs officers came on board and made their examination, after which they put seals upon the hatches and departed. The next day being Sunday we remained at anchor in Dunamunde. Early in the morning the captain wished to move some contraband wine, etc. (which, being concealed under the salt, had escaped the vigilance of the customs officers), into a secret hiding-place in the cabin. While trying to

bend the iron hatch bars so that they might be made to spring sufficiently to allow the hatch to be taken off, unfortunately, one of the seals was broken. To break a Russian custom house seal was no trifling matter, and the captain seemed to be at a loss as to what to do. However, the goods were removed and put into the receptacle under the cabin floor. I recall that some of the stuff consisted of a lot of cigars, which were absolutely contraband in Russia at that time, and I observed that the captain was very anxious. A signal soon brought a custom house officer on board. The captain met the officer with a rueful face and informed him that the pig, which was running about on deck, had torn the seal off; of course, the hatch and bar had been replaced. The story appeared to be credited, a new seal was affixed, and the gentleman was invited into the cabin and royally entertained before leaving the ship.

The next day we arrived in Riga and soon commenced to discharge our salt. As fast as this was hoisted up in barrels it was carried off on the backs of men and women; it requires strength to carry at least three-quarters of a barrel of salt, and yet I never saw them eat anything but sour black bread and salt at their meals.

I saw enough of Riga to remember it as a gay and lively city, and a veritable Elysium for seafaring people, by the account of it I heard from our crew. My curiosity to see for myself led me to ask them where to go to find their place of amusement, and one night, after the captain had retired, I dressed in my best, left the ship and crossed the river on the bridge of boats in search of Elysium. I had been told to take such and such streets till I heard music and enter the house whence it proceeded. This I did, finding myself in a great dance hall brightly lighted with candles, full of sailors and gaily-dressed young ladies seated all round the room waiting for invitations to dance, or the ball to open. My entrance

was signaled by a shout from some of my shipmates, and I soon found myself wedged in between two pretty girls, who seemed to immensely enjoy my bashfulness and burning blushes. I was dreadfully ashamed and scared, and as quickly as I could got away from their embraces and out of the place, making my way back to the ship as fast as my legs would carry me, happy to get into my hammock in the storeroom.

The storeroom had, in fact, been my sleeping place the whole voyage, the difference between the accommodations on the passage out and home being, that on the former the place was so full of provisions that I had to creep in and sleep as best I could among the bread and pease bags, while on the home passage there was room enough to hang a sort of improvised hammock. But, truth to tell, I went to bed every night so tired and sleepy, having to wait on the captain so late, that I could have slept in a tub of water.

I remember one kind act of the captain while in Riga; he took me to the theater. It was the first time I had been to a regular public theater. I did not understand a word, the play being in German, but everything I saw interested me greatly. My absorbed attention appeared to amuse him, especially my answer to his question as to how I liked it: that I thought it better than Meanders, which was the house where I had seen my mother play in our amateur theater at home.

From Riga we returned in ballast to Sundsvall, where I was again a free boy, after a servitude of thirteen months, the hardest it was ever my lot to endure. I was paid off with what in United States money would equal $1.25 for one month's pay; at least one-third of my hard-secured earnings being deducted for broken crockery.

After a short stay at home I again shipped as cabin boy; this time in the same schooner in which I made my first trip. During this voyage, however, no favor was

shown me, as I was supposed to know my duty; and as the captain was exacting, and endowed by Nature with a hasty and violent temper, and as my ambition did not lie in the direction of the duties of a valet or even a maid-of-all-work (the ordinary duty of a cabin boy), I had a harder time of it than ever. But I will not write of cruelties I hate to think of. Our destination was to Kiel, then a Danish possession, now so well known as the principal naval station of Germany. It was winter when we returned, and December is not a pleasant month in which to navigate the Baltic Sea. Suffice it, that I endured every misery, and that I came home about a week before Christmas half starved with cold, and my clothes infested with lice! This ought to have dampened my ardor for "a life on the ocean wave," and it did some; but I had chosen my path and now there was no returning.

I remained at home this winter (1833-34) and went to school again, more particularly for mathematics and French and German, and also to read for my first communion, being now fourteen years of age. During this winter my general conduct was far from irreproachable, having got into the company of some older boys of bad habits. This caused my step-father to try to correct me again, but this time I resisted so effectually that he retired ingloriously from the field, the exertion having brought about an attack of asthma, to which he was liable. But our mutual dislike made my mother so unhappy that I made up my mind to leave home for good, and one day in the spring I went to my step-father and announced my determination to seek my fortune in America. He seemed at first disposed to question my right to choose for myself, but finally told me to go to even a warmer climate than any in America. And thus we parted forever.

I had heard much from the sailors of the United States, that Eldorado of high wages, luxurious living,

and, above all, the general good usage in American ships; the idea was, therefore, not new; still, I do not think I would have left my beloved mother for good had it not been to keep peace in the family.

I cannot leave my childhood home without a word about our Christmas. They make much of this season in Sweden. In the country among the farmers open house used to be kept up from Christmas till Twelfth Day. In prosperous families a large table stood with big brown loaves of soft bread, Yule-bread, butter, cheese, and cake, with the invariable brandvin (spirit) flask, nor was the great family silver beaker, with its foamy top of home-brewed ale, far to seek. This was eighty years ago; things may be different now. There is a sort of degeneration that waits on "better times" which has even reached Ultima Thule. I do not believe that progress is always improvement, and I question if the influence of the sewing machine and many other American domestic inventions, now common among the population, have had a more salutary influence on their hearts and moral character than the old spinning-wheel or loom. Very likely, too, by this time the ancient Christmas hospitality has also been improved away.

The Christmas tree and Santa Claus were not common in that part of the country where I was born. Perhaps spruce trees were too plenty out of doors to care to have them in the house. On Christmas Eve supper was usually served at 8 o'clock. When possible, at such a time, near relatives were guests at the family mansion. We all sat down after the oldest child of the family had said the regulation grace.

The meal consisted invariably of two courses, the first being lyed cod, cured without salt, usually called stockfish from its hardness. It was soaked in lye for weeks, till it became a mass of white fibers, then the lye was carefully washed away; it was boiled and eaten with

white sauce. The second course consisted of rice or barley grits boiled in milk to the consistency of pudding. It came to the table in a large dish slightly sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon, and was eaten with milk from soup plates. In my younger days, I think that I may safely aver, no family in Sweden, unless foreigners, were served with any other kind of supper on Christmas Eve.

How old this custom may be, or whence it came, I know not; perhaps it is a reminder that the first Christians were fishermen and poor. After all had finished their supper, while perhaps still at table, the Christmas presents were distributed. I remember one happy occasion when all our resident family connections were with us, that the door suddenly opened with a fracas, and a much-befurred Santa Claus threw in a great hamper full of packages and disappeared; but this was an innovation got up by my uncle, a merchant familiar with southern and foreign customs. All retained their seats until the distribution was finished, when the fun began. By half past ten all are in bed, for we must rise early next morning. In that country at Christmas time there is no fear of thaw or rain, though a snow-storm would be no stranger; but storm or stars, at 6 o'clock Christmas morning all are up and dressed ready for church. Ah, with what pleasure I recall the sound of the sleigh-bells as the kibitka was driven up to the front door! We are all muffled up in furs and great coats, the children with reindeer moccasins, called Lapp shoes, on their feet, for the church was never warmed, and its temperature was often below zero; all pile, helter skelter, into the mass of hay with which the vehicle is almost filled. Away we go, the music of the sleigh bells playing soprano solos to the harmonious accompaniment of the runners as they glide over the crisp snow, and to which the horses' feet keep cadent time. Arriving at the church, we find the plain and solemn edifice

dressed in a blaze of glory. From every window streams the light of hundreds of candles set in pierced wooden slats in rows across them. Entering, we behold all the curiously-wrought brass chandeliers which, by heavy iron rods, are suspended from the vaulted ceiling, fully lighted; from every part of the house of God comes the mellow light to give joy, and temper the icy atmosphere. A joyful peal of bells greet us as we enter the vestibule, but the full force of the effect on the expectant nerves comes only when the organ, skillfully played by a real master, greets the new-born Christ, making the whole building tremble with thundering harmonies. There is no paid choir; all sing the simple choral hymns with pious ecstacy. The service is simple, but impressive, and, after a short sermon, dismissed with a blessing, we return to a warm and cosy fireside with welcome-waiting breakfast.

Thus was the Christmas season initiated, to be followed by almost constant feasting and merry-making, for during Yule-tide no one thought of business or ordinary affairs. Balls, dinners, suppers, spectacular entertainments, and every sort of amusement drove dull care away. The Swedes are a fun-loving people; their desire for wealth, I believe, is, or at least was in my younger years, rather that they might enjoy the pleasures of life than for sordid love or even power or pride of possession.

In my native city there were no liveries, each owned his own horses, cows, sheep, and pigs. A large number of our citizens were fishermen, not poor, but well-to-do; people who every summer moved their families out to the surrounding skerries where, during the fishing season, great quantities of a kind of herring peculiar to the Baltic Sea were taken, salted, and barreled for the market. The strömming, which is the name given to this species of fish, forms the most important article of food, especially

among the laboring people throughout the country; the business was, therefore, lucrative. The salmon fisheries were important, for during summer it was the staple food and largely took the place of meat in families that could afford it. Brokers and banks there were none. Men carried their earnings, as it were, in their pockets, and what banking business was required was done in the larger cities by regular correspondence.

The family life was simple enough; frugality was a necessity, not only on account of scarcity of money but of scarcity of provisions also, for the neighboring yield of food was scanty, and well-to-do families depended largely on their own resources. Until government monopolized the spirit trade, we distilled our own brandvin (whiskey). We brewed our own ale and domestic beer, for a mild kind of beer was used instead of water, which was seldom drank by anybody. This always stood in a large decanter on the sideboard in the house. Just inside of the kitchen door stood a large wooden tankard containing it, and a convenient iron dipper for common use.

We made our own candles. The hard bread in use was baked twice or possibly thrice a year, and meat was salted down and prepared for winter's use. We even made our own starch from potatoes. These industries required special buildings, which, with those needed for the business, were erected around a common yard, which they, in fact, wholly enclosed.

Our family life was, as I remember, happy and harmonious. The house was large and commodious. The lower story contained our business room, kitchen, and living rooms; while the two great rooms in the upper story were devoted almost exclusively to festal occasions. One of these was never used except for balls or large parties, while the other was the usual place where our great dinners were given. Though habitually frugal in our family life, no expense was spared then, and it was far

from uncommon to have thirty or forty guests for dinner. As the dining hour on state occasions was about 2 o'clock, there was plenty of time to occupy in cards and other enjoyments until supper time, about 9 or 10, after which the guests took their departure.

During these festivities the children were not excluded or sent to bed. We romped and played in our own quarters, played cards and forfeit games. In this way the long winter evenings passed, and long they were, for candles were lighted at 3 o'clock.

In summer, during the haying season, we lived in the country, where my grandfather had a little farm with a well-built and commodious villa, beautifully situated on the river side. Here I fished, and here some of the pleasantest memories of my life are centered. Here our festivities were frequent during the summer, as it was but three miles from the city and the drive or boating equally pleasant.

Birthdays were not so much the occasion of festivities in Sweden as name-days. The day in the calendar when your name occurred was much more grandly kept. Then flags were hoisted, and if a cannon could be procured or borrowed from a ship in the harbor it was made to do its intended duty to its full extent.

VI

EXPATRIATION

IT was late in June, 1834, when I left my native city to be the wanderer I since have been. My resources were not large. All the cash my mother could command the day I left my home she gave me. In American currency it amounted to seventy-five cents! But money I did not need, for I had abundance of clothing, my box, among other necessaries, containing no fewer than a dozen linen shirts; my passage was already engaged to be paid for in work, and my mother had taken care to procure me a letter to an influential friend in Stockholm, which was (as, indeed, the event proved) pretty sure to obtain me speedy employment.

Hitherto I have said nothing about my sisters, of whom I had three, two whole sisters and one half-sister; not because I did not greatly care for them, but because they have had little connection with my own history, beyond the common family ties. Christina Wilhelmina, the elder, nearly two years my junior, was a bright flaxen-haired girl, with a temper and an unyielding spirit under the rod, which was faithfully and frequently applied by our mother; but, like many of that nature, generous to a fault, and angelic when not crossed. My second sister, Martha Lovisa, was of a mild and yielding disposition, beautiful, slender, with light brown hair, Grecian type of features, and mild blue eyes always full of love and the heavenly radiance of her soul. She was some two years younger than the other, and my frequent quarrels with Mina generally originated in my desire to defend Lovisa

against her caprices. How I loved that sister I never knew till she was past loving. My half-sister, Johanna Sofia, whose acquaintance I was to make later, was but two years old when I left home. My grandparents lived in a small house, and with them lived old Marta, who had spent her whole youth, and even old age, in the service of our family, forty years in all! The leave I took of my grandfather and grandmother was very painful and affecting, and it proved the last one; but old Marta survived them, and was still a member of the family when I returned on a visit six years after. At parting she kissed me affectionately, pressing a small bill into my hand. It was a small gift, not fifty cents, but ever remembered. Thus, having bid my mother and sisters my last farewell, I sailed.

On my arrival at Stockholm, I presented my letter, was well received, and a place was found for me at once. Indeed, I did not leave the vessel I came in, except to go on board the bark "Prudent" of New York, my new-found home. The "Prudent" was a small vessel of 250 tons burden. She was old and far from swift, but she was commanded as no ship I ever sailed in afterwards was. Captain Thomas Moriarty — with what a mingled pride, pleasure, and sorrow I write the dear name — was nearly sixty, six feet tall, and of Herculean proportions, florid face, short gray hair, large and somewhat prominent blue eyes, and a full set of magnificent white teeth. His wife was with him, a small and slender lady, well advanced in years, but whose sparkling black eyes and refined features proved that in her youth she must have been beautiful. Her hair was dark, and a pleasant and benevolent smile usually sat on her somewhat careworn countenance. I was kindly received by them both, and a comfortable berth in the steerage was appointed to me — the first time in my marine life that I had known the luxury of a regular bed. Here I could be alone when my

duties were done, and here I conned over my lessons in trying to acquire the English language, of which I knew not a word when I came on board.

The ship lay several weeks in Stockholm taking in a cargo of bar iron, and as I began to be acquainted with the men on board I felt quite happy in my new environment. Several of the crew were Swedes, and the second mate was a Dane; thus I found some assistance in my first struggles with my new language, and the captain gave orders that no one should speak anything but English to me. There was a boy on board, older and bigger than I, who became my companion, and very kind and useful he proved to be. His name was Putnam Coffin, and he was born in Salem, Mass. We used to call him Put. I remember having asked the second mate how to ask the name of things in English, and that he told me to say: "Vat you call dat un?" his own English being lame to that extent. So I went on boring my friend Put with that question till I knew the name of everything I could see to point at. I made me a little memorandum book by folding and stitching together a few sheets of writing paper, in which I wrote down phonetically the answers to my questions, memorizing at night, on retiring, what I had written during the day. This gave me quite a vocabulary of nouns, but I found them quite insufficient for want of other parts of speech, which could not be learned in the same way. After I had been on board a few days the captain handed me a letter from home. He was sitting with his wife on a settee in front of the upper cabin. I began to read the letter, and it brought grief. My dear sister Lovisa was dead, had died of water on the brain after a short illness. Mrs. Moriarty, seeing me weep, asked me what the matter was. Although I did not understand the spoken words, her sympathizing and inquiring looks interpreted them, and I sobbed out, "Min syster ar död" (my sister is dead). The words were so

nearly alike that I was readily understood, and I have no doubt I got credit for having already learned some English. In due time we were loaded and ready for sea. As at that time permission from the government was necessary to emigrate, and, as I had none, I had to be smuggled away, and I hid in the chain-locker when the officer whose duty it was to see that the proper regulations were observed came on board before the ship could sail. It must have been in the latter part of August when we sailed, and I was bidding a permanent, if not eternal, farewell to my beloved native land. I found the difference between my American master and my former Swedish to be quite radical. Instead of being beaten, I was treated with gentleness, both by the captain and his wife, who, when she was well enough to be about, took great pains to teach me her language.

I am here reminded of a question which the late Dr. J. G. Holland once asked me—what my first impression of Americans was. My answer was, that they were good natured. My sixty-eight years' acquaintance with them has not only confirmed my childhood's belief in their gentleness, but I am now ready to add that their good nature is only equaled by their intelligence and courage.

But to return to my English education. The captain's wife was not my only preceptor. The mulatto cook took me in his particular charge, and devoted his spare time to giving me private lessons. In truth, I owe much to him, for his zeal was indefatigable and his patience without bounds. He was a first-class cook, one of the kind that knew so well how to use his time that, though everything was ready at the appointed time, both for the cabin and forecastle (for he was steward also, and, indeed, he was always so called), he never seemed hurried, or even very busy. From 2 till 5 P. M. he would sit and smoke his pipe in the galley, a model of neatness and cleanliness in surroundings and person. He was fond of telling

stories, and I was a willing listener, the only drawback being that I understood so little of what he said; but this would only redouble his effort to make me understand. Once I recollect he was telling a long story, not one word of which I could understand, but the word horse occurred so often that I caught the sound, and, suspecting that the keynote to the whole lay in that word, I finally asked him what a horse was. His astonishment at my ignorance was boundless, and he justly deemed that I had not succeeded, with all my earnest attention, in getting the nub of the story. "Dono what a horse is?" was his question as soon as he could recover from his surprise. I shook my head. It was a noun I had no means of learning, since no animal of the genus equus was on board, my research in philological science having hitherto been confined to the discovery of English names of objects within the range of vision. "Dono what a horse is?" he repeated. "Why — a horse is — a horse, a horse, a horse," each time with more emphasis and louder. No go. The increased volume of sound did not bring the animal up to my mental perception. For a moment he seemed in despair, then a brilliant idea flashed upon him. Seizing a piece of chalk he drew on the stove pipe a fair resemblance of a horse. The smile of satisfaction that lighted up his semi-African features at my intelligent "Ah!" was beautiful to behold. The difficulties now became more rare, since we could exchange hieroglyphics, but there was much to be done to correct my barbarous pronunciation. For example, I could hear no difference between "think" and "tink," or "that" and "dat." However, after devoting an hour of his afternoon leisure to my sense of hearing and vocal gymnastics, the difficulty was got over, and, happily, for all time. Had he but known Walker's method with foreigners, what time and trouble would have been saved.

I have devoted more space to this subject than its im-

portance may seem to warrant, but the task of learning a new language without dictionary, grammar, or any other book of instruction in a couple of months is not an easy one, and almost every night, when I retired to my lonely bunk, did I feel ashamed of my slow progress. "Shall I ever learn to speak English?" was the burden of my thought. I had a short story called "The Post Captain" that I first essayed to read, but, having nothing to guide me but a Johnson pocket dictionary (all English, of course), it did not help much; by perseverance in reading, whether I understood or not, I at last got the hang of what, to my young mind, was a very amusing story. My next effort was of a more serious nature: "The Three Spaniards," an old romanza, full of horrors, mysteries, Moorish castles, murders, and ghosts. Before the end of the voyage I had read the three volumes twice. I cannot say with truth that the story was made very plain to my understanding at the first reading, though the derivatives from the Latin and French, with which the English language abounds, together with the many words, nearly identical to my own tongue, enabled me to guess at its contents sufficiently to make me continue to the end; but after the second reading of a book I never have had any difficulty in understanding any ordinary English publication. It was, however, several months before I could, with any degree of fluency, hold a conversation. On our passage, which was pleasant, and without any heavy storms, we passed to the north of Scotland, and, while sailing through Pentland Frith, the narrow strait which separates the mainland from the Orkney Islands, we were favored with beautiful weather. Wind and tide contending with each other, during a large part of the day, I had ample opportunity to enjoy the variegated scenery of beetling rocks and rugged hills, between which nestled green spots with human interest in the form of cottages and fishing crafts, with here and there a slender spire.

Our vessel soon became an object of interest to the inhabitants of the region, and presently we were surrounded with boats, the owners of which offered to barter fish and knit goods for salt pork and tobacco, commodities they valued above all else.

On this passage I had the good luck to witness a total eclipse of the sun. Our position must have been about the middle of the Atlantic, and it may have been early in October. At 2 P. M., as near as I can remember, the sun was wholly obscured, only a slight luminosity, the corona, telling of its place in the heavens. I remember holding a lantern to enable the captain, who never omitted chances for astronomical observations, to read his instruments.

The first indications that we were approaching the end of our passage was the greenish color of the water on the banks of Newfoundland; the wind had died away almost to a calm; soundings were taken, and a snooded cod hook was attached to the line. The lead struck bottom at seventy fathoms, and when it was drawn up we were delighted to see it accompanied with a large and welcome cod.

As we were bound to Somerset, Mass., the first land made was Block Island. We passed Newport in the morning of a beautiful autumn day, and early in the afternoon were safely moored at the little stone dock in Somerset.

VII

THE UNITED STATES

IMMEDIATELY on our arrival we were met by two of the captain's daughters, one about seventeen years of age, the other fifteen, just my own age, a tall and beautiful young lady with dark hair and sparkling black eyes, charming manners, and a most musical voice, with whom, of course, I instantly fell in love. During the absence of their parents these young ladies had been at school at Charlestown, in a convent, which just before our arrival had been burnt down by a mob. Naturally they were interested in the Swedish boy, but Aldebaran was not more distant than our position, which, however, did not prevent my secret worship. They, with their mother, preceded us to New York by ordinary mode of travel, and I met them afterwards at the captain's house, when I was properly introduced by their mother; but imagine their surprise when I deliberately proceeded to kiss the hands they extended me to shake. However, their mother explained to them that it was the custom in my native land thus to greet ladies when calling. I have since learned that this act of politeness no longer obtains there.

Dear old sleepy Somerset! Among my other memories I recall that here I first swallowed a live oyster, a delicacy up to this time only known by reputation. I also made the discovery that hard cider was not wholly a temperance beverage, having taken copious draughts from a two-gallon demijohn that the captain sent on board, the result of which was that I got drunk and had to go to bed.

After discharging the iron into lighters for Fall River, where the cargo was to go, but where, for want of sufficient water, the bark could not go, we sailed in ballast to New York via Long Island Sound. I think we were in some danger of being wrecked at Hell Gate on account of an unusually strong tide, but we arrived in safety.

On the passage an old sailor took fancy to a linen pillow case, part of my outfit from home, for which he promised to take me to the theater, or, as he called it, the play, when we should get to New York. He fulfilled his promise the first evening after we landed by taking me to the Park Theater and into one of the best seats in the boxes, the entrance fee being one dollar. The first piece was called "The Barber of Seville"; I don't think it could have been the opera, as I don't remember any singing; as I now recall it, it must have been a farce. The afterpiece, however, is still fresh in my memory, being a Swede and a boy so late from home. It was called Charles the Twelfth, and represented a historical episode connected with the siege of Stralsund on his way home after his unfortunate Russian campaign. One scene interested me exceedingly; where a bomb crashes through and explodes in an adjoining room to that where the king is dictating to his secretary, who in terror starts and drops the pen, while his royal master, utterly unmoved, continues his dictation. "What's the matter?" asks the king. "Ah! Sire, the bomb!" "What has the bomb to do with what you are writing? Go on!" A singular coincidence, that this should take place the first day of my arrival at New York and that it should be my first experience in an American theater.

I remember committing many mistakes on my first landing in New York, the results of ignorance of the language and of the strange world I lived in. I asked for paper in a store and they handed me pepper; I went to a bar and asked for a glass of Madeira, and they

handed me the decanter and tumbler. I filled it to the brim, and they made big eyes at me and charged me ten cents, the ordinary price of a drink at the bar being three cents, and all I expected to pay. I bought a hundred cigars for a quarter of a dollar and found it impossible to smoke them; an air pump could not have forced air through the cabbage leaves of which I suppose they were made.

I had a glorious baptism while we were lying at the pier in the East River. A ship came in, and was about to moor to the same pier that we lay at. It became necessary to make fast a hawser to one of our after bits, which I offered to do, so getting outside of the bulwark I stood on the plank sheer to catch the end of the hawser when it should be thrown to me. I caught it, but, being heavy, and the edge I stood on being covered with light snow, it dragged me off into the river. Even as I fell I heard the cry: "Save the boy!" but as I immediately emerged, hawser in my hand, they shouted: "Never mind, he can swim." I swam to the wharf, got into a boat and ashore none the worse for my involuntary bath.

While in New York at this time I made up my mind to drop my surname, as it gave me so much trouble and annoyance among strangers. Always the question was asked me: "How do you spell it?" As I was not familiar with English spelling, not even with the English alphabet, I found it troublesome to give intelligent answers; but knowing that my name of Lars was equivalent to Laurentius, or the common name of Lawrence in English, I simply inverted my Christian names, and became, instead of Lars Gustaf, Gustavus Lawrence, and by which name I have always been known in my seafaring days. How I came to take back my surname will be told later.

The bark "Prudent" belonged to an old New York firm, that of Putnam & Slocum. They had an office

near Old Slip, where we used to lie. After a couple of weeks we were ordered to Savannah, where we arrived in the earlier part of December. The climate there was delightfully warm and sunny. It was my first acquaintance with the institution of slavery, and I well remember the righteous indignation I felt to think that one man should have the right to hold another in slavery. Of course, I knew that slavery existed in the world, and in our Southern States, but in my northern home I had not realized its full import, or that it had a mitigating side or aspect. I had a more terrible idea of it than what I saw justfied, for it had ever in my imagination been associated with chains, nakedness, and stripes. I could not, therefore, at first realize that the jolly blacks who were swarming about the docks were bondsmen, and yet they were so.

It was the law in Savannah that free colored men belonging to ships in port must be confined in jail till the ship was ready to sail. Our steward, a very bright mulatto, was, nevertheless, permitted to remain on board, though I believe he did not venture to go ashore. I got much valuable information from this intelligent friend.

I learned that many of the negroes whom I saw were stevedores and dock laborers, who paid their masters twelve dollars a month, being allowed to keep what more they could earn for themselves. As their regular wages was two dollars per day, and they seemed to be nearly always employed, their condition seemed better than that of some of the poor in my own country, especially as in case of sickness or physical incapacity the masters were obliged to care for them; and as these folks sometimes lived to a great age the arrangement was often of more advantage to the poor darkey than to his owner. I am writing this now that all is over; after the emancipation of the blacks; and when the constitution of our country extends its protecting ægis alike over its white

and colored citizens, and I firmly believe that the advantage is quite as much with the former white master as his once black slave; certainly, until the new order of things has enabled the latter to take his place in the struggle of life with some chance for equality. Quite sure am I that no intelligent Southerner would again became the owner of human cattle.

The cotton, with which the vessel was loading, came in large bags, which were reduced to their minimum of bulk with jackscrews operating on the ends of large beams that pushed the bales into spaces otherwise impossible. The effect was to raise the deck in the middle several inches, and must have strained the ship greatly. The screws were worked by negroes in gangs of four in sitting position, operating the handles of the horizontal machine to some rhythmical measure of their own improvisations, gay and apparently happy. It was while here that I had the first compliment on my English, at least so I took it. This was from my quondam teacher, the steward: "You talk just like one of those niggers," he said. This, though I suspected the sinister character of the compliment, gave me pleasure, for was it not encouraging to be able in four months to speak like a native!

Our destination was Marseilles, which we reached after a sixty-day passage, during which my captain continued to treat me almost as a son, even giving me instruction in navigation, of which he was an accomplished master. It seemed, indeed, as if astronomical calculations were his sole amusements. Novels there were none; the only book akin to light literature I remember distinctly was a copy of "Salem Witchcraft," by Upham, an improved edition of which is now in my library—a presented copy by the author, with whose family, strangely enough, I was to become connected by marriage, and who, as long as he lived, honored me with his intimate friendship.

Captain Moriarty preferred lunar observations to

chronometers in his navigation; in fact, they seemed to be a hobby with him. Night or day, whenever the aspect of the sky was suitable for observation, he was on hand with his precious sextant, summoning the two mates to bring their quadrants and me to take the time with his watch; I seem to hear him yet calling: "Gustavus, Lunars!" Chronometers were real luxuries in those days, especially in smaller vessels, though in the navies and the best-appointed ships in the merchant marine they had long been in common use. Captains of more economically furnished crafts, who were not skilled in astronomical calculations found their way across the sea by dead reckoning, getting their correct longitude from other ships which they might chance to meet, by asking for it, either viva voce, or, if too far off for that, by writing with chalk on the outside of the bulwark, so as to be read by a spyglass. I remember meeting an English vessel in midocean, when we were hailed by its captain with: "Bark, ahoy! What's your longitude?" The answer was roared through our captain's trumpet. The question came again: "Have you a chronometer?" "No! I have the sun and moon, better than all your chronometers," was Moriarty's answer. Although our lack of that valuable instrument was probably due to economical reasons on the part of the owners, I verily believe that had one been offered him he might have declined it as an insult, or at least a reflection on his nautical science.

He early taught me to assist him in his calculations, and it became my duty to observe the time by the watch, while he himself often, if there was much sea on, to steady his hand, would lie flat on his back, sextant in hand observing the angular distance between the sun and moon, or in the night the moon and a fixed star, while the chief mate took the altitude of the sun or star, the lesser divinity being left to the second mate; and

well I remember the clear, ringing voice of the captain as he cried out, "Time," which I instantly noted down. Under favorable circumstances five observations were taken, the mean of them being the basis of the calculations for the time at Greenwich, which the chronometer is made to give. The rest of the work was done by the captain in the cabin, and here he found further use for my services. As everyone knows who is acquainted with mathematics, logarithms play an important part in calculations, and to find these in the tables was my task. This saved both time and eyes for him, while it gave me a fair insight into the whole business; in fact, I learned sufficiently of navigation in this way to enable me in after years to accept the post of mate. I recall one occason, however, when my assistance did not save time. It was long after midnight; I had been aroused from sleep by the usual cry of: "Gustavus, lunars!" A clear moon and Fomalhaut conveniently situated had attracted "The Old Man." A fine series of observations were got, and our usual work in the cabin was near its close when he found a serious error in the reckoning, and the work had to be done over again. After careful investigation it was discovered that I had given a number from the top, when it ought to have been read from the bottom of the logarithmical tables. He did not scold me, but patiently completed the calculation. Perhaps he considered my extra loss of sleep a sufficient punishment for my carelessness.

The passage, on the whole, was a pleasant one and without unusual incident. After passing Gibraltar we skirted the Spanish coast, most of the time within sight of land, the Granada range of mountains furnishing many charming views; for we were often near enough to the shore to see some of the cities and villages as we passed by, and picturesque feluccas were everywhere in sight.

We entered Marseilles on a charming day in early spring, and I shall never forget my admiration and delight with all I saw in that wonderful port.

We were moored head and stern near the mole in the inner basin where, as was the custom in many European cities, no fire was permitted on board of ships. In many places regular kitchens are built on shore near the docks. where the ship's cooking is done by the ship's own cook; but here our meals were all sent properly prepared by caterers from the city, and as the food was of excellent quality, and nicely served, it followed that it was a very acceptable change from the regular ship's fare.

While at Stockholm a milch goat had been procured, from whom it had been part of my regular duties to extract the lacteal fluid, having learned the art in my former voyage in the " Petrus." Nannie was still with us on this voyage, continuing her contribution to the captain's breakfast, but even before we got to Marseilles the supply had given out. She was condemned to be converted into mutton, and while the execution was afoot a begging friar came on board and asked the captain for the viscera, which were readily given him. In reply to a question as to what he would do with the stuff, he said that every part of it was good food if properly prepared. This answer produced a strong impression on my captain, who was a devout Catholic. Hereafter when a pig was killed for our Sunday sea-pie, nothing was thrown away. " What was good for these holy men was good enough for him."

The preparation of poor piggy's insides was not entrusted to the cook; to this he gave his personal attention. All must be converted into sausages; of course, my assistance was required, and it became my very disagreeable duty to cleanse and prepare the intestines, into which heart, liver, lights, and stomach were stuffed, after being chopped fine with sweet herbs and other seasoning; even

the blood was made use of. I am constrained to admit that we made quite palatable sausages. Later on, the Sunday sea-pie gave way to turtle soup, which for the remainder of the passage constituted our hebdomadal feast for all hands.

I have omitted to mention that on our entrance into the Mediterranean, during a calm, we had the good fortune to capture seven green turtles while they were lying asleep on the top of the water. When one was seen, the jolly-boat was lowered with two men, one sculling slowly and silently, the other in the bow reaching over ready to grasp the prey to which the boat was gliding, and so quickly was the operation performed that the poor tortoise was in the boat before he was awake. On our return to the United States I had the pleasure of a glimpse of the Azores, over which the beautiful Peak of Pico towers nearly 8,000 feet. We did not stop, and, though some boats approached from shore, I do not recall any communication with their crews. We arrived in New York in the latter part of June. Here the vessel was put into the screw-dock at the foot of Pike Street to be cleaned and overhauled, I, of course, remaining on board. The process of hauling the ship up into the dry dock on an inclined way by steam power excited my utmost admiration.

I spent my first Fourth of July in New York, in company with a lot of boys in Mulberry Street, then a comparatively respectable quarter, and I have a vivid recollection of the fun we had with the Chinese fire-crackers, up to that date entirely unknown to me.

On the next voyage, the captain took with him a grandson, who soon became jealous of his preference for me in trying to use him as assistant in his navigation as he had done with me, but either because he was less intelligent or more careless the captain would sometimes get impatient and call me to take his place. This

made him dislike me, and he took the ungenerous revenge of backbiting me and even impeaching my honesty, till I was driven into the forecastle in disgrace; and although after a while he must have seen his mistake, for I was called back, it never was between us as before, and I resolved to leave as soon as we should get back to New York.

When we arrived at Marseilles, whither we again were bound, I was still in disgrace, but it suited my humor, as at all times I preferred the life in the forecastle to that of the cabin, wishing to learn my duty as a seaman. The cholera was raging at this time in Marseilles, and the first evening after leaving the port two of our crew were down with it. One of them was a Frenchman, the other a German, quite a young man, with apparently a robust constitution. As the captain was the only ship's doctor, he was called, and at once administered the usually prescribed remedies from the medicine chest, leaving some to be given at stated times during the night, detailing me to nurse them. After administering the dose prescribed about midnight I fell asleep and did not awake until after 4 o'clock in the morning, when I was aroused by the entrance of the captain, coming down to look at his patients. In answer to his question as to their condition, rubbing my eyes, I said I thought the German chap must be better, he was so sound asleep. "I should think he was," was his angry reply; "he is dead; you have murdered him, you little rescal." I really felt guilty at the time, but, on mature reflection, I could not help thinking that if the danger was so imminent, he was to blame in trusting the man's life to a boy's ability to keep awake all night; it is a thing that I don't believe any healthy boy can do. I dare say that nothing could have saved the man, as it was evidently a case which the French call foudroyant. The Frenchman, after several weeks, fully recovered. I

had been excused from all other duty to attend to him day and night all through his illness. We were now bound for Palermo, but, as we were from a cholera infected place, it became necessary to go into quarantine for two weeks at Malta, in order to enter Palermo with a clean bill of health.

My recollection of Malta is one of the pleasantest of my life, although I was not permitted to put my foot on shore while there; but there was pleasure in the very air, and the magnificent grapes, of unlimited quantity, that I had to eat I shall always remember. Even now, after a lapse of more than half a century, my mouth waters as I think of a half bushel of the finest grapes I ever saw for a quarter of a dollar! All that could be seen of this celebrated island from the quarantine ground were the walls of the fortifications, the stone walls of the lazaretto, and I recollect wondering where all the delightful fruit grew.

The quarantine being over, we moved into the ordinary harbor of Valetta, where we remained a couple of days at anchor. While lying here I was greatly amused by the little brown gamins who used to dive from the numerous boats that almost always hung around us for money thrown into the water. They never failed to catch the coin before it had sunk three or four feet down, on account of the zigzag motion it made, which caused it to sink slowly, and the perfect transparency of the clear water making it easy for their sharp eyes to follow their prey.

Palermo, as all know, is a beautiful city, charmingly situated, and having a delightful climate. Its spacious port was bristling with vessels of all sorts and nations; but all I can remember is a sort of dissolving view of kaleidoscopic delight; and yet a few of its features live indelibly in my memory. Of these I will mention two—the cemetery under the Capuchin convent, and the

Queen's Garden, as it was then called. The friends who took me to the former did not tell me what I was to see, and it was with the light heart and joyous spirit of a boy ashore on liberty that I passed down those broad and well-lighted marble steps and found myself in a light and spacious vaulted hall of great length. Ranged along the walls on either side hundreds of departed brothers of the order clad in the brown robes in which they had lived their lives, the hoods of which still shaded their bronze-colored skulls that seemed to frown upon me; some even, whose cowls had fallen back and whose skulls had been twisted or bent by time, had a humorous look, as if mocking me; you could fancy hollow whispers coming from their grinning jaws in derision at our youth and full-fledged physical strength. I need not say that I was horrified at first, though the feeling soon gave way to curious wonder. I did not then know that I was looking at one of the celebrated curiosities of the Christian world. At the farther end, in glass cases, beautifully dressed and crowned with flowers, were the remains of women, some even with golden ornaments, said to have been virgins, or else rich spoils of Death.

From these gruesome mementi mori we went forth into the glad sunlight to revel in the beauties of an Italian garden, full of all sorts of trees, most of which were unknown to me. Oranges were plenty, but I recall being particularly interested in a pomegranate tree. There were at nearly every step the usual trick surprises of an Italian garden, such as hidden showers of water, etc., too well known to need description, but interesting enough to a boy of my age. After these and some other sights we proceeded to dine together, our dinner consisting of sausages and macaroni, washed down with marsala, or, as it was called then, Cicily madeira. The wine was served in tumblers, and that's the reason why I don't remember anything of the end of the dinner.

After the second glass the room began to get into a seaway, as we say at sea; but I remember holding on to the sausages, though the macaroni kept getting away from me; my last recollection is trying to pick it up from the floor. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon I awoke to find myself partly undressed on a bed and wondering where I was. I got up and put on my clothes, felt in my pockets for my money, but found none there; I afterwards learned that my shipmates had appropriated what little I had, and when I complained they gave me a franc, which I don't remember how I spent. The first part of the day had been pleasant enough, but I can't say so much for the last.

After taking in a cargo of wine, macaroni, teasels, oil, and sulphur, we weighed anchor for New York the 21st of October, 1835. The passage proved a long one, and, as I had to go back into the cabin, to me far from agreeable. I remember one circumstnce when trying to make our way against a head wind out of the Straits of Gibraltar. As is well known, the current there sets in strongly from the Atlantic Ocean. In company with quite a fleet of other ships we had been beating against the wind without making headway enough to stem the current, only a Dutch galliot succeeded in getting out, and she, because having lee-boards and drawing but little water, could go nearer the shore.

This time on leaving the Straits the southern route was chosen, and thus it came to pass that I had the pleasure of getting a glimpse of the Canary Islands and the Peak of Teneriffe, which, if not the highest is one of the most imposing in the world, rising, as it seems from a distance, directly out of the ocean to the height of nearly 10,000 feet in solitary grandeur.

Nothing in travel can be more delightful than a passage by a comfortable sailing ship in the trade winds on a westward course. The balmy air, and the fresh

breeze blowing with a never-varying regularity, as dressed in all her canvas glory from sky-sail down to lower studding-sail the trim ship cleaves the sparkling waves with a regular and gentle movement which never interferes with locomotion.

Our captain, however, was a very prudent man, and every night at 8 o'clock the royals were furled and the yards sent down. The main royal was my daily, or I should say nightly, task, and so expert did I become that it seldom took me more than ten minutes to finish the job.

Thus I became a very expert man aloft, and soon learned the duties of a seaman, even before I had physical strength to perform them all. After we neared the American shore we often had calms, and it was very interesting to watch the quantities of gulf-weed with its enormous proportion of minute marine animals, thousands of which could be hauled up in a dip of a bucket.

I had not then so much as heard of the Sargasso Sea, and only years afterward did I know that I had seen it. What I found among the seaweed of animal life was mostly minute crustaceans of various forms living in a tangle of floating seaweed that seemed to grow in the sea far from any land. Ignorant of natural history I looked at those things as mere food for curiosity. The appearance of the sea was strange; at times we seemed to sail through meadows rather than an ocean, the vegetable fields reaching quite out of sight, even though we were only on the outskirts of the great vortex on which, owing to the direction of the currents, almost every kind of flotsam is doomed everlastingly to remain.

When a couple of hundred miles south of Bermuda one of the worst northern storms I have ever experienced met us. We were more than a week lying to under bare poles, with the helm lashed alee. The sea ran high, but it blew so hard that the tops of the waves were blown

off horizontally. This, mingling with the rain from the tempestous clouds, made life on deck anything but pleasant. Nor could a fire be kept up in the galley, so that we had to eat raw pork on our bread, and nothing else. I recollect the captain had a kettle with an alcohol lamp with which I was set to make him a cup of coffee, but the ship took a sudden lurch that sent me, kettle and alcohol, in a general muss to the lee side of the cabin, after having first been sent to windward. It was the last of the alcohol, and "The Old Man" was furious at the loss — especially as it was likely that the storm would continue several days longer; but I cannot see that I was to blame.

When, after an eighty-two days' passage, we reached our destination, the 31st of December, 1835, we found a large part of the city a mass of smoking ruins. From Old Slip to the North River but one building was standing. This was said to have been fireproof — all the rest were leveled as far as the Battery. Cotton, coffee, tea, all sorts of merchandise, were still smouldering from that fearful fire of the 25th of December, 1835, a memorable day for those who did business in New York at that time.

VIII

ADRIFT

I LEFT the ship here, and remained on shore till early in March, 1836, as it was very difficult to get employment as a sailor, especially for a boy, so many men being out of employment, owing to the stagnation of business growing out of the late calamity. I was boarding in Depeyster Street, in a sailor boarding house, a very decent one, by the way. Here I made my first acquaintance with buckwheat cakes; they were served, buttered and sweetened with molasses, in heaps on a platter. I enjoyed them immensely.

I think it was about the middle of March, or perhaps earlier, that the landlord came in with the welcome announcement that a vessel wanted hands. "Who wants to go to Philadelphia in the brig 'Montgomery' for four dollars by the run?"

"I will for one," was my instant answer. "But they don't want boys," he objected. "I will ship as able seaman, then."

That settled the matter, and in an hour I was on board. It was rather venturesome for a boy of sixteen to ship as able seaman, but there was no help for it — and from that time till I became mate of a vessel, with the exception of a few months on board of a man-of-war as ordinary seaman, I always had full wages and did the work of an "able seaman."

When I went on board the "Montgomery" all was topsy-turvy. It was very cold, the ice being in the river, and snow and sleet covered everything on deck. Chain

cables, sugar hogsheads, barrels, firewood, staves, hencoops, and spare spars; in short, all the usual appurtenances of a transient trader lay in a confused mass on the deck amid the dirt and snow.

The first thing a sailor does, on going on board, is to stow away his chest, wearing apparel, bedding, etc., in the forecastle. It was a sorry sight. The place was very small; fitted up with six bunks, and, as she was a Baltimore clipper, she was very sharp in her bows. Sugar hogsheads and beef barrels had been hurled in to get them out of the way, and all such things had to be removed before we could find place for our "dunnage." Add to this that the forecastle showed evident signs of being very wet and leaky, and I am sure no one will envy me the situation. However, I was young, and glad enough to earn something in any way I could, and, after we were regulated and under way, I felt happy as a clam at high water.

In forty-eight hours we arrived inside the Capes of Delaware, and, as the river was full of floating ice, we must have been nearly as long getting into our berth at the wharf in Philadelphia. I was requested by the captain, whose name I have forgotten, to ship for the next voyage to La Guayra, and I consented, stopping a few days in a boarding house till she was ready for her crew.

By the time we were ready for sea the weather was warmer, and I left Cape Henlopen with a good deal lighter heart than I left New York Bay. The wind was fair and the breeze strong, and I found myself on board of a pretty fast vessel. She could make ten knots, and nine was no unusual rate. But, oh my! how she would dive! The forecastle was under water most of the time, and I remember how we used to watch for a chance between the big seas to dive into the dismal hole when our watch below came, and how often, after lying in our bunks in the wet clothes with which we had turned in,

when we were called to go on deck smoking with steam, a cold wave would hit us as soon as we emerged from the scuttle, sousing us all over! There was little use in trying to put on dry things, for every seam in the deck leaked, and I was obliged to rig gutters of old canvas in my berth to lead the streams of water to the forecastle floor. I had provided myself with a silk hat in Philadelphia, by which I set great store, but long before I could array myself in it, as a gentleman on shore, it was utterly ruined. Still, as the usage was good and the food of fair quality, we were happy as soon as we got into the tropical weather.

But before that time I am reminded of a circumstance that came near losing us one of our company. This was a boy, shipped at Philadelphia, of nearly my own age, though not my equal in seamanship. While the vessel was plowing through the turbulent Gulf Stream, going quarterly with studding sails set, making nine knots, he was sent out to loose the flying jib. After casting off the gaskets, he placed himself astride of the sheets and told us to hoist away. Of course, the first pull on the halliard threw him overboard right in front of the stem. Needless to say that he scraped the bottom of the vessel all the way to the rudder, but, being an expert swimmer, he came up in our wake. As soon as the cry, "Man overboard" was heard, some one threw the skylight cover over, and this he succeeded in getting hold of, but he was more than a mile astern before the sails could be backed and a boat lowered. It was an exciting sight to see him rise and fall on the sea, so far away, before the boat — which in the meantime had been lowered and manned — rescued him. He was brought on board all right, and with only a scratch or two on his legs, made by the copper on the ship's bottom. I don't think he ever straddled a gib-sheet again.

As this was my first introduction to tropical scenes

and climate I enjoyed it very much. To be sure, the old brig was a miserable sea-boat, and as her sharp nose kept plunging into the seas there were few days when any comfort was to be had in the forecastle; but on deck the sunshine and balmy air produced a buoyant effect upon my spirits, and the remembrance of that voyage is, on the whole, far from disagreeable.

It must have been late in April, or early in May, when we arrived at our destination. I recollect that we made land about ninety miles off Caracas. The capital of Venezuela lies on a high plateau, running steeply down to the coast of La Guayra, its seaport. There was at that time nothing that could be called a harbor, the ships swinging at anchor in a roadstead some miles from the town. The appearance of the place, from the sea, was, as I remember, quite picturesque, the town lying at the foot of steep hills, mostly covered by coffee plantations, the cool green of which contrasted somewhat harshly with the yellows and orange, tawney, sunburnt vegetation, so common in tropical lands. I did not go on shore here, as we were all fully occupied with the duties on board. The cargo, which consisted of various kinds of provisions, such as flour, beef, pork, salt fish, etc., was discharged into lighters which were brought alongside by the black slaves. These were all nearly naked, and, as they seemed so comfortable in the burning heat, I concluded to follow their example, by divesting myself of all superfluous clothing while at work hoisting out the cargo. So, in spite of the warnings of my older shipmates, I doffed my shirt and stood the whole day exposed to the perpendicular rays of the sun at a place where he pours them down more fiercely than at any other part of the globe with which I am familiar.

At first it seemed all right, and I felt happy to think of the comfort of being *au naturel* like the negroes before me; but when at evening I thought I would put on my

flannel shirt again I found that I could not endure it, the skin having been so badly burnt that it had become blistered in places and scarlet all over. I was forced to sit up naked most of the night, as I could not bear the touch of any foreign body to any part of my person above the trousers. The next day the same work was to do, and, as I could not wear a shirt, I was exposed the whole day again, but by night the inflammation was less, and I found I could bear my clothes, The next day I was as tough as a veritable African, and as little sensitive to the burning sun. I was what the sailors call "tanned," and for years afterward my body retained the brown color peculiar to that condition. It was a great comfort, after this ordeal, to be divested of clothing when at hard work.

I have intimated that La Guayra is a more than ordinarily hot place, and so it is; still, owing to the regular changes of land and sea wind that occur every day at certain hours, it was quite endurable, at least on shipboard. Nearly all tropical countries are alike in this respect, so that when I describe La Guayra I describe all. From sunrise till 8 o'clock in the morning it is calm, and necessarily very hot, but at that time the sea breeze begins to set in, and it continues to blow quite fresh till near sunset, when again there is an hour or two of calm, or nearly so; then the land wind comes gently fanning us, and, as it is usually laden with the various perfumes which a tropical flora brings, the pleasure its breeze afforded by its delicious odors is only surpassed by the relief its cooling effect had on the languid and heated human economy. We took in a cargo of coffee and dried bullocks' hides, and I remember this as a peculiarly hard trial to my still boyish frame, as I was obliged, by my position as seaman, to carry the sacks of coffee into the ship's hold and assist in stowing, just the same as the strongest on board. It is no joke, when the thermometer is over 100 degrees

Fahrenheit, to lug a sack of coffee weighing 200 pounds to a position which does not permit you to stand erect. After the hold was filled with coffee as high as sacks could be laid, great, ugly, sharp-edged rawhides, folded in four, had to be dragged and pushed wherever they could be made to go. The ship's masts had to be painted here, and, as I was the lightest weight, I had to paint the highest sticks, and a fearful job it was. As we were in an open road there was always a swell from the ocean, which kept the vessel rocking all the time. She was very loftily rigged, even to sky-sail poles. These were not more than four inches in diameter at the truck, and, as the masts rocked very much, it was a most difficult matter to use the paint brush and to take care of the paint pot at that lofty elevation. Even as low as the top gallant yard the masts would sway most uncomfortably, yet there at least were ropes to hold on to; but to paint the royal mast and the skysail poles, I was obliged to shin up the mast itself, and hold on as well as I could, while the slender unsupported spar, with my weight added, would bend and sway from one side to the other like a fishrod when you make a cast. Even now, nearly a half a century afterward, while I am writing this, I shudder to think of the awful position. Did I paint well? I don't know. I didn't stop to smoothen, I'm sure of that. But that I did not linger over my work I am quite sure. How the paint flew, and how, every time I dipped the brush in, it rained white paint all around! And now I think of it, what devils the captains and mates of that day must have been — and mine were far from being among the worst. Make a slight calculation of the arc that is swept by a spar 100 feet from the deck, while the hull rolls so as to expose and submerge alternately its sides at least six inches; then add the whip-like motion of a slender, tapering stick, for eight feet wholly unsupported with a single cord, while the immediate mast be-

low, some twelve feet long, is only slightly steadied by slender ropes fully sixty feet in length, and it will easily be seen that I do not exaggerate. I am particular regarding this matter, because, though I have been in many dangers of the same sort, they have been accompanied by some necessity for action, which might have kept the mind too busy to realize the danger till it was over. At all events, no single point of my seagoing life is now remembered with the same feeling of horror.

IX

ON A PILOT BOAT, HAITI, PORT AU PRINCE, TRINIDAD DE CUBA, PERNAMBUCO

AFTER a very pleasant return voyage, we arrived in Philadelphia some time in the latter part of June. The weather was very hot, and the nights were particularly stewing. One night, for some reason, I had been belated and locked out. Finding it impossible to rouse the inmates of my boarding-house, I wandered the streets till after midnight, when I came upon what was then known as a night-house; that is to say, it was a groggery kept open all night. I entered and found a lot of rough fellows enjoying themselves as best they might, some of them stretched on benches, snoring away the night, I remember that a good deal was said among them about Forest, the actor, who had not then attained the zenith of his fame. Some were even spouting Shakespeare, and I gathered from their talk that the great actor had in his youth given dramatic recitations in the same informal manner, in similar places and under like circumstances.

Dubufe's Adam and Eve were on exhibition at the Masonic Hall, where I went to see them. I had seen little of painted art, the most important of which was, perhaps, the before mentioned altarpiece in my native town, and these pictures were a revelation to me; especially was I taken with the startling effect in the expulsion. I saw these same paintings many years afterwards in Buffalo, after I had adopted art as a profession, and

I am not sure if not with greater interest, as I then had opportunities to understand the difficulties surmounted by Dubufe's scientific technique, notwithstanding a critical remark made by a lady of the party, who wondered that Adam had not called at his tailor's on his way from the barber, in allusion to the perfect condition of the beautiful and smooth arrangement of his hair.

Much pleasure, also, did I get for each quarter dollar I could spare at the old Walnut Street Theater, where Conner was leading man, who played Rolla and Lafitte so much to my satisfaction. Ah! the days of the "pit," with its delightful attendant peanuts and apples. What if we did sit on wooden benches, without support for the back? Could youthful heart desire more?

My next employment was on a pilot boat, called the William Jones of Wilmington. Though a regular pilot boat, she was then in the service of the government as a tender to lighthouses, besides which it was our captain's duty to keep the buoys that marked the channel of Delaware Bay and River in proper place and order. The navigation of these waters was always a matter requiring careful attention, owing to the shifting character of the bottom of the numerous banks, and buoys often required moving to accommodate the changes. Thus I acquired a very fair knowledge of the pilot business during the two months of my engagement. We used to supply the lightboat on the five-fathom bank outside of the capes, and on such visits sometimes our captain, a regular branch pilot, would leave us to take a ship in. These occasions, though rare, were very enjoyable, for at that time a good breeze in the broad Atlantic, in a smart pilot boat, was a pleasure that could hardly have been equaled. When not on duty, we amused ourselves by fishing, especially for eels, though occasionally a school of terrapins would put their little black heads above the surface of the water, when we used a small seine for their capture.

The marshes of the Jersey shore, near Cape May, were full of king crabs, sometimes called horseshoe crabs, and these were excellent bait for eels, if set in a sunken basket, the result being a whole peck of them on gently drawing it to the water's edge and suddenly into the boat, but we even used only our hands in their capture. There is, or was, a sluggish stream or brook on the Jersey shore of the lower bay called Cohansy Creek. It debouched into the bay over a shallow bar of soft black mud, and, taking a king crab, making a large hole in the shell, we would step on it with our bare feet, quite near the shore, in six inches of water, one of us on the shore with a basket and armed with woolen mittens, ready to secure the prey. In less than five minutes after the bait was down our legs would be surrounded by a mass of squirming eels, too greedy for the food to pay any attention to the big animal above, who, with his bare hands in the water among them, would try to throw them ashore. Most of them slipped through our hands only to make another dash at the crab, but by repeating the process we always succeeded in landing a few.

We sometimes fished for black fish at the dock near Lewes, or rather the breakwater near Cape Henlopen, but the mosquitoes in that part of the world were of prodigious size and too abundant for comfort. Indeed, they could make life not worth living almost anywhere near the shores of the bay or the river.

One evening near sunset, when we were lying at anchor with the boat inside of Reedy Island, we concluded to go to an old wreck to fish for eels with hook and line. We had to go nearly a quarter of a mile from our vessel, but when we got to the old hulk the sport began. Every time the hooks reached the bottom every one had a big eel; but as the eels always swallow the hook it is difficult to fish fast, unless one had a large number of snooded hooks, when he can cut it off and put

on another, leaving his hook in the fish. Such a method is a great deal more humane than to try to pull it out. While we were at the height of our enjoyment the sun was setting gloriously clear and we began to think of returning. By and by a strange sound was heard, and, looking up into the sky, whence it seemed to come, we saw a long and snake-like cloud, which we were not long in making out to be a swarm of mosquitoes. To our dismay they were making for the schooner. We left at once, pulling hard to get on board before them and raise a smudge to keep them out of the cabin; but to no purpose, for they had full possession before we could get there. Finding that we were too late to keep them out of our place, we did not venture in, but loosed the sails and wrapped ourselves in them as well as we could. Still their bills would pierce the hard canvas, and for my part I had to try another plan. This was to climb aloft and sit on the cross tree all night. I was safe there, for they do not often rise above twenty or thirty feet from the level, as there is more or less wind to drive them into the higher altitudes.

My life on the pilot boat, on the whole, I remember with more pleasure than pain, though some disagreeable things did happen. One of these was a desperate fight I had with one of my companions, the very boy who had such a narrow escape at sea on the "Montgomery." He was a perfect savage when angered, and when he did not prevail in the rough and tumble set-to, he ran down into the cabin for a gun to shoot me. This was happily prevented by the other hands, and, the captain, coming on board just at the time, he was thrown into the hold and the hatch fastened over till his wrath was cooled.

About the first of September I shipped in a schooner for a voyage to Port au Prince and Trinidad de Cuba. She was a very shaky old thing; carried four men before the mast, cook, mate, and captain, no second mate, the

captain performing his duty in the watches. As I was a foreigner, and had not then declared my intention to become a citizen, I was shipped under the name of Edmund V. Stillwagon, because the captain had an old protection belonging to some man of that name, and which was made to do duty for me. It was, and still may be, the custom of sea captains to have these papers on hand for such emergencies. But I will explain. A so-called "protection" is a certificate issued by a proper officer, that the holder is a citizen of the United States, and thus entitled to its protection in foreign countries, the particular idea being to enable a consul of the United States, wherever he may be, to give the holder of the papers, when presented to him, such aid as he may legally extend to a citizen of the United States. Now these papers are kept by the captain till the owners of them are legally discharged, when they receive them back again. It happens, however, that many run away from the vessel, in which case, of course, the captain retains these "protections." The shipping laws required that at least two-thirds of the crew should be citizens, and, as this was sometimes likely to detain a vessel, an old "protection" was made to serve for a foreign sailor when he shipped. Of course, he assumes the name on the "protection." To be sure, the original possessor of that document was closely described in it, but no one stopped to inquire into particulars when the ship returned to port.

My memory of Haiti, and especially of its capital, is centered in the beauty of the bay, at the end of which the city is situated. On either side rise high hills, covered with coffee trees, and farther away the land rises into mountains of considerable height. The city itself was a poor one, and there was nothing worthy of notice about the harbor, where our cargo was discharged into lighters. There was lying alongside of us an English bark called the "Osprey" — if I mistake not, the same vessel on

THE RABBI

PAINTED IN 1867

which the Tichborne claimant was supposed to have sailed. My first acquaintance with muskmelons was in this place, and I seldom partake of one even to this day without a mental vision of Port au Prince.

Trinidad has a beautiful harbor, formed of a deep bay surrounded with hills. The city was small, and much like all such places within the Antilles. But that bay, what a curious thing it was to look down into it. You could see bottom in several fathoms of water, it was so clear, and a sharp-eyed zoölogist might have studied its submerged life at his ease anywhere, zoöphytes of all sorts making the rough coralline bottom radiant with the beauty and variety of their tints.

I remember being grievously disappointed, on a visit into the town on Sunday, when I bought a delicious looking pie from a negro's tray and found it filled with garlic.

On our return to Philadelphia, with a load of sugar in boxes, the weather proved tempestuous nearly the whole time, and as sugar is always a trying freight for a ship in a heavy sea-way, owing to its dead weight and lack of elasticity, the passage proved one of the most disagreeable in my experience. This, however, was not wholly due to the unyielding nature of the cargo, but even more to the criminal neglect of those in charge of proper preparation for stormy weather. The rigging, or cordage, supporting the masts, which always in hot weather becomes slack, had been suffered to remain so, instead of being "set up," or tightened, before leaving port. In the midst of a gale off Cape Hatteras, or in its neighborhood, the vessel labored so terribly in the heavy seas that we all feared that the masts would go overboard. Our course was such that we were in the trough of the seas, and every roll she made, the strain upon the masts was fearful. The vessel was what is called a topsail schooner; that is, one with square sails on the foremast.

The captain concluded that the royal yard must come down to ease the strain upon the mast, and it became my duty to go aloft and send it down. This, in a former ship, had been my nightly duty in fair weather, when it had been mere boyish fun, and, of course, I was familiar with the work, but this time it was quite a different affair; you may be sure I did not dilly dally with the business, and, notwithstanding the fearful bending of the mast on which I was perched, with every roll, the yard was down and on deck in less than fifteen minutes. Just as I had made all secure and was about to descend, the captain's voice rang out again: "Send the mast down, too, while you are about it." This, however, was a much more dangerous duty, as every roll threatened to carry me, mast and all, into the seething waters, over which I hung. I could have no assistance in my work, as it was feared that another man aloft would be too much for the heavy jerking strains upon the ropes and mast. It took me an unpleasantly long time to get through my work, because at every roll I had to wait till the vessel was upright, which, of course, was but for a moment, as the binding of the spar against the iron rings prevented its downward motion when it swung from side to side, and, as the rigging slackened up in the descent of the mast, I had nothing but the masthead to hold on to; but, indeed, I could not at any time use more than one hand for work, the other being constantly required to hold on by, and when the lurches came I had to use them both to keep from being tossed into the sea.

I have taken more time in this description than it took me to perform the whole work, but the whole episode is one of the impressions on my mind which death alone shall efface. On reaching the deck, the captain said that he was greatly relieved, for he had hardly expected that I would come down alive.

We arrived in Philadelphia about the first of October.

On my return, my fondness for the theater returned with increased force. The old Walnut Street Theater was always my choice, and there again I spent most of my evenings. Here I saw many fine plays and many good actors, when the so-called legitimate drama was still the favorite of the public. I remember Junius Brutus Booth there as Iago, supported by an Othello by the name of Brown, a man to fame unknown. There was in the stock of the theater a comedian, Hathaway, whose drollery and comic songs are sharply impressed on my memory. They were playing "La Fitte," the "Pirate of the Gulf," and the "Jewess, or the Fate of Haman," in which the procession passed from the stage to the third tier on a staging covered with cloth. These two plays were often performed the same night, and when the latter was on the bill I used to get as near as I could to the procession as it passed over the "pit," where, for an often borrowed quarter, I had my seat. These plays had a long run, and I was on hand every night as long as I could raise the twenty-five cents. The fact was, I was stage-struck, and had I been to any extent master of the English language I should, probably, at this writing have been an old Thespian veteran.

Early in November it became again necessary to go to sea. I shipped in a rather large brig called the "Andes," and our destination was Pernambuco. We arrived there some time in December, and after discharging cargo (mostly provisions) the vessel was sold and the crew paid off. However, a good month elapsed before the sale was concluded, and during that time, of course, we remained on board. While lying here waiting for the negotiations, the crew, having nothing to do necessary to the usual care of the vessel, were kept at work in every possible way to keep them out of mischief, as the general phrase went, though it is difficult to imagine what mischief we could get into except to break such rules of the

navigation laws as would have been of advantage to the owners.

To explain: If liberty to go on shore was given for a certain number of hours and a man exceeded that by twenty-four hours, it would be construed into desertion, and this, of course, would forfeit wages due, to say nothing of the three months' extra pay which the law then compelled a captain to pay to each sailor discharged in a foreign port. As an instance of the species of petty tyranny exercised in our case, I will mention that after the vessel was painted throughout, decks and all, as she was old, and the decayed deck planks thus were hidden from view, the masts scraped and all tarred down aloft, we were set to making sinnet (a species of braid much used for various purposes at sea out of what old junk remained on board that could be thus used, then the remainder was picked up into oakum; new ropes were cut up to be drawn into rope yarn, and spun into spun yarn, or twisted into various forms of small cordage.

As for myself, being handy with the sail needle, I was employed for three weeks in repairing and middle-stitching the sails. On one occasion I came very near being treated as a deserter, the very thing the captain was working to bring about. I was given leave to go on shore with others. I was very young, not more than seventeen, and, of course, following the example of my seniors, I brought up at a wine shop. I must have become suddenly dead drunk, because I can remember nothing that happened when I found myself at midnight lying on the beach near the boat landing, without anything but my shirt and trousers; even my boots were gone, and not a vintine* about me.

With dazed head I rose and took in the situation. I could not speak a word of Portuguese, and, if I could,

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* Brazilian copper coin worth about three-fourths of a cent.

there was, perhaps luckily for me, nobody to speak to. I soon realized that there was only one recourse left me — to swim on board to my ship. Ascertaining, by wading in, that the tide was going out, I took what precaution I could by going against the current before striking out, but I found before reaching the middle of the stream that there was more tide than I bargained for, but, being young and strong, I managed to reach an English ship's hawser that crossed our own, and thus I was enabled to climb up on the latter and get on board. The astonishment of the captain, when he found me among the rest washing decks the next morning, was amusing. "Where the h—l did you come from, and how did you get on board?" were his questions. "Swam on board," I replied. "The h—l you did!" was his disappointed answer.

Perhaps I had run more risk than I knew at the time, for I have been told that the sharks which visited the harbor of Pernambuco were of the sort that are not averse to a meal of man.

It must have been some time in the latter part of January, 1837, that we were finally paid off with three months' extra pay, and thus, with what seemed inexhaustible resources, viz., pockets full of Mexican dollars, I was anxious to be in active employment again. There was at the time a slaver fitting out, and my spirit of adventure prompted me to try for a berth in her, but, fortunately, the places had been filled before I applied. When I think from how great a danger I was saved, both to soul and body, by this failure of my foolish love of romance I feel that ingratitude to Providence would be doubly criminal.

X

THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA

HOWEVER, I did not long remain idle, but shipped as cook and steward on a fine brig called the "Helen Mar," of Portsmouth, N. H., Captain Holloway. The vessel was bound to the coast of Africa on a fishing voyage, and the crew, with the exception of the officers and two men, were all shipped in Pernambuco. Some of them were of average fair character, but there were among them a few as desperate characters as I ever sailed with, as the sequel will show. They were all, except myself, hired partly by "lay," as it is called among whalemen and fishermen (i. e., they were to share in the profit) and partly by regular wages. Thus they were to receive five dollars per month and five fish out of every thousand. This was interpreted by the desperate characters that joined to mean five dollars per month and five slaves out of a thousand, the fishing business being understood to be a blind, the real object of the voyage being a slaving trip. And, indeed, appearances did not belie the possibility of such an interpretation, as no one ever heard of a fishing voyage to the west coast of Africa before.

It was not till we were fairly at sea, and the great bundles of twine were brought out and preparations for constructing a seine of considerable proportions were made, that these dreams of profitable adventure were fairly dissipated. Disappointment was succeeded by a sullen performance of duty, and it was soon manifest that a subdued spirit of insubordination was smoldering, only

waiting opportunity to break out in open mutiny. This was soon manifest, but only to those in the forecastle and to myself, who could not help hearing the ominous rumbling of the volcano. The captain and chief mate knew nothing about it; I think the second mate must have been aware that something unusual was going on, but, as he was a great favorite with the men, he had no fear of damage to himself, and I feel sure that his love for the captain was not strong enough to jeopard a finger to save him.

Meantime we were approaching our destination, Great Fish Bay, near latitude fifteen degrees south, longitude eleven degrees east, and the great seine was ready for use. I will, therefore, leave the brig to the favorite gales while I tell the story of her past ventures and present aims.

The "Helen Mar" was a new brig of, say, 250 tons burden, built and owned in Portsmouth, and, as before said, commanded by Captain Holloway, a tall, thin, dark-complexioned Downeaster. I have forgotten the names of the other officers; but among the crew there were two men who had been in the vessel from the time she left home. One of these was Dan Ball, a Cape Cod fisherman, and a first-rate sailor; the other was a veritable type of the genus Yankee, more of a fisherman than sailor, but as honest a fellow as ever blew the worms out of a biscuit. We called him Bill; his other name I have forgotten, if I ever knew it.

The vessel was intended for the gold and ivory trade on the coast of Guinea, and as at this time that part of the world was infested by slavers, who, outlawed as they were, and subject, if caught, to ornament any English cruiser's yardarm, it was natural to suppose that they would not have refrained from piracy had the occasion offered. For this reason the "Helen Mar" was armed with two long twelve-pounders, mounted on circular

platforms, which could be turned round to any direction, a well-stocked magazine, and a sufficiency of small arms of various descriptions. This gave the vessel a semi-piratical look, and was doubtless the reason for the mistake made by the new crew as to the object of the voyage. The voyage was made to Guinea, but for some reason unknown to me was unsuccessful, the precious metal and elephantine spoils not forthcoming in exchange for the Medford rum, red woolen nightcaps, red flannel shirts, and cheap cutlery, beads, looking-glasses, etc., with which the vessel's hold was stored. Despairing in this venture, an attempt was made, in true Yankee fashion, to try something else. This was to run down to the Hottentot coast to barter these wares for jerked beef, supposed to be plenty in that quarter, and to bring it to the Brazils as a venture. This also was a failure, owing to a scarcity of cattle or the indolence of the natives. A sort of council of war seems to have been held, wherein the aforesaid Dan took part, and the result was that by his advice a fishing trip was projected, which proved of great profit.

The advice of Ball was that they should proceed northward to Great Fish Bay and there try to secure a quantity of fish for the Brazilian market. "I have been on this coast in a whaler," he said, "and know the lay of the land. There's lots of fish in the bay; they come there to spawn, and in such quantity that they actually crowd each other out of the water, going in immense shoals (or, as he called it, schools)."

"Well, but suppose we go there, how are we to catch them?" was the captain's doubtful question.

"Oh, we can make a seine by drawing rope yarns out of some new coils of rope we have."

"That's so; but, then, how are we to cure the fish — where is the salt?"

"I have thought of that," was Dan's ready answer;

"I know a low place on the coast, a little south of Fish Bay, where the sea has overflowed into large lagoons, which the sun has dried up, leaving tons of salt that may be had for the gathering."

The plan was tried, the salt was found, and a large quantity collected and brought on board. Then they proceeded to Fish Bay, found it full of fish, the spawning season being at its height. Twenty fathoms of seine were hastily constructed, and with it, in the course of two months, 94,000 fish, chiefly of a flat kind called bream, were caught, salted, and dried. The vessel arrived in due time at Pernambuco, luckily at the season of Lent, and when there was a scarcity of salt fish in the market. The lot was all sold at seven vintines apiece, which realized to the captain $10,000 in Mexican coin, which he hid in bags in a locker in the cabin, where I often saw them.

It was upon this stroke of luck that the present voyage was planned, and I doubt not that our sanguine skipper hoped that he had struck a vein of wealth more inexhaustible than any of "Africa's golden sands."

It was in the beginning of March that we anchored in Great Fish Bay. This deep indentation of land is formed by a long and narrow peninsula of dreary white sand, which seems to be the formation of the ocean's wash. It is called Tiger Peninsula, and forms the southern side of the bay. Its northern boundary is a rather high bluff called Cape Frio. There is absolutely nothing but sand, water, and sky to be seen here. Nothing can be more barren, nothing more lonesome and void of all that can make life desirable; and yet even here the artist may find motif, for the stately flamingo comes here at times, and with its magnificent scarlet plumage and graceful stalking walk along the sandy beach lends a temporary beauty to the desert. The howling of the jackal may be heard at night, but he is never seen. Great numbers of alba-

tross,* too, swim about the vessel with as little fear as domestic geese on a pond in the midst of civilization. Gulls of all sorts, and Mother Carey's chickens, are plenty, sharks swim lazily around, showing their dorsal and caudal fins above the surface, as if to warn the careless, and shoals of all sorts of fish are everywhere to be seen. But nothing human; not a green thing of any sort. On the seaside the blue horizon, toward the interior, the gray of sand and bay mingles with the gray of the eastern sky. There is a kind of weird aspect in that fearful expanse of low interminable stretch of unexplorable African sands that must be seen to be understood; and while I am writing this my imagination follows one poor wretch of our crew who fled into those mysterious regions, preferring to take his chances with cannibals, tigers, and other beasts of prey rather than trust himself with his betrayed comrades.

Everything having been made snug for a prolonged stay, the boats were lowered, the new seine put in, and all but myself went ashore to commence the labors which were to secure the object of the voyage. Being now absolutely alone for the day, my only duty being the preparations for a 6 o'clock dinner, when the day's work was over, I was at liberty to spend the spare time as I thought fit. The vessel was empty, with the exception of the aforesaid casks of rum — some half a dozen — and, say, a dozen large boxes filled with the other goods originally intended for the Guinea trade, twenty or thirty

* I related this story to an English navy officer, who claimed to be familiar with the albatross, and from him I learned that this bird seldom, if ever, comes so far north. He suggested that it may have been a very large species of gull. This may be so, but the stuffed specimens of albatross I have seen in the Washington Museum so much resemble in size and shape the birds I saw and handled that I could detect no difference.

tons of salt with which to cure the fish as well as for ballast. My first thought was to examine the vessel all over, and in doing this I came upon a locker containing firearms of various ages and patterns; this, of course, was a pleasant find to my boyish taste, and I fished out from the lot a rusty old rifle that I found to be a breech-loader, an arm I had hitherto never seen. Of course, it had a flint-lock, far antedating in its general construction as a firearm the invention of the percussion cap. The loading chamber was square, and constructed so that it could be raised perpendicularly, and thus loaded with powder and ball without the use of cartridge, though I suppose regular old-fashioned paper cartridges were intended to be used. It was a rusty old thing, but I had a good deal of fun with it, firing down in the hold at a mark.

I do not say that this was my first day alone, but I instance it as one of the ways in which I used to amuse myself during the long weeks and months I spent alone. Some days I would fish with hook and line, often taking large numbers of fish of good size. On one occasion I caught a very large one; it must have weighed at least 100 pounds. They called it a Jew fish. It seemed to belong to the shad family, but of this I know nothing with certainty. It had scales as big as a half dollar, and was silvery white. Being very old, it was full of vermin, and, though highly esteemed for its delicacy of flavor, was rejected as unfit to eat, and put with the rest of the cargo after being salted and dried. Another day I caught a dogfish, and, on cutting it open, I found that it had four or five perfectly-formed young ones adhering to what I supposed answered for an umbilical cord. It was the first practical lesson I had in the natural history of the genus to which it belonged, but, like all practical lessons, it stayed.

One day I threw a hook baited with a piece of pork to some albatross that were swimming around the brig,

and one of them taking the hook I pulled it on board. It was not much hurt, the hook having caught in its bill, but I was very proud of my prize, and I had a fair chance to examine it. I was at first afraid it would fly away, but I soon found that it could not rise from the flat deck, nor could it run, its feet being wholly made for the water. So it had to stay where it was and make futile demonstrations to escape. But, indeed, I think it was more astonished than angry or frightened at its capture. Having looked at the bird all I wanted to, I opened the bitport, and it waddled as well as it could to the scuppers; but even then could not get on to the plankshear without my help, but when it did it just dropped, as it were, and immediately took wing. It was a splendid bird, and its capture is one of the pleasantest recollections of my life, as it gave me a fine opportunity to examine the bird without injuring it in the least.

Another time I came into the cabin and found a Mother Carey's chicken (stormy petrel) sitting on the captain's desk; it had flown in through the stern windows. This little fellow was worse off than the albatross, for it could not even waddle. It didn't stir, but let me take it and examine its feet, which to me were very curious, being, as I now remember, composed of only two long webbed toes, with nothing like a heel to balance them. These are the recollections of sixty years ago, of the loose investigation of a boy, ignorant of the first principles of natural history, or comparative anatomy, and it is quite likely that a more careful study, with my present knowledge, would lead me to modify my impressions; but I prefer to leave the description as it is, as being more true to my history.

I will only add one more recollection immediately concerning myself in this connection. One day I found in the cabin, among the captain's books, " The Wondrous Tale of Alroy," by D'Israeli, and commenced reading it.

I got so absorbed that I forgot everything, and in absolute dismay saw the boats set out from the shore, about 5 o'clock, while I had not even a fire in the galley, and not the slightest preparation for the anticipated dinner! I naturally expected to be almost killed by the crew, who must have been ferociously hungry, but so much was I in favor with them that not only did they not harm me, but I am sure would have protected me from being harmed by the captain; but he was too much amused by the cause of the trouble to get angry. Some of the crew assisted me to prepare the meal, and before 7 o'clock the dinner, or rather supper, was ready, and quite as good as usual. I don't remember just what the meal consisted of, but I dare say it was a magnificent chowder, followed by a baked farina pudding.

The fishing was not very good, and this did not improve the captain's temper, which began to show itself on more than one occasion; but the worst was that we were illy provided with provisions, especially with flour and ship's bread. This made it necessary to use the Brazilian farina (farina del pao, the ground root of cassava, if I am not mistaken) more than was pleasant to the sailors. They got tired, in fact, of fish and farina and beans, and ugly demonstrations of discontent were not infrequent. On one occasion I had been ordered to make them a pudding of bread dust. This brought matters to a crisis. They came in a body and demanded flour duff hereafter. The captain tried to explain that he only had one barrel of flour left and that economy was necessary. The answer was, "Let us have what there is on board, and let us go back if the provision is out." They knew very well that the flour was intended for the cabin, but the captain was obliged to give way. So we had real duff twice a week, and that will generally keep a crew quiet on the score of aliment, other things being fairly eatable.

But we had an element of destruction on board that, under some circumstances, is worse than powder and ball. This was the rum, which was stowed in the after part of the hold. There was, of course, no fishing done on Sunday, that being, as usual on board ships in port, after cleaning up, devoted to rest, washing clothes, mending, and what recreation could be had under the circumstances. At such times the captain and officers would take those of the crew who were so disposed for a stroll along the sandy beaches or hummocks, which constituted all the land in sight. It was not known to the new hands, shipped in Pernambuco, that there was rum on board; but one Sunday, while secretly examining the hold, which, unknown to the officers, they could reach by removing a plank in the bulkhead of the forecastle, it was discovered. I need not say to any one who knows the genus sailor that to find rum is to have it at any cost. A gimlet and a stick of wood was all that was necessary to draw a bucketful out of one of the casks. This was brought into the forecastle, and freely drunk among them all. The result was easy to foresee: a drunken row, which was at once discovered, and extra precautions taken by the captain to prevent a recurrence. Believing, however, that they found access to the hold and the rum through the hatches, these were afterwards kept locked, no entrance except through the cabin being supposed possible afterwards. The loose plank in the bulkhead of the forecastle was never discovered. The only result was, that thereafter, though the rum was stolen, precaution was taken against excesses, and thus the theft remained undiscovered till we reached Pernambuco, when the casks were found nearly empty,

But the theft of the rum would have been a matter of small consequence in itself had it not been for the result on the minds of the crew. A conspiracy was formed and solemnly sworn to, at the instance of one William

Wallace, an Irish desperado, who projected a plan for capturing the brig and turning her into a pirate. Even Dan Ball, doubtless under the influence of the liquor, entered into the project, and was induced to take a conspicuous part in the projected navigation of the vessel. Bill had also joined in the conspiracy, but, I think, rather from being forced by circumstances than with an actual intention to become a pirate. I have good reason for believing this, for, at my request, he took my place one day while I took his on shore, and that during the day he discovered the bag of money in the captain's room — a fact of which he informed me, but without letting it be known to the crew. Had they known that a cool 10,000 Mexican dollars were hidden on board, the lives of all the officers would have been, without compunction, sacrificed. I need not add that, though I knew just where the treasure was hidden, and had often seen it, I never revealed it either.

Meantime, the pot was boiling, and the plans were perfected. Strangely enough, they took no pains to hide them from me. At first, dark hints that I would soon be under other orders, with significant display of their sheath-knives to be used on anyone who disobeyed or betrayed them, not, to be sure, directed at me, but not the less understood. I did not at this time know the true state of things, and hardly deemed it anything but bravado; but still I dared not speak of these inuendoes to the captain. It turned out, however, that before the plot was fully ripe my caution proved unnecessary. And this is how it happened: A regular conspiracy had, as I before stated, taken place, when each individual in the forecastle put his signature to a paper drawn up by Wallace, binding himself to obey the chief, and to carry out the plans proposed. I never knew the particulars; that is to say, I never saw this redoubtable agreement; but from what I learned, after all was over, it was to this

effect: Dan Ball was to be captain, with Wallace as first officer, and I think the intention was to retain the second mate, who was considered a good sailor and a good fellow. I was to go with them, of course, willy-nilly, but Captain Holloway and the chief mate were to be left on shore, with some provisions, to take their chances — in fact, to be marooned. We were to go to sea and capture any vessel that might be in our track, and then proceed as fast as possible to Chili or Peru, sell the vessel, divide, and disband. Everything being thus arranged, they only waited for a fair opportunity to put the same into execution. It was determined that the next Sunday, when, as usual, the officers went on shore. the boat's crews should possess themselves of the boats, shove off, and leave the captain and mate on the land. Then, as it was impossible for the latter to get back to the ship, they could take their time, weigh anchor, and sail away at their leisure. How the provisions intended for the sustenance of the unfortunate officers was to be got to them I never learned.

Now this was a very feasible plan, and would, without doubt, have succeeded, but for the weakening of one of the conspirators; this was an Englishman, recently from Sydney, N. S. W. I cannot remember his name, but his blonde head and finely-formed figure is before me as if it was but yesterday. I never knew his motive for betraying his comrades, but, judging from what I did know of the man, I do not think it was prompted by pure conscience — indeed, I thought at the time, and still think, cowardice had quite as much to do with it. At any rate, three or four days before the time set, he told the whole story to the captain. The latter, whatever faults he had, and they were far from few, was no coward, but, having a desperate set to deal with, he wisely said nothing at first, but resorted to stratagem. This was to separate the crew into two parts, sending those known to be most

dangerous on shore to fish, while he kept the others, three or four of whom he had reason to believe were rather forced into the conspiracy, on board, under pretense that some necessary duty about the ship was to be performed. These he ordered to unbind all the sails and stow them away in the hold. Then he had the powder magazine brought into his stateroom, and placed by his bedside. A loaded pistol was kept by him ready to fire into the magazine at the last moment, should they obtain possession of the vessel, and thus blow us all at once into eternity. Muskets were loaded and given to the officers, who kept them by them night and day. Every arm was placed out of reach of the crew, and then, when all was ready, and when the sailors who had been sent on shore to fish had returned to the ship, he informed them that he knew all about their intention, vowing, at the same time, to blow them into h—l at the first movement toward mutiny. He did a mean thing, at the same time, which was to give the name of the traitor. It was this that sealed the doom of the latter, for I cannot believe that he ever got away from that fearful desert, though he escaped the vengeance of his shipmates by running away from the vessel.

The remaining time in Great Fish Bay was a trying one to all. The crew was kept under constant surveillance while on shore, and when on board the vigilance was doubled. None of them was allowed on deck after 9 o'clock in the evening. The mates kept anchor-watch, one from 8 till 12, the other from 12 till 4, when I was called to make the necessary preparations for breakfast and lunch, or rather the dinner, which was eaten on shore. All of us who lived in the cabins slept with a loaded musket in our berth, and, as before mentioned, a loaded pistol lay near the captain's hand, ready to fire into the powder magazine.

During this strained condition of things, or rather at

the very beginning, the poor fellow that had informed on his mates came to me, begging that he might be allowed to sleep in the galley. This I allowed, and he used to barricade himself in there every night as long as he remained on board. Nothing was done by the captain to protect him from the wrath of the rest of the crew, nor do I think he could have protected him effectually had he been so minded. One Sunday morning when I got on deck the cook's axe was missing, and so was the jolly-boat, while the galley was empty of its tenant. He had deserted and gone, no one knows whither! The boat was found on the beach, and that was all we ever knew; no search was made, and he never came back again. Yes, he did come back in the following night, for it was found that a powder keg, used as a water breaker, was gone from its usual place on the shore. The poor fellow had found it necessary to supply himself with water to drink. This was the last of him, so far as we knew. There was a tribe of Caffirs reported to be living away in the interior, some twenty miles off, and doubtless he joined them, but whether they adopted him or dined off him no one will ever know.

By this time, some 90,000 fish had been cured, and, as the provisions were running short, and the crew still exhibited signs of insubordination, it was thought best to weigh and make sail for Pernambuco.

One day, during the last week of our stay in Great Fish Bay (it was Sunday morning and all were on board), I took the vessel's long boat to go on shore after some fish for dinner, our other boat, a smaller one, being hauled up high and dry beyond high-water mark on the sandy shore. After sculling ashore, I drew the boat up as well as I was able, and went to get the fish, which were laid out on the sand to dry. When I came back, what was my astonishment and terror to find that the boat was adrift and going out with the tide to sea.

I thought, of course, at first, of swimming; but at the same time I remembered the fearful numbers of sharks that constantly infested the bay, and I felt it would be suicidal to attempt it. There was no other boat on board, and I must try to get the dingy, the boat that was on land, into the water. But it was several rods, at least, from the water's edge, and the distance between was all loose sand. However, I ran to it to do my best. I have always regarded the success of this effort as one signal instance of the power of mental energy. The boat was an old Dutch flat-bottomed affair, resembling more the longitudinal section of half an elongated cask, the stern being square, the smaller end of the cone forming the prow. It took five or six men to pull it up to where it lay, and, under ordinary circumstances, I could not have moved it a yard from its position. But it seemed life or death to me to get that boat into the water, and I accomplished it by placing my shoulder against the forward part and turning it round and round by a continued effort of all my strength, gaining a few inches each push. When at last I had the horrid thing afloat, and was in it, I was so spent that I should never have got the two boats to the vessel by any effort I could make, and doubtless I should have drifted out to sea beyond sight before the vessel could have come to my rescue, since not a sail was bent on any yard, even if the anchor could have been weighed in time. My trouble had been seen on board, and one of the sailors was already on his way to my rescue on a couple of hatches, by way of raft, which he was paddling. I made for his raft, and then he got on board of my boat, when together we succeeded in saving everything.

I have mentioned sharks. Not many days before the above adventure we caught fourteen so-called tiger sharks in one haul with the seine. Their livers furnished lamp oil for the rest of the voyage. Once, when we

made a haul for fish (it was a day when I had exchanged with one of the men, so that I might witness the fishing), a monster, fully twenty feet long, broke through the seine from the outside to get at the fish inside. As we had at least 6,000 in the haul, he had plenty to eat, and seemed, as we drew the whole mass nearer and nearer the beach, to be in no hurry to leave, nor did he manifest alarm till he felt the bottom and we had him full in sight. Then he began a set of gymnastics that were fearful to see, lashing his tail around in a decidedly dangerous manner. No one dared to approach him, and, there being no rope at hand to ensnare him with, he soon got into water of sufficient depth to swim, when he made his way out of the seine in the same manner in which he entered, and the last we saw of him was the end of the tail and back fin sticking up far out in the bay.

XI

AT PERNAMBUCO AND RIO DE JANEIRO

ABOUT five months from the time we left Pernambuco, we again entered its noble harbor. Here I was regularly discharged, but some of the crew were put in jail — not so much on account of mutinous conduct as because of the theft of rum and other articles which had formed the cargo. I may here state that two hogsheads of Medford rum had been emptied by the crew during the voyage. However, nothing was done about it, for after a week's incarceration they were set at liberty. The adventure proved a losing one for the owners, for when we arrived it was not Lent and dried fish were plenty. All that was realized upon the 95,000 fish was three vintines per fish, or about two cents less than $2,000 in all — clearly a losing speculation. The voyage for which we had shipped being at an end, all were discharged. I had saved some of the wages received from the "Andes," which had been stowed in a stocking, with the intention of adding to it, thereby furnishing a nucleus for future wealth. The sum must have been as much as $50, all in good Mexican coin, and with my five months' additional wages, not a cent of which I had had a chance to spend, at $17 per month, I had at least $150 in clear cash. Alas! for my resolution to save; for during the three months, dating from about the first of August (the time I must have left the "Helen Mar") till the end of October, when I left for Rio de Janeiro, I had contrived to exhaust not only the contents of my stocking, but all I had earned by my work on shore, the only saving

being a well-stocked chest for future voyages. But even this was to be of no benefit to me, as will be seen further on.

While in Pernambuco I worked whenever a chance was offered, and was not wickedly improvident, though I cannot boast of behaving much better than other sailors on shore, barring not getting drunk, though I was far from being a teetotaler. I would go on sprees with some of my comrades of the boarding-house, but I think it was more from a sort of desire to be considered a good fellow and generous companion than from any real disposition in myself to dissipation. Pernambuco, at this time, was a bad place; not to speak of the night-walking female population, who, by the way, bore and deserved a better reputation than their frail sisters in Protestant countries, but it had an unenviable reputation on account of the frequency of murders committed at night in its public thoroughfares. At the time of my arrival this evil was said to be on the wane, owing to better police regulations, and I cannot say that this was disproved by personal observation; still, as the narrow streets were not lighted, the buildings high and sidewalks narrow, it was always deemed best to take the middle of the street, lest some assassin should suddenly emerge from a convenient portico. A law, or police regulation, against carrying concealed arms obtained at that time, but, as it was thought unsafe to go without means of defense, the sailors on shore generally kept their sheath-knives concealed about them, when they were out late at night in search of pleasure or adventure. Mine I sometimes carried without a sheath, tied with a thread to the arm inside my sleeve, on such occasions. However, with the exception of a shower of brickbats, coming I knew not whence, by which I was unhurt, no attack was made upon me. I never carried more than three or four dollars about me, having had the precaution to leave my money with an

English merchant on whom I drew when I wanted it, and who, by the way, used to give me fatherly remonstrances if I wanted too much at a time. Had it not been for this I would have been without money long before I was. I wish I could remember this gentleman's name. I recollect he gave me my first employment, but I think that was when I first went to Pernambuco. It was to make a suit of sails for a small sail-boat, or yacht. I made them in his house, and well I remember the excellent cups of tea I had when he invited me to breakfast. The principal job of work upon which I was employed after my return from Africa was getting the very vessel I came in, the "Helen Mar," off from the beach where she had stranded on trying to get out of the port. She was thrown high and dry at high tide, and, as she appeared a total loss, she was sold to an American resident for $200, but I never knew whether by the owners or the insurance company. At the time I never suspected that the ship going on shore was not an accident; but now, when I think it all over, and remember how unfortunately the whole cruise had turned out, and how little danger there is in leaving this port, other thoughts have come into my head. However, there she was, three miles from the city, hard on a sand beach, where the whole sweep of the Atlantic was on her, though beyond reach of the waves, as she was, as before stated, above high-water mark, and deeply imbedded in the loose sand. Sixteen men were hired to get her off, and I was among the number. We had nearly a month for preparation, as the great attempt could not be made before spring tides, when it was calculated that the tide would reach her. It became a very simple matter. Heavy anchors were procured and carried out in boats as far as the chain cables would reach; then one anchor was dropped in three fathoms of water, the chain running through the

hawse-hole; heavy tackles were applied to these, and the fall taken to the windlass. Then all was "hove" taught and belayed. The sand was dug away from the side to the sea (she was lying side on), and this, indeed, constituted the main labor. When at last the tide reached her, so as to move the sand and wash against the side, all hands went to the windlass and "hove" away. It was soon apparent, however, that the anchor was coming home, and it became necessary to slack up. The other anchor was then carried out with a great strap, two or three fathoms long, made of heavy hawser; this was passed through the ring of the anchor. The intention was to drop this bight, or loop, over the pea of the first anchor and thus back it. The attempt to do this by dropping it over the buoy was, after several attempts, declared a failure, and things looked decidedly unpleasant for the enterprise.

At last I volunteered to go down and put the bight over. The offer was thankfully accepted, and down I went on the buoy-rope; no great undertaking so far as getting down, but it was hard to get the great hawser, almost as stiff as a piece of wood, over the pea of the anchor. I got hold of it, and dragged it to its place, but I could not stay under water long enough to finish, and had to ascend for breath. After resting a few minutes, I went down again, and this time succeeded in getting the bight fairly over the fluke. On coming to the surface I reported all right, and word was given to heave taut. Now all was ready.

The next day, at 3 o'clock P. M., the long expected spring-tide came, and, as the wind blew freshly, making heavy surf, our hopes rose high. About 2.30 we began to heave; it was manifest the anchor held, for, with all our purchase on the chains, not an inch would come. The heavy waves struck her side and made all tremble; the chain looked like a straight bar seaward, the tackles

creaked, loud rang the "Heave O! ahoy," as every man hung on his handspike, doing his utmost to start her, as yet without avail. At last there was a sort of lull from fatigue, and great anxiety was manifested lest something should give way. This was about 3 o'clock. The tide was now at its height, and great seas struck the sides of the vessel. Suddenly, as the largest wave shook her, the ropes slackened! The immense strain had done its work with the aid of the sea — she had moved a couple of inches. "Heave away! Heave away! Heave like h—l! She is going!" Again the chain stood like a bar; then another sea struck us, and again the tackles slackened, to be again heaved taut. By this time the sand had become mixed up with water, and we could see her turn her head very gradually till she was head on, and in an hour she was off and anchored safe outside the surf.

She was perfectly sound, not a seam had been started. As the vessel was nearly new, the contractors must have made a very pretty thing out of the speculation. This was on a Saturday. All the forenoon the beach had been full of people, most of whom made insulting gestures and jeers at the Yankee fools who thought they could pull a ship out of eight feet of sand into the ocean. All the people left the beach after we were in deep water, and here we were without boat, without food, without water, and nobody coming to our assistance; so little faith had the owner had in the contractors getting the vessel off without laying regular ways for her that he had not even stopped to see the result. However, we hoped that the next morning aid would be sent us; but none came. About noon, finding no one had come, we felt that something must be done, especially as the great swells that were coming in from the east gave warning of stormy weather in the near future. Some one must go on shore, and all eyes were on me. I said I would

try, though the surf was awful, and I knew by experience that the undertow must be dangerous, the beach being a steep one. They gave me a tumblerful of red wine, the only thing we had on board to eat or drink, and so, putting my hat inside of my shirt, so as not to lose it, I jumped in. The swell was so high and long that, with the wine in my stomach, I got seasick almost at once; but I swam in well enough till I came into the surf. I would see a huge roller come behind me, and then turn my head to it, dive under, and come out on the smooth back of it, but it was hard work, as there were so many of them; at last my hat got washed out, and in trying to recover it I failed to turn in time to prevent a roller taking me sideways and rolling me on the beach, only to take me back again in the undertow. However, I got to the surface again, but not in time to square myself, and again I felt the sand. This time, however, I had been carried farther up, and, knowing what my only chance was now, I stuck my fingers so deeply into the sand that I was not carried back as before.

I need not say that I did not wait for a third roller, but hurried out of harm's way as quickly as I could, Then, exhausted, I fell on the hot sand without a hat — that was gone forever — and there I lay till I felt strong enough to walk into the town, where I arrived just as people were coming out of church. I found the owner, and he promised to dispatch a boat at once, which he did, and I returned with it. We were given food; and fresh anchors and chains were brought, by means of which the vessel was brought into safer anchorage.

After several other employments of more or less labor, I concluded to go to Rio de Janeiro in a Norwegian bark, which required constant pumping to keep afloat. But before leaving Pernambuco I will describe the sort of lodging there was at the time in the sailor boarding-house which for so many months was my home. It con-

sisted of just one room, opening directly on the street. A long table with wooden benches stretched along the wall to the left of the entrance, and the bar was directly in front. Behind this were casks of rum and wine arranged in order, and whence the landlord dispensed his liquors. We all ate at the table, and those who could slept there at night. Some who had hammocks, slung them to the right of the door; but the greater number slept on such bed as they possessed, on the brick floor. By special request of the landlord I slept on the bar, being charged not to allow any one else to get behind at the liquor. This I was enabled to do, and, moreover, was given the privilege of administering a soporific drink to a poor devil suffering from "snakes." By the way, we got the fellow out and put him into the surf one day. It nearly killed him, but I don't remember any more about the "horrors."

One night it was so warm I thought I would try to sleep under a shed on some mahogany logs. It was delicious to be there in the fresh air, after being nearly suffocated in that dreadful boarding-house. I fell asleep, and amid pleasant dreams I began to be aware of a pressure on my breast. Opening my eyes I saw a soldier holding his bayonet against my breast; I instantly snatched it from him and flung it among the timbers, where perhaps he found it the next day. However, he told me that I must go to the calaboose with him. He searched me and took what was in my pocket, a few vintines, a jack knife, and a pack of cards. I could by this time make myself understood in Portuguese, and told him where I lived and why I was where he found me (it was government property), and he consented to let me go home, but he robbed me all the same.

Our passage to Rio was memorable only from the fact that our whole time was spent at the pumps. For forty-eight hours the only sleep I had was dozing between the spells at pumping, but after three or four days we

anchored safely in its beautiful harbor. After getting on shore into a boarding-house, I went with a man who had been on the "Helen Mar" with me to the United States consul, and he, after hearing our story, gave us a note to the landlord, saying he would pay our board till we could get a chance to go home. This man, an old shipmate, had taken a strange fancy to me, notwithstanding my open and frequently expressed dislike to him. I cannot recall his name, but he was a Yankee of a rather disagreeable type. Even while in Africa I had once had a quarrel with him, and even gone so far as to scald his hand with boiling tea, because he was trying to take it before I was ready to give it to him. I had avoided him on shore all I could, and thought I was fairly rid of him, when I agreed to leave Pernambuco as above related; but there he was again, having got on board at the last moment. Well, after getting my chest ashore, and establishing myself at the rather comfortable boarding-house in Rio, I felt that I could give my shadow the slip. Alas! for human proposition, it was not to be.

XII

MAN-OF-WAR LIFE

I AROSE at daylight next morning; the day was lovely, the balmy and sweet-smelling land wind making the early hours delicious. I started for a stroll before breakfast, a red flannel shirt, a pair of duck trousers, and an old straw hat, constituting my whole toilet. Shoes were so superfluous in that hot climate, that, but for fear of the chicos (a pesky little creature that deposits its eggs in the skin of the foot), I should never have worn any. This morning I did not have them on, but wandered in a happy-go-lucky kind of way smoking my short dudeen which was always my companion. A sailor's promenade will sooner or later trend toward the water, and, sure enough, I found myself at the usual boat-landing, whence I could see far down into the outer bay. It was well dotted with sails and vessels at anchor, and I enjoyed the scene with the double sense of a sailor and a natural love of art. There was a United States man-of-war just getting under way, but far off down the bay, and a wish came over me to try a cruise in a war ship. Still I had no real idea of doing it till I found my spectre standing by the side of me. He told me that, having woke up and finding me gone, he had been hunting the town over to find me. This decided me. The market boat of the "Falmouth" sloop-of-war, that I saw getting ready to sail, was at the landing. I asked the crew if they thought I could ship in her; they informed me that two men had run away the night before, and it was likely that I would be received. Just then the midshipman in charge came along. He was a fine, large, well-made

blonde of twenty-one or thereabouts; his name was Schenck, afterwards commodore, and brother to the ex-minister to England. Going up to him, I asked if he thought I could get on board. He said he did not doubt it, but that he could not take me in the boat. If I could get a shore boat to take me off, no doubt all would be well. Unfortunately, I had no money, and I told him so. "Here," he said, "hold your hat; here is a lot of copper that I can do nothing with," and with that flung into it nearly a millrais in two-vintine pieces (about sixty cents). I turned to a boatman and asked him if he would take me on board for the money, and he told me to step in. "Now," thought I, "I am at last rid of my persecutor," so turning round to him, I offered my hand to bid him good-bye; but what was my chagrin when he said: "I guess I may as well go, too," and into the boat he stepped. So there I was, with the prospect of nearly three years longer companionship. If I had been capable of hate, I think I could have hated that fellow, but he always showed himself so friendly and ready to do anything for me, that I had not the heart to show my real feelings, and I dare say that, on the whole, he thought I loved him, imputing my bearishness to my naturally brusque manner.

Well, we were permitted to get on board, and the moment we stepped on the side ladder the boatman shoved off, and here we were. I shall never forget how my heart sank when I looked over the hammock netting down on the deck of the ship. To the left of me, on a gun, stood the boatswain, with his whistle. Not a word was spoken, yet everybody seemed to understand what to do. The decks seemed to swarm with men, all dressed in blue, with black tarpaulin hats. Immense chains full of blue mud encumbered the deck, from the mainmast to the bows, and one gang of men were throwing water on and scrubbing them, while others were catting the anchor,

and others again trimming the sails and getting studdings sails ready to set, for we were fast leaving port under full sail, and with a fair wind and fresh breeze. We were told to go aft to the captain, who was standing on the poop.

"So you want to ship, eh?" "Yes, sir." "Are you able seamen?" I spoke for myself, and answered, "Yes." "Well, we can't ship you as able seamen, but if you behave you will be promoted. Now go down and let the surgeon examine you."

This was done, and, though at the time I was slightly ruptured, I could not be turned ashore, and so was accepted. We then went into the cabin and signed the articles, after which we were turned over to the first lieutenant for duty. The captain of the maintop, Jack Williams, an old English seadog, came up at once and claimed me for his top and mess, and my companion was put into the foretop. This arrangement finally separated us, and I had so little to do with my quondam shipmate afterwards that I have absolutely forgotten his name.

The first thing to be done was to get the necessary blue flannels and blue cloth to dress with. I was informed that three yards of the former would make a shirt, and that I had better get six yards so as to give somebody half of it for making me a shirt, or "frock," as it was called in naval parlance. There was less hurry about the trousers, as white was worn also in the navy, though my red shirt was inadmissible. I was at once installed in my duties, and, as I was a smart sailor, entirely competent to do whatever was required, these did never prove hard. My station was, as before said, in the maintop, and my particular charge there was the royal yard, i. e., royalyards man. I was often, at this time, thankful for the training I had had on the old "Prudent" under Moriarty. As I before stated, the ap-

pearance of the deck and the disordered state of everything was sickening and depressing in the extreme. Most of this, however, was due to the foul state of the chains, the links of which were filled with the tough blue clay which composed the bottom of this splendid bay. Besides, as I soon learned, as everything that can be is done at once, or simultaneously, in a man-of-war, some temporary confusion is not always avoidable; but long before the boatswain mate's pipe whistled its prolonged note, which I found meant dinner, and the roll of the drum preceding it, which was a call for the whiskey ration, not a vestige remained of disorder or dirt. The grog was first served out, the purser's steward being seated before a covered tub, with a large opening in the top, which, when not in use, was covered and secured with an iron bar and padlock. Through this hole he passed a long handled pannican into the whiskey, and with it filled a number of small tin cups which surrounded the chine. Each man took one, and either emptied it into his mouth or into a tin cup in which a little water had previously been poured; but all had to be drank, as they say, on the premises, though frequent evasion of the rule were practiced by making believe to drink, when a man wished to sell his grog to another, a frequent practice. The allowance of whiskey was half a pint a day, and these "tots," as the small cups were called, each held one-third of that quantity, quite a reasonable drink for a moderate man.

From the whiskey tub, or grog tub, as it is technically called, we went below onto the berth-deck for dinner. This was served on what we called mess-cloths, a sort of large tablecloth made of sail duck. These were spread, each in its appointed place, in front of the mess chest, on a deck so white and clean that to find a spot of any kind upon it, when the master-at-arms made his morning rounds, was a sufficient cause for severe punishment

for the cook of the mess — a duty which each messmate had to take in weekly turns. Behind the mess chest, which contained the necessary implements for our simple table, was the bag rack. Each man was provided with a black painted bag of heavy cotton canvas, having a draw-string at the top, and at the bottom a "toggle," a sort of wooden button strongly attached, by which the bag that was wanted could be pulled out without disturbing the rest. The cook of the mess was relieved from all other duty except to receive the allowance from the purser's mate, prepare it for the ship's cook, mark it so as to be sure to get his own when the meal was served, set the "table," wash the pots and pans (our only dishes), clean up after each meal, and keep his part of the deck in required order.

Although I only learned the regulations by degrees, this may be as good a place as any to describe the daily fare. For Sunday we were allowed to each man one pound of salt beef and half a pound of flour. The mess contained usually from twelve to fourteen men. In mine (No. 11) we numbered thirteen, consisting of the larboard watch of maintop men; thus we were entitled to thirteen pounds of beef and six and one-half pounds of flour, with twenty-six ounces of raisins, quite enough for a good pudding, or "duff," as it was called. Besides, each man had twelve ounces of pilot or navy bread per diem. For Monday we had salt pork, three-fourths pound per man, to which rice was usually added. Tuesday, pork. Wednesday, beef. Thursday, the Sunday fare was repeated, and Friday was known as "Banyan day." No meat was allowed on this day, but each man had four ounces of butter, four of cheese, one-half pound of rice, four ounces of raisins, one-half pint of molasses, and one-half inch of sperm candle, the latter article being, of course, in one piece, and generally sufficient for the needed purpose, no light being allowed after 8 o'clock

at night. Saturday was a repetition of Tuesday, as near as I can remember.

It will be seen that neither tea nor coffee was in the regular allowed stores; but we did not, on that account, go without those articles, for the other allowance was so ample that we could stop two rations. The service allowed $12 per ration per quarter (three months), which gave the mess $24 to use for extras during that time. This was enough for the tea we needed, and even coffee, should we like, but this article we never used. The rice, also, was permitted to accumulate, as sailors generally detest it, calling it contemptuously "swamp seed," and having saved up a quantity we exchanged it for potatoes at the first port we came to. Breakfast consisted usually of lobscouse, a stew made of pork, beef, and potatoes, when we had them, and hard bread if we did not have them. Tea or supper, as it was called, consisted of what was left from dinner that was not needed for breakfast. As I am writing this fresh from a nice dinner, with claret, the above described fare seems very poor; but my memory calls forth no regret at that time. It was so much better than the ordinary fare in a merchantman that it seemed to me to be a continual feast.

In port we often had fresh meat, one and one-fourth pounds to each man, and plenty of vegetables for soup. Each cook of the mess put his meat into a net tagged with the number of the mess, handing it to the ship's cook, who put all together into a huge square iron boiler, a fixture in the arrangement of the galley. There were two of these, and they were large enough for a man to go inside to clean them every day. When the dinner was ready, each man received what he had put in. The same was done with the "duff," which was prepared by the mess cook, the ingredients being flour, the fat from the beef and pork being worked into it, then the raisins added, the whole being mixed with half salt water and

half fresh, into a rather stiff batter, poured into a canvas bag, tied up, labeled, and given to the ship's cook to be boiled in the great boiler. I have been thus particular because so many changes have been made since that time that it may be of interest to many to know how things were done many years ago.

But to return to my own story. I had not been on board an hour before I was nicknamed. An English sailor, one Tom Allen, who afterwards became my most intimate friend, having made a voyage to Riga, had caught a few Russian words, and, believing me to be from somewhere in that neighborhood, he called me Jacky Dobra, that being the name the Russians were in the habit of calling English sailors: Jack for the sailor, and dobra for good. I was furious at being taken for a Russian; but the more I showed opposition the more the whole crew took up the refrain, and, as I could not well fight 200 men, I was obliged to be content with my lot, and the nickname was the only one by which I was known among my comrades. This circumstance, however, served me some good turns, as will be seen hereafter.

Well, we were now at sea, and the first morning had dawned on my life on board of a man-of-war. Breakfast being over, all hands were called to witness punishment. The boatswain and his mates piped a long call, and then each one cried out at the top of his voice, "All hands witness punishment." I thought I had got into the wrong ship, and I had strong misgivings lest I had made the mistake of my life. However, here I was. We were assembled forward of the main-mast on the starboard side. The culprits had to take off their shirts, their feet being tied to a grating, then the wrists were fastened with cords to the eyebolts, where the manropes are usually fastened at the gangway. The captain and officers stood near by; the former mentioned the fault for which

the punishment was to be inflicted (in this case it was drunkenness and absence without leave). All this time the sufferer stood with his shirt thrown over his back. When the captain gave the word, the shirt was removed, and the chief boatswain's mate swung the cat-of-nine-tails, an instrument made of hard twisted cords, whipped at the ends, but without knots; there are nine cords fastened to a wooden handle covered with green baize. The blow descended, red marks were instantly visible across the bare back, an involuntary inward movement was made, while the man set his teeth. Eleven more blows followed, but not a groan was heard; it was over, and the man was untied, put on his shirt, and joined his comrades. Next came the other, and the same ceremony, but with different results. This man, having less nerve, writhed, groaned, and at last roared from pain as the last four or five strokes descended on his quivering flesh. It was horrible, inhuman; but, thank God, the practice is now abolished. What made the matter worse was that it often happened that some of the best men in the ship were punished in this way, liquor being always at the bottom.

Thus, my first day of man-of-war life did not seem propitious. But it was a long while before I saw the like again, Captain Isaac McKeever being a humane man, though a strict disciplinarian. Our first lieutenant's name was Lyons, a Virginian, one of the kindest and noblest of men. L. G. Keith was the third lieutenant, a sharp disciplinarian, a perfect terror to anyone who skulked. We called him Bonaparte. I don't know just why, except for his capacity to command. He was a slightly-made man, delicate and sickly, pale and sallow, with a sharp nose, partly made by a plastic operation. The fourth lieutenant was named Gilles, afterward well known from his report on the astronomical and meteorological state of things in Chili. He was a good-looking

man, but slow in movement, and often distracted and forgetful. A kind officer he always was. I see I have forgotten the second lieutenant; a meaner person never disgraced our navy. Small of stature, small of mind, cowardly and vile, as subsequent events proved, he was ever trying to exercise his authority in the most offensive way.

For reasons, which, of course, I cannot know, Captain McKeever had determined to go through the Straits of Magellan, instead of the usual course round Cape Horn. It must have been near the end of November, 1837, that we arrived at the entrance to the straits. As I remember the island of Terra del Fuego, to the left of us, it presented nothing to the view but a steep and high range of rocks, while the Patagonian side, to the right, was less rugged and forbidding. As the wind was blowing rather hard out of the straits, and a strong tide was running against us, we dropped our starboard anchor, the smaller, and lowered the topsails on to the caps, while the courses were simply clewed up and made as snug as possible without stowing them.

We had been at anchor but a short time before a whaleboat containing two men was seen to approach. They came alongside, and said they wished to come on board. This being permitted, they informed us that they were part of a boat's crew left by a sealing schooner on a rock outside of Terra del Fuego for the purpose of killing seals, the schooner was to be back in a short time to take them off; that they had waited until their provisions were exhausted, having been on the rock two months; and that despairing of their vessel coming back to their relief, they had pulled into the straits and made friends of the natives; that their companions had concluded to remain, but that they wanted to get away, etc. Their boat was accordingly hoisted on board, and they became part of the crew. One of the men, on being con-

sulted by the captain, said that we were not lying in a safe place, the bottom being rocky and anchorage uncertain; that we had better get in farther as soon as the tide should permit.

It was thought necessary to let go the best bower, the larboard,* which was also done, but it was found that even then the anchors did not hold well. It blew almost a gale, the beetling rocks of Terra del Fuego were only half a mile to leeward, and it began to look decidedly ugly. The order was then given to clear away the sheet anchor, too, on the larboard side. This was stowed with permanent lashings on the railing just abaft the fore-rigging, and was covered by the hammock netting, which, indeed, is made over the fluke. The old-fashioned hemp cable was not yet extinct, and it was this that had to be bent to the anchor. While a gang of men were busy getting this enormous and stiff mass of hemp on deck (it measured eight inches through) others were cutting away the hammock netting and lashings, getting a tackle up to raise the anchor from its place so as to let it go. All this was soon done, and we were now ready to drop our strongest hope. However, to have done so while so much was out of the two chain cables would have been of no use, as we could not pass out more of the first chain. It was, therefore, necessary to heave in some on that, the anchor now having got hold so that it no longer dragged.

In order that what follows may be understood, it will be necessary to describe the manner in which a man-of-war's anchor was raised before the days of steam. In a ship of the above kind there was no windlass with which to heave the anchor, the capstan, situated abaft the main mast, being used instead. The chain, or cable,

* I use the term larboard, as up to this time the word port was only used in conning ships (directing the steering).

could not be taken to the capstan, and, therefore, the so-called messenger was used; this consisted of a large hawser, the two ends of which were joined by means of lashings between the eyesplices in its ends. It thus became an endless rope, three turns of which were passed around the capstan, the rest of the messenger being passed forward, so that the bight went under the heel of the bowsprit into what was called the "manger," a semicircular space inclosing the hawse-holes through which the cables were passed.

Now, when the anchor was to be heaved on, the chain was secured to the messenger by a gang of men reaching from the foremast to the main hatch, in the corner of which the chain passed down to its locker below. It was the duty of the first half of this gang to surround the chain and messenger with what was called nippers, short braided ropes, and thus by successive turns or windings "marry" the two; these short ties were held by the hands till the next man got hold, and those near the hatch untwisted them when the messenger boys passed them forward again to be used there. Thus, as the capstan revolved, the messenger drew the chain in, at the same time allowing it to run down into the chain locker, unless when dirty, it was left on deck. Two or three men were stationed near the capstan, to hold on to the messenger to prevent it slipping around the capstan, and the chief of these was a quarter-gunner's place. From twenty to thirty men or more manned the capstan bars, and thus there would be a constant strain on the cable, winding it in, link after link, through the hawse-hole. An order was given to man the capstan. A quarter-gunner, named Joe Kelsey, was the first man to hold on to the messenger. Word was given to heave away, or rather the boatswain piped the order. It was the duty of the fore-top men to apply the nippers to the messenger and the chain, and that of the maintop men to take them off, and

among them ought to have been my place; but more men were needed at the capstan, and I went to the bars. We had nearly the whole of the smaller chain out, and perhaps half of that of the best bower, the intention being to heave in as much as was deemed safe, in order that there would be scope enough to allow the sheet-anchor to get a good hold when let go. We were thus marching cheerily round the capstan (some fifty of us) when suddenly the lashings of the messenger parted, and the huge hawser, being thus loosed of control, flew like lightning round the capstan, knocking everyone hither and thither, injuring many quite severely. I found myself lying out of breath by the cabin door, but, fortunately, not much hurt. Otherwise was it with poor Joe Kelsey, whose thigh was broken, and who, being the most exposed from his sitting position, was also internally injured by the contact with the rope. Naturally, everybody had to let go the nippers, and away went the chain through the hawse-hole at lightning speed. So quickly was all done, and such the backward speed of the ship, that when the slack of the best bower was up no one felt the shock, when, like a thread, the great link, nearly two inches in diameter, parted.

Thus both anchors were gone, half of one cable and the whole of the other — indeed, so complete was the loss of the latter that the bolt which fastened it to the keelson was torn out with it, while the value of the chain lost was shown in the fact that not only did it not break, but it tore the corner off the combing of the hatch with its cast-iron knee, over which it was made to pass quite through to the deck! All this took much less time than it takes me to write it.

"Man the topsail halliards!" was the stentorian command of our anxious captain. "I'll cut the backbone out of the first s—n of a b—h that looks over the hammock netting," was the next cry; this because some, in

their anxiety, had mounted on the guns and were looking round. I mention this latter speech of the captain's because it was the only time I ever knew him to curse. Nor was this child's play; for when the topsails were up and trimmed to the wind, so that the ship began to gather headway, we were not a cable's length from the fearful rocks. But she weathered them, and in a little while we were in open sea with plenty of room.

It commenced to blow a gale as we shaped our course to double Cape Horn, and it became so difficult a matter to set Kelsey's thigh-bone that when, after a while, it grew together, the leg was two inches shorter than the other. I may, right here, finish the story of his life by saying that, though he got about, his inward injury caused an abscess of the chest, of which, in about a year or thereabouts he died. Old Joe Kelsey was a strange character, and many were the stories he told. His life had, of course, been full of adventure and hairbreadth escapes. He had some deformity of the nose, which had once been crushed by a fearful fall, and it had caused that sort of impediment of speech which usually is the result of defective or injured palate.

The account of the accident was thus given: Many years ago, when he was a young man-of-war man, he was at Valparaiso; among others he visited a bad house which stood on the edge of a sheer cliff of one of the hills of that city, in those days known as fore, main, and mizzen tops — I don't know which it was; but in a drunken row his life was threatened by some Spaniards, to avoid whom he jumped through a window, not knowing the extent of its height from the subjacent foot of the rock. He came down upon the humble abode of some fisherman, who had fixed his shelter against the sheer rock. Fortunately, the roof was of reeds and palm leaves. This broke his fall, though it did not prevent him from bursting through, to fall down upon the table at which the

family were seated at supper. He was, of course, much shaken up by this unlucky gymnastic feat, but eventually recovered, the crushed nose and defective speech being its only permanent results. Joe was a wicked man to the last, and expired with curses on his lips.

Our passage around Cape Horn was a memorable one, on account of a most fearful storm which we encountered after doubling the cape. The wind blew with hurricane violence, and I never saw such a sea. All hands were on deck the whole of one night, every man ready to grasp some rope to prevent his being washed overboard, as under the three-reefed maintopsail and reefed fore course the old ship labored through the heavy seas. The captain and first lieutenant stood near me, both fastened with ropes from the belaying racks of the larboard side of the mizzen mast. Several huge seas came on board; one of them poured itself down into the main hatch, which till then was partly open. The mess chest and everything loose were afloat below. My hammock, which happened to be near the hatch, was filled with water, and, as the vessel pitched and rolled, it was impossible to do anything on the berth-deck, where the greatest confusion existed. About midnight the storm increased; one heavy sea struck the port hammock netting with such force as to make a large breach in it, and even to move the sheet-anchor in its lashings. Still it was necessary, in view of the dangerous shore, to keep the course and carry all the sail she would bear.

Toward morning I heard the first lieutenant say, "Captain McKeever, I fear we must take in the last reef in the maintopsail." I ought to have said that in the earlier part of the storm one of its sheets had been carried away, and new rawhide sheets had been bent. These were, of course, very elastic, and would give and take a foot or even more, as the flaws would come. On consultation with the boatswain, it was deemed too danger-

ous to attempt to reef; in fact, it was declared impossible under the circumstances, as the ship could not, without the greatest danger, be "hove to." "Let all stand, Mr. Lyon," was the captain's order; "she must bear what she's got." And she did bear it. About sunrise the storm abated, and soon all danger was over, but I shall never forget that night.

We arrived safely in Valparaiso, where we remained some weeks to repair damages and replace the anchors and chains which had been lost, but I cannot at this time remember going ashore there. The whaleboat belonging to the sealers was furbished up, and changed so as to become the captain's gig; it was painted ultramarine blue, with a gilt line around, white inside, and was not only the handsomest, but the swiftest boat on the station.

Long afterward I learned the sequel of the history of the sealing schooner, and a very sad one it proved to be. The story was that she had been detained much longer than was expected, and that, having returned and finding no vestige of the boat or crew on the rock where they were left, the captain concluded to look for them in the straits, and he accordingly cast anchor at its mouth. Soon a large number of natives were coming off in canoes, and, drawing near, it was seen that some of them were dressed, or partly dressed, in clothing belonging to the boat's crew. Taking for granted that the crew had been killed, and fearing an attack on the vessel, they were fired upon by order of the captain, their canoes sunk, and many Indians killed and wounded. The schooner left at once, and that was the last of her in those waters. I was also informed that it would be unsafe for any white man to show himself there afterwards, and vessel captains were thus advised. There was talk of trying the captain for murder, when he should get home, but I rather think nothing was ever done.

XIII

MAN-OF-WAR LIFE ON PACIFIC COAST

FROM Valparaiso we sailed for Callao, and this place became our headquarters more than any other on the coast. Callao is the seaport of Lima, and about nine miles distant from that city. It has one of the best harbors on that side of South America, being sheltered on the southwest side by the island of San Lorenzo, a lofty sand hill to all appearance, though I believe it to be of volcanic origin at its backbone. It is seven miles from Callao, and its length is more than the whole extent of the town, including the large fortifications which are supposed to protect it. On the town side a long spit of land, composed nearly entirely of marine shells in a fine state of trituration, juts out beyond the fort, and completes the protection of the city from the ocean winds. Between this point and San Lorenzo is a rather wide passage, but the usual approach of ships is from the opposite or western side. As usual, there was war between Chili and Peru at the time we were there, and on one occasion I had the pleasure of witnessing a battle, or rather a sortie from the fort, which at the time was beleaguered and blockaded by Chilians. I recollect, in particular, seeing from my place of vantage in the maintop a negro soldier doing deeds of valor that would doubtless have won his promotion had he not been killed. He was mounted, and would ride up alone close to the Chilian troops, fire his pistols and retreat to reload; this he did over and over again, till at last he fell off his horse, his seemingly charmed life not being sufficient protec-

tion against Chilian lead. This was, I think, in 1838 or 1839.

I have good reason to remember another episode in this war, as it was the first time I ever heard the whiz of a cannon ball. Our minister to Peru had died and was to be buried with military and naval honors. All the marines, and all but thirty or forty of the sailors of our ship, together with such of the officers as were on duty for the day, were sent ashore to take part in the procession and funeral ceremonies. I was among those retained on board, the greater part of whom were older men, mostly petty officers, especially those belonging to the gunner's crew. Thirty-nine minute guns were fired from our ship during the funeral, one for each year of the deceased, he having died at the age of thirty-nine years. I think there are few things more solemn than minute guns. Especially was this ceremony impressive to me in the present instance, since the ship seemed so vacant of its usual life and bustle. The guns were fired with what was called "loggerheads"; that is to say, rods of iron with a thick metal head heated red hot. These were only used in firing salutes, and intended to make sure work; ordinary salutes were fired as rapidly as a man could walk from one side to the other to touch off the guns. But to wait exactly one minute between each report required that these instruments should be kept red hot, portable charcoal furnaces being used for the purpose.

It was a beautiful afternoon, the sun was low in the western sky when the last boom was heard, and the guns reloaded. Supper was piped, and those of us on board had just set down by our mess cloths on the spar deck when the boom of a cannon was heard, at the same time a peculiar whizzing sound of quick vibration passed over our heads. All started up, and on my asking an old quarter gunner what it was, he replied, in a most nonchalent tone: "It's a shot, it is." The fort was firing at

a Chilian frigate which lay in range of our ship, and soon more shots came whizzing over us, and we could see them strike the water short of the aim half a mile beyond us. I suppose we were in no real danger, as the shots were fired well above us, still, as I was one of those ordered to loose the maintopsail, I did not feel quite reassured while on the yard when I thought I felt the wind of one of the missiles. Needless to say we did not unnecessarily delay the task imposed, but got down on deck as quickly as we could.

I have alluded to the loosing of the sails; this was done by order of the second lieutenant, who was in charge, the captain and first lieutenant being on shore. Mr. B. was a natural coward, without the pride or strength of mind which makes such a man a real hero in time of danger by exposing himself in the line of duty to imminent danger, whether real or imaginary. His first thought, therefore, was to get the ship out of harm's way. Being crippled in numbers, it was manifestly impossible to weigh the anchor; so the chain was unshackled and slipped, sails loosed, and the ship's position changed. Hardly had we changed our anchorage when (the funeral being over) the captain and others who had taken part in the procession came on board. The former was furious. "Sir," he said to Mr. B., "you have disgraced me as well as your flag by such cowardly conduct!" Nor did the sight of a French corvette, that had been equally exposed, but lay quietly near our former anchorage, lessen his indignation.

Callao is an ideal harbor as headquarters for men-of-war; it is roomy, free from storms, and, though tropical, its climate is neither too hot nor subject to sudden and unpleasant changes. The sea breeze cools the atmosphere, and I believe it never rains; at least, though we spent the largest part of two years there, and in the course of our frequent visitations became familiar with all its

seasons, I never saw a drop of rain. A very heavy dew falls, however, every morning, sometimes till 10 o'clock, much resembling a Scotch mist, which, indeed, the sailors used to call it. One curious effect of this moisture may be noticed. The drops formed by it leave a stain much like that of tobacco juice, which is quite difficult to remove from white paint, as we found when cleaning the paintwork of the ship, a duty which always followed the washing or holystoning the deck before breakfast each morning. I suppose this discoloration to be in some way connected with the volcanic or sesmic character of the region, especially as the waters of the harbor were often in motion from gaseous emanations at the bottom, when the surface was suddenly stirred up into dark masses of muddy whirls. This was always accompanied by a fetid smell, tainting the air all around, sulphureted hydrogen being the prevailing odor. Everyone knows that Callao has been the scene of fearful commotion, when Mother Earth has had her colic spasms. Half of the old town lies yet under many fathoms of water, since the earthquake of 1786, when a great wave, fifty feet in height, overflowed it; or rather since the lost portion sank under the more stable sea.

The place is also a great resort for whales, especially those called fin-backs, a large cetacean, whose swiftness and agility, together with his comparative leanness, generally gives him immunity from the hands of the hunters of the sea. One curious sight I remember in this connection. One fine morning, while we lay at anchor, a shoal of these whales were disporting not far off towards the eastern passage. As their great backs rose and fell, as they lazily swam backwards and forwards, it occurred to the officers to train a gun upon them. A twenty-four pounder was shotted, and the gunner's mate, an old man-of-war man, Amos Elmore by name, took the lockstring in hand, and, as one of the great beasts showed his back

in front of the muzzle of the cannon, he fired. The shot must have struck him slanting over his back, for we could see it ricochetting for miles beyond; but the effect on the animal must have been startling, for he threw his whole form in a sudden spring out of the water. Probably he was not much hurt, but we did not see any more whales that day.

Our first stay here was not long, as we soon had orders to return to Valparaiso, I suppose to meet or wait for the arrival of the "North Carolina," seventy-four, Commodore Ballard. We had not long to wait before the great four-decker made her appearance, and anchored off the point near the battery at the entrance to the port. Preparations were at once made to tow her in. To this end, every man-of-war in the port, of the various nations represented, sent boats to assist; English, French, Chilian, and American, all sent one or more, till there were fifty boats in all, tugging away at the great hulk until she came to her anchorage. Then all were cast loose, and a race of about a mile and a half took place such as it has seldom been my portion to assist in. How we did pull! Our ship had sent four boats, the launch, first, second, and third cutters. The two last were the finest boats I ever saw, and they could not have been better manned. We pulled a long sweeping stroke, with eighteen-feet oars, six in each, and as we passed boat after boat it was with swelling hearts we could hear the remarks, especially from the English. "Look how them damned Yankees pull," I heard from the hammock nettings of the English corvette "Harrier," as we passed her, leaving her own boats away astern.

While we were lying at Valparaiso the crew was given liberty, i. e., leave to go on shore. Twenty-four hours we were allowed. We went by watches, or rather quarter-watches, which meant that one-quarter of the crew were ashore at a time. Of course, we had a good

time. Sailors always have when they have money and a chance to spend it.

While our division was on shore, a number of us hired horses for a ride into the country. The road was that which leads to Santiago, and is very hilly, winding around some of the steep spurs of the distant Andes. We were a jolly set, and as in my childhood I had been used to bare-back riding on my father's horses, I undertook to show off my horsemanship by recklessly riding down one of these winding roads. I was in full gallop, and had not taken into account the necessity for counteracting the centrifugal power by leaning and bearing my weight on the inside stirrups. The result was that I gradually lost my balance and fell off, my right leg having caught in the stirrup strap, and there I hung, my head and shoulders just touching the ground. Luckily the horse stopped instantly, and I was not hurt.

I was told afterwards that horses loaned to sailors are trained to stop when they fall off. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that they have been so accustomed to carry sailors that it is nearly impossible to get them by a wine shop, of which there are many on the hillside of the road. I had one more mishap in my equestrian exhibition, when my horse, after sliding on his buttocks down a steep and slippery hill, put his foot into a hole and sent me flying over his head, with the bridle in my hand, which had been swept from his head in my fall. Luckily I fell into a soft spot, and rose unhurt, but sadly mortified by the laughter of my companions.

Mr. Lyon, our first lieutenant, was a man much beloved by all, but his own boat's crew, the third cutter, of which I was one, often found it hard to restrain him from getting himself and us into trouble, owing to his fondness for adventure on shore and his dissipated ways. We had to keep sober to look after him, and were always near at hand to back him if necessary. He once insisted

on seeing me drunk, because I was always so sober, and I think he nearly succeeded, though I was not so far gone that I did not retain my senses and my legs, too.

We soon again steered for Callao. There were four American ships in the squadron, the Commodore's ship, the "North Carolina," the "Lexington" sloop-of-war, the "Falmouth," our own ship, and the "Enterprise" schooner, commanded by Captain Glendy, of whom more hereafter.

As I am writing recollections, it is but fair to say that in regard to the events or episodes related, I have not been careful as to time or order. As my memory does not serve me as to exactness of succession of events, I have jotted down things just as they occurred to me. But as to the facts themselves, they are so deeply impressed on my mind, that I am sure all could be verified by documentary evidence. I shall, therefore, continue in the same desultory way, without trying to rack my memory as to dates. Suffice it that we were something over two years upon the station, the beginning of 1838 till the spring of 1840.

It was while on this coast that I began to have my attention called in a serious way to art. It had always been my pleasure, and in early youth the occupation of my spare hours; but nothing practical had ever come of it — no idea of making it my life work, nor did it at this time occur to me that such a thing was possible. Yet I can now trace to the things that I did on board of this ship, insignificant as they were, the first dawnings of the art idea within me. Still, what I did was in itself nothing. I saw that some of my comrades were scratching sperm-whales' teeth making rude pictures on them. I, too, tried my hand, and, being more experienced in drawing than others, I made better work; nay, in a short time I produced some things which were really clever imitations of steel engravings on the polished ivory. I would have a

whale's tooth, or other piece of ivory, polished quite smooth, and on it draw with pencil pictures of whatever was before me or in my mind; then with a sharp penknife cut slanting and light lines, fill them with India ink, then burnish down the edges of the cuts, and thus produce very pretty pictures. Sometimes I would even use water colors of various tints, but these never with the success hoped for.

Two of these works I remember well. On a small whale-tooth I engraved the town and castle of Callao, with the shipping as seen from our ship, upon a space two inches in length by one high, and so neatly was it done that familiar houses could be distinguished, though at a distance of more than a mile. This specimen I made for Mrs. Bartlett, the wife of the then consul of Callao, who, with her husband, became a passenger home with us. The other was on a flat piece of ivory one and one-half inches by one inch, which was set into the top of a rosewood epaulet box belonging to Lieutenant-Commander Buchanan, the same who afterwards figured as the Confederate admiral who lost his leg in the battle of Mobile against Farragut, and who commanded the "Merrimac" in her memorable fight with the "Monitor" in Hampton Roads, and where, if I mistake not, he was so wounded as to necessitate amputation of his leg. He was also a passenger on our homeward passage, and I shall always remember him with gratitude for his kindness to me in every way; not the least for the free use I had of his drawing materials.

The other mode of art practice was less commendable. It consisted of tattooing, an art that I brought to much perfection, and which put a good many dollars into my purse by way of spending money.

Painting, however, did not occur to me until several years afterward. I have mentioned Mrs. Bartlett. She was an invalid, afflicted with cancer, as we understood,

and under the care of our surgeon, Dr. Wheelan, a man of skill in his profession, though not reputed among sailors for tender-heartedness. A great part of his time was spent on shore in attendance upon his patient, upon whom, I believe, he performed a successful operation. When she was convalescent, he thought a trip at sea would do her good, and thus we made several short cruises for her special benefit. Some of these were quite pleasant and much enjoyed by all. Once we made sail for the island of Juan Fernandez, the former home of Robinson Crusoe, or, rather, Alexander Selkirk. I do not remember much about this island, except that we landed in a cove or indentation, and that some difficulty was experienced in the landing and embarking, owing to the swell. This made it necessary to carry the ladies from and to the boats by wading waist deep. I have a special reason to remember this, as I was hereby subjected to a rather ludicrous perplexity. After having strolled awhile on shore, admiring the beautiful and picturesque scenery, and looked at the one family who then inhabited the place, it was time to go on board. The boats were pulled out beyond the shallow bar, and the women carried on board by two men making a chair with their crossed hands; at least, this was done with Mrs. Bartlett, who, with the natural grace of a lady, made no objection to the living chair. I did not belong to the gig, and thus was one of the bearers. We had safely landed the lady in the boat, and went back after her mulatto servant girl, who began to giggle and make objections, till the captain, getting out of patience, sang out, "Fist her, boys, and bring her on!" So, instead of longer persuasion, we picked her up by the shoulders and thighs, and, spite of her kicks, brought her dry through the surf. The exertion, however, was too much for my broadcloth trousers, and they gave way from clew to earing, as we used to say; that is, they were split clear down the leg up to the waistband! Fortu-

nately, all the damage was below the water line, but I had to stand there, like a guilty thing, till the boat pulled far enough off to admit my going back to take my place in my own boat. I suppose the female part of the gig's passengers thought I was loath to leave their beautiful forms out of sight — in fact, that I had been rooted to the bottom by their charms.

I don't remember if it was on this trip or another that we went to Islay. I rather think it was the same, and that we first went there. All that I saw of Islay was a perpendicular rocky shore, ascended by a series of wooden steps; nothing was seen from the ship of what was above. But that life was there soon became apparent after we had anchored. Our first cruise in boats was to some guano rocks near by, perhaps the afterwards much disputed Chincha Islands, which we, as well as our precious freight, ascended. It was a barren rock of several acres in extent, so completely covered with the white excrement of sea-fowl that not a vestige of the rock itself was visible. There was no fetid smell, though, such as is emitted by the quarried guano. The day was beautiful, and everyone enjoyed the outing. We began to hunt for birds' nests, nor did we have to seek long, for they were in great number, and not particularly concealed. There were no eggs, but plenty of young birds, and as we were examining them hundreds of the old birds came to the rescue. In a short time the air seemed full of them, and so little fear of man did they exhibit that they would have pecked our eyes out if they had not been driven away with sticks.

Another excursion was made, this time to a small cove some distance away. It was a lovely spot, a deep indentation into the land, rugged rocky points projecting into the sea on either side, forming a deep but narrow bay, with white sandy bottom and shallow pellucid water. A wide beach of white sand at the back mingled,

at a distance, with sand dunes, beyond which was the country, some distance from the city. Our excursion was a picnic. Ladies from the town, accompanied by naval officers belonging to the ship, came on horseback to the rendezvous. A more desirable place for the occasion could not well be found in the wide world, and well was it taken advantage of by both hosts and guests. A large sail was spread on the sand, and a sumptuous repast spread, all squatting around in the most natural fashion. During the dessert and champagne, one of the sailors, a gifted but erratic Scotchman by the name of King, was placed in the center of the improvised table to sing, to the great delight of the convivials, for King had a fine voice and an inexhaustible store of ballads, some of which even were the fruits of his own genius, for he was a poet as well. After dinner nearly the whole company went in to bathe. The ladies, being unprepared for this amusement, borrowed flannel shirts from the sailors, it being usual, in view of anything that might happen, to carry an extra shirt in case of getting a ducking on such jolly excursions. I remember lending mine, a very short one, too, to a pretty young lady. To be sure, it might have been embarrassing for one of our northern beauties to bathe with gentlemen thus unprotected in the nether extremities; but, after all, the only difficulty was to get well into the water without exposure; the cooling element afterwards would cover a multitude of sins. As usual in southern climes, when women bathe, convenient rocks serve the purpose of bathing houses.

We lay some five or six weeks in Islay. I never learned what we were doing there, unless it was to amuse Mrs. Bartlett and the officers of the ship. Of course, we, the crew, had easy times of it. Grog money had just been served out, and most of it fell into the gamblers' hands, as there was absolutely no other way to dispose of it. The sweat-board was

in full operation so long as a cent was to be exchanged for nothing.

We returned to Callao, our usual headquarters, whence we made a trip to a certain part of the coast. It was nothing but a beach, where the surf from the ocean made landing troublesome. It was a curious errand. The ship was hove to, and at night all the boats were sent ashore, where we found a large amount of silver bullion, which we carried on board. The silver was in cakes, each valued at $3,000. They were very heavy and difficult to handle; but all was successfully brought on board during the night, and sail was made immediately for Callao. There was in all, as I learned, $80,000, and it settled the ship down some eight inches by the stern. It was transferred to a merchant vessel one night, and that is all I know about it. I suppose it was a case of smuggling, in favor of some American interests, as I was told the export duty on silver was twenty per cent. Still, it seemed to me a queer business for an American man-of-war to be engaged in.

I have already said that our first lieutenant was something of a lover of fun; that is to say, he was always ready for a spree. Not that he was a drunkard, or anything approaching it, but I think he must have been a sort of Lord Byron in his way. Once he got locked up in the calaboose at Callao, and had to remain through the night! As an illustration of his familiarity with the members of his boat's crew, of which I, at the time, was one, I will relate the following: He, with some of the other officers, had been ashore during the evening, and we of the third cutter had waited for them to come on board. It was what was then known as the 11 o'clock boat, though it was nearer midnight when we reached the ship. As soon as the boat was secured to the boom, and we were on deck, he came up to the coxswain, a splendid specimen of manhood by the name of Salters,

never enjoyed my sleeping hours so much as I did then in the fresh air, with my spare hammock stretched over on the lashing-rope, forming a shelter-tent which kept out the dew and the baleful moon-rays. In front of the bits, and made in part by them, was a sort of inclosure, in the middle of which the galley or kitchen funnel was placed. The knees of the bits and the combing of the forehatch formed very convenient seats around the favored spot, which was known among us as "funnel alley." It was here we gathered in the evening to listen to song and story, and by day it was always a favorite place for such of the crew as loved to spend their spare time in various needle-work, or other industries common in a man-of-war.

In mentioning my sleeping-place, I am reminded of an occasion which came near to rousing the whole ship's crew for fear of fire. These were the days before lucifer matches, when the old tinder-box was the favorite, if not the only, mode of producing fire and light. I was a passionate smoker, and there was nothing in reason I would not give for a smoke, nor was there any risk I was not willing to undergo for my favorite enjoyment. It was against orders to smoke after 9 o'clock in the evening; at least for the men before the mast, though officers used to come and smoke their cigars under the forecastle, no smoking being allowed abaft the forehatch by anybody. In my hammock, however, sheltered as it was, I would frequently steal a whiff quite late, after everybody was asleep; but there was always a difficulty in lighting the pipe. From my place of vantage I would watch an officer throw away the stump of his cigar, and if it still was alight I would wait until he was gone, get out of my hammock, capture the prize, light my dudeen, and enjoy my stolen bliss.

One night quite late, having come on board from boat duty, I became frantic for a pipe, and, of course,

like any old slave of the weed, I must have it cost what it might. The only light on board was in the lantern burning in the "sick-bay" near the main hatch, in front of the dispensary. So I took my little roll of cotton cloth, always on hand for such purposes, and, creeping under the hammock on the berth-deck, I succeeded in lighting my fuse and bringing it back to my hammock, and, after lighting my pipe, I put it out. But, as mischief would have it, the smell of the burning cotton permeated the air of the berth-deck, and soon there was the dickens to pay. "Where is the fire?" "Whence comes the smell of burning cotton?" were questions I could hear from below. The master-at-arms was aroused, and there was quite a hubbub, looking for fire, while all the while I lay apparently quietly snoring in my bed, taking care, however, that my pipe did not go out, even though loud inquiries were made if anybody was smoking on deck. After awhile all became quiet, and everybody turned in again, after which I began gradually to pull at my pipe, and I cannot remember in my life enjoying a smoke more. I may add that no one ever knew who the culprit was.

In this connection I will mention another dodge practiced at sea to get a smoke. The watches were subdivided into two sections called quarter watches, headed respectively by first and second captains. At sea one quarter watch was stationed aloft in the top, while the duties of the other were on deck, taking regular turns, of course. In the top our nestling place was far from uncomfortable, and we used to contrive shelters from the wind, and spend the night-watches in spinning yarns, or often, on moonlight nights, in reading the romances or novels of the time. I remember we contrived to steal from the boatswain's department a couple of studding sail covers (long pieces of canvas painted black) and hide them in the top, by folding them up and coiling the

mast rope and studding sail sheets and halliards, which were kept there, over them, so that we could use them for shelters; and, though these covers were missed and search made for them, they were never found, no one dreaming that we would take the trouble we did to hide them. The "Falmouth" was a perfect tub as a sea-boat, and the decks were washed clear to the cabin in any stiff breeze, which made it very uncomfortable to stay on deck; and as for caulking (a sailor term for sleeping on deck in the watch) that was nearly out of the question. For this reason, we preferred the top, where, with the aforesaid precautions, we could lie snug and dry. On very dark nights we would hanker after the pipe, that being the only thing that could add to the enjoyment of our life up there; and, as I was the most inveterate smoker, I generally had to go down and steal fire from the lantern at the scuttle-but on the bowsprit end under the forecastle. True, there was a marine on guard there, but he wasn't always wide awake, or his attention was called to somebody else for a moment, while the glass slide of the big lantern was lifted, the fuse applied, and pocketed, to be carried up into the top at all risks. Many a time has my pea-jacket pocket been afire when I got back into the top; but we never were caught at the business.

I remember, even, on one occasion that one of the watch went down into the galley and stole a saucepan full of stew that was to be warmed up at breakfast time for the midshipmen's mess; and that, after discussing its contents, we threw the pan overboard. But enough of these pranks; they are simply specimens of what happened almost every day, and I dare say will be quite as familiar to the man-of-war man of the present day.

Many are the ways in which the man-of-war man passes his leisure while on a three years' cruise. Most of the time is spent in port, when his duties are of the

lightest, except perhaps when at exercise with guns, sails, or small arms. Unless thus employed a visitor will see groups of sailors in almost every variety of handiwork. The large boats that occupy the middle of the spar deck are hoisted out, and their space filled by the carpenters "under the booms," i. e., the spare masts or yards which are placed on high supports or upright frame work, and covered with painted canvas. There, too, perhaps, the smith has his forge. Here and there are men making or mending their clothes, or perhaps braiding and sewing their hats; others may be seen embroidering and adorning their white linen clothes. Some are seated between the guns at checkers or other games (cards being tabooed). Sometimes, too, you will see tattooing going on, or decorating whales' teeth with "skrimshon" (perhaps you will not find this word in the dictionary). Even painting in water colors, and other modes of art expression, may be observed. Gambling was strictly forbidden, but went on all the same, the sweat-board being the ordinary mode, but this only at night, and was carefully watched by some outsider who had an interest in the game, and who, whenever the master-at-arms approached, would cry out, "Wake O," when the light went out and all disappeared.

In the evening the Funnel Alley was well filled to listen to the songs of King, or others gifted in music.

"Come all ye sailors, great and small,
Accept our invitation
To spend this night in mirth and glee,
In this our habitation.
For Funnel Alley we have hired,
Our landlord is John Benson;*
He keeps an eating house below,
And gives us strict attention."

* The name of our ship's cook.

This was the beginning of a long song to the tune of "Betsy Baker," in which the author, King, contrived to give the substance of the songs usually heard within its precincts as sung by himself and the other naval bards.

Between two guns are crowded a lot of old and young, who listen with intense interest to a clever story-teller; when "Jack the Giant Killer," and other tales from the Odyssey, or the "Arabian Nights," are made almost living truth by his genius. Nay, even "Button, button, who has got the button," and other games of forfeit, were common, the forfeits coming in the shape of blows from a twisted handkerchief on the palm of the hand.

Sometimes all hands were called to bathe, when sails were hung outside the ship in the water for those who could not swim; and this reminds me of a sad ending to one of our crew when the ship was lying off the Tobogo Islands, near Panama. We had been in bathing and swimming. I remember jumping from the fore-yard-arm and just clearing the larboard bower anchor with my head in my fall. When all was over, the clothes of one of the swimmers, the most skilled of all, lay unclaimed on the forecastle. Roll was called, but he did not respond, and, as he was known to be a deep diver, it was supposed that he had become the prey of a ground shark, with which those waters were known to abound.

Once all hands were piped to mischief, when "Follow the leader" became the cry. In all this, of course, I write of things as they were in the old navy, before steam, electricity, and ironclads had turned the ships into scientific fighting machines and the real sailor into a machinist and gunner; of the present order of things on board of a man-of-war I am constrained to plead entire ignorance.

Once when about 700 miles from land, on our way

from Valparaiso to Callao, we had the experience of an earthquake at sea. I was in the watch below, and in my hammock, when a sudden tremor shook the whole ship. It was on a fine night, about 2 A. M. I awoke with the idea that one of the guns was dragging on its trucks from forward aft, though without noise.

Another time, when sailing along the coast of Chili on one of our frequent cruises, an occurrence out of the usual gave me the only opportunity of my life to appreciate the sensation of expectancy just before the opening of a naval battle. It was about 8 o'clock in the evening of a perfect night that blue lights were discovered in the distance, which were found to proceed from a ship of some size. Reports had been rife of a large and well-armed pirate somewhere in the Pacific, and our precautions were accordingly taken. Orders were given to prepare for battle; tompkins were removed, guns were double-shotted and primed, gratings put over the hatches, leaving only a small opening for ammunition to be passed up. All hands were called to quarters, and the captain himself, trumpet in hand, was in charge. The ship had been hove to, and was awaiting the approach of the stranger. "Silence!" was the first order, after which you might have heard a pin drop. I belonged to the gun directly in front of the mainmast, and the place was usually called the slaughter house, as shots from an enemy are usually directed to that point.

I am not naturally a brave man, though my pride is greater than my cowardice, and I know that under real danger no one would suspect that fear may be at my heart. More than half an hour we stood there, uncertain of the issue, the captain of the gun, lock-string in hand, ready to pull at the command of "Fire!" At last the ships were within hailing distance, when our captain's voice, through his trumpet, rang out: "Ship ahoy! What ship is that?"

"How do you do, Captain McKeever?" came the answer, and I must own to a feeling of relief to know that it was only the "Lexington," our consort, who was looking for us with orders.

XIV

CONTINUED MAN-OF-WAR EXPERIENCE

AMONG some that were transferred from the "North Carolina" to our ship was an Italian from Trieste, Pompeo Vandrone by name. Being a young man of good address and great adroitness, he was detailed to wait upon the captain. Indeed, as I found out afterwards, he had already filled the post of captain's servant on the "Enterprise," and, as we shall presently see, had been the means of saving the life of her captain. I do not now remember just how we came to be such intimate friends, but certain it is that Damon and Pythias could never have been more ready to suffer for each other than we three, the third being an Englishman, a young sailor, second captain of the starboard watch of the foretop. Tom Allen was his name. All three were sworn friends, and no two individuals have had a greater influence upon my life.

In this connection, it is, perhaps, proper to explain that it was mainly through this attachment that I afterwards came to make Buffalo my home. It was a favorite theme among the sailors to speak laudingly of "the lakes." These inland seas were upheld by tradition or experience, among the sailors, as a sort of haven where those who were worthy might find what every well-constituted man yearns for — wife, children, home. Wages were said to be good, good seamen wanted, and the road to preferment open. Our little junto caught the spirit of this movement, and long before the cruise was ended we had determined to try our fortunes on the fresh-water

ocean. I well remember during the many night watches when on duty I was watching the starry skies of the not unjustly named Pacific, I allowed my imagination to erect her castles at will, and almost always, through whatever vagary of incident or fortune she would run riot, the quiet banks of Lake Erie, with a neat cottage and still neater wife, with a suit of broadcloth, watch and chain thrown in, would be the finale of my dream! It is not often that airy castles resolve themselves into such realities as mine; but then my longings were never immoderate.

Having introduced Pompey it is time to give what I then knew of his history. Early in life he was bound apprentice to a circus rider in his native country. Rather a low kind of show it must have been that was conducted by his master, for a part of it was a set of trained dogs. Once it became a pressing interest for the maestro to move into France; but on account of pecuniary difficulties or some reason less reputable he found it necessary to make too great a haste to enable him to take his whole establishment along with him. The dogs and Pompey were left behind to find their way as best they could across the mountain passes. I never learned all the particulars, but the upshot of all was that my friend found himself at Toulon, minus the learned canines and without a sou. Happily he found a place on board of an American ship, and in course of time landed at Philadelphia, where I first made his acquaintance. We were both strangers in the land. He was bright, handsome, and lovable, and, boys as we were, it did not take long to be intimate friends. We separated, and the chances of meeting again were of the remotest; our mutual surprise can, therefore, be imagined when, after five years, we found ourselves shipmates for years. He had shipped in the navy before me, and had been detailed for the "Enterprise," under Captain Glendy, on the Pacific station. This Glendy

seems to have been of a cruel disposition, and, by inflicting unusual and barbarous punishment on one of his crew, who had deserted and was recaptured, he had to such extent exasperated the man that he resolved to take the life of his oppressor. Arming himself with a cleaver, he stole down into the captain's cabin, and, lifting the weapon, struck at his intended victim while asleep in his berth. He missed his prey because of the darkness, and was about to repeat the blow when his arms were arrested by Pompey, who had entered the cabin just in time to prevent the murder. Of course, the man was court-martialed. The court was held in Callao on board of the "Constitution," and our captain was one of the court. He was found guilty, and sentenced to receive 200 lashes; but so great had been the provocation that it was intimated to Captain Glendy that he could only keep his standing as a comrade of his brother officers by asking for the pardon which the commodore judge was ready to grant. He was pardoned, and, being well known among the officers, with many of whom he had sailed, as a first-class man, he was given the option to be discharged or to join another ship. I was informed that he chose the latter, but I cannot say in which ship he elected to serve.

Books were scarce on board our ship, even among the officers, and though once in a while I was enabled to borrow a pleasant volume from one of them, the great stand-by in the way of reading, for myself, at least, was the New Testament, a small pocket edition worth ten cents, for which I paid a shipmate half a dollar. It had become my constant companion, and was always nestled, where a man-of-war man carries all his treasures, in the bosom of his shirt, together with my pipe and tobacco pouch. Tracts were also to be had, and there must be few of these published up to the time that I had not read. We had neither chaplain nor religious services on board, but as I was by nature serious, and religious by maternal

influence, I became very deeply concerned for my future welfare. I fear, however, that the influence of the tracts was more to awaken a terror of future punishment than to lead my mind to the contemplation of the love of Christ. I was kept in a sort of morbid or anxious state of mind, though the natural buoyancy of my nature, love of pleasure and companionship, I suppose, might be considered the stony ground on which the seed fell, and prevented the deeper rooting which would have ripened into full fruition.

While in this state of mind I often felt the need of privacy, a difficult thing in a small ship with 200 comrades. On one occasion I resorted to the outside of the ship in the main chains for my devotional exercise. The night was dark, and I supposed myself unobserved; but the next day one of the old sailors asked me what I was doing in the chains the night before. I was ashamed of having been caught praying, and began to invent some excuse when he stopped me, saying: "You need not be ashamed. I only wish I were like you."

In this connection I may mention a book which at the time produced a deep impression on my mind. This was "The Course of Time," by Pollock. This little volume was the property of the before-named King, who lent it to me to read. In grand Miltonian style, this poem paints hell in the most lurid colors, while the blissful state of heaven is charmingly made to conform to what the intelligent mind would accept as the very highest happiness conceivable. While we were at anchor in Callao I had the misfortune to drop the book overboard, but so greatly did I esteem it that I immediately permitted myself to fall over after it, accidental falling overboard not being against the rules of the service, which was the case with deliberate jumping into the sea without permission. I was at once picked up, the book not much the worse for the wetting.

Although a three years' cruise in a man-of-war becomes tedious, especially to a youth who loves change, it is not necessarily monotonous, for among so many men much variety must necessarily be found; indeed, almost every shade of human nature is apt to be represented. It often happens, too, that men of high education, and even genius, are, by the force of circumstances, reduced to the necessity of enlisting, or, as the sea phrase goes, shipping in the navy, when, for the time being, they find themselves in intimate relation with the ignorant and lawless waifs of society. Among my shipmates these differentials were very pronounced. My own most intimate friend had once been a pirate, had been a prisoner in Havana fort on that account, and had made his escape. He was an excellent sailor, and, on board our ship at least, bore a good character. Indeed, I cannot recall an act of his that was not right, or in accord with any ordinary standard of morality. It is quite common in men-of-war that an older sailor constitutes himself protector to one much younger. He wants him for a chum, or, as the phrase went with us, "chicken." I was chosen the second day of my entrance by Griffiths, this old and weather-beaten sea dog and ex-pirate; at once he made me understand that we had all things in common. I was at liberty to use anything he had. He began by helping me with my clothing, assisted me in washing my clothes, etc., and really took a fatherly care of me. I cannot remember that I was of the slightest use to him in return, but, of course, we became very good friends.

When it became known that I had a little artistic talent, many favors were shown me by the officers. When call was made for men to assist in some duty, and I would be sitting at what, for a better name, I must call my art work, I would often be told to sit still — there were "plenty without me." There was one kind of duty I loved, because it gave me much time to myself. This

was to be sweeper, as it freed one from all other duty in port. The work was very light; to wash the paint work while the holy stoning was in process, and to keep one side of the deck, from the mainmast to the forecastle, swept and in nice order while in port. I think I must have had this office by special favor several months. Dickens' first novel, "Oliver Twist," was just out, and in some way a copy of it had found its way into my possession. An English boy by the name of Christy was sweeper on the larboard side, and we were much together. He could not read, and I read "Oliver Twist" aloud to him. I shall never have so interested a hearer. He seemed to think the whole so natural for, poor fellow, he had been born and brought up in the worst purlieus of Liverpool, and still I never knew him to do a mean or unworthy act. In short, he was a very nice boy, and we were near of an age.

The monotony of the ordinary everyday life on our ship was once rather sharply broken by an affair of honor between two of our officers. Mr. Stanley was a past-midshipman of Southern birth and gentle manners, but, though of delicate physical build and organization, had all the chivalric courage of his race, while his opponent, Mr. Schenck, my former friend of the Brazilian coppers, was almost his opposite in strength and proportions. What the quarrel was about I never certainly knew; some said that it was a dispute in the steerage about the proper treatment of the crew. They even said that the latter, though born in a free State, took the more severe ground, but perhaps this was only because Stanley was the most popular from his pleasant manners. It was said the challenge came from him, as a set-to with natural weapons would have made the match altogether too unequal.

Early one morning they went on shore, taking the assistant surgeon, Dr. Tate, with them. The battle-

ground was on the beach back of the fort, with pistols for two. Stanley came off unhurt, but his ball lodged in his opponent's knee. I believe it was never extracted, but was permitted to be encysted, and there was always a slight lameness perceived in his walk afterwards. I understood, at the time, that both were in arrest for a month, by way of punishment.

There was with us also a young midshipman, Parker; I cannot recall his first name, but I think it was not "Foxhall," a well-known officer of later date. He was a very pleasant youth, and quite unsophisticated, as well as religious, in the early part of our cruise, and many were the jokes, and even indignities played upon him by the other midshipmen. For a while he was transferred to the "North Carolina," but subsequently returned to us. In the meantime he had grown large and strong, and in some way he had lost something of his Christian humility. This manifested itself rather strongly once, while in charge of the launch, going for a supply of water, which was conveyed from the Rimac by pipes to the mole. A Peruvian officer attempted to take the turn belonging to his boat, when some words were passed between them, the result being that Parker flung his opponent over the boat into the water. I hardly need say that none of his shipmates attempted any practical jokes on him afterwards.

XV

THE "CONSTITUTION," END OF CRUISE

I THINK it must have been in 1839 that the old "Constitution" came out to relieve the "North Carolina." As soon as she anchored in Callao, an official visit was made by some of our officers in the boat to which I belonged. I was boat-keeper, and sat in the boat alone, fast to the boom, which, in a man-of-war, is always swung out for that purpose on either side of the ship. Some messenger boys were cleaning the brass work about the side ladder, when a forty-two pound shot slipped out of the scoop with which the quarter gunner was withdrawing it from the gun, a duty always performed on entrance to port. This knocked one of the boys overboard. Seeing that he could not swim, I immediately cast off so as to go to his rescue, but before I could reach him a little boy had jumped overboard to do it. I at once saw that the little scamp was a first-class swimmer, and only watched his proceeding, ready, of course, to help if need be. The young rescuer swam round so as to get behind, then caught him under the arms from behind, treading water with him to the foot of the ladder, where he was taken up by the gunner. It was a lesson I never forgot, as most of the distressing results of trying to save the drowning come from allowing them to catch hold of their helper, and thus often both are drowned. I was told that the boy was at once promoted from second to first-class 'prentice boy.

After this I had the pleasure of spending a night on the old "Ironsides," when a play was performed by

some of her crew. It is the only time that I saw the play of "Douglas." I have previously alluded to being presented with a nickname on my first coming on board. On one occasion this became of real service to me. This was when I was once cook of the mess. Great care was always expected to prevent the soiling of the berth-deck by any greasy substance during meals, or in cleaning up, the deck being kept immaculate at all times while in port by matutinal dry holy-stoning and careful sweeping. A new master-at-arms had lately come to us from the "North Carolina," and, while making his inspection, had discovered a grease spot in front of my mess chest. He asked some one near who was cook of the mess, and was told that it was Jacky Dobra. Being new to the ship, he did not know our names, but immediately reported John Dobra to the first lieutenant. The boatswain's mate was directed to call John Dobra, which he did so as to be heard all over the ship, repeating it over and over. All this time I was standing near by, but hidden by some tarpaulins which covered a place where the carpenter worked. Some one said, "Don't you hear you are called?" "I hear, but that is not my name," I softly replied. No answer being given, order was given to bring up the watch roll, but, no such name being found, the first lieutenant turned to my would-be accuser, saying: "There is no man by that name in the ship; you must have got hold of some nickname; go, and the next time you report be sure that you've got the name right." So I got off scot free, but several months after, when Mr. Lyon and other officers were forward smoking their cigars, I being seated near, some one called "Jacky Dobra!" and I answered, "Halloo!" "O ho! so this is Jacky Dobra, is it?" was his good-humored remark. On one of our visits to Valparaiso we encountered the so-called Wilkes expedition, sent out by the government for the purpose of scientific investigation

of the southern seas. It must have been very late in 1838, or early in '39, that it made its appearance in Valparaiso. The "Vincennes" and the "Peacock," both old-fashioned ships of the type then called by sailors jackass frigates, i. e., ships mounting thirty-two guns in two tiers, the upper or spar deck being armed with carronades. On this occasion our ships received a fresh supply of whiskey in barrels, which were emptied into casks permanently stowed in the spirit room by means of a hose connected with a tub, into which the precious liquid was poured, the barrels being rolled on to skids crossing the steerage hatch. As it was well known that the men having charge of this work were very far from being shining examples of the blue ribbon brigades, great care was taken that not only should there be not a drop left in the original package, but even this, before being relegated to the common receptacle of useless dunnage, must have a redeeming dose of salt water. Thus each barrel, as it was emptied, received about half a bucketful of the briny before being rolled forward out of the way. But, alas! for the cause of temperance, the wit of a man-of-war man is without limits, when there is prospect of intoxicants in the near future. Thus it happened that many of the supposed buckets of salt water had never had any dealing with old Neptune since Sol drew their contents up into the great alembic of the skies, to be distilled and purified from saline contamination. Nay, sometimes even, when the officer on duty had his attention called away for a moment, the careless sailors did not fully empty the barrel, and it was rolled away with not a little of comfort for the thirsty souls that expectantly were grouped about the fore part of the deck. Some soon showed the effects of these little irregularities, but it was generally supposed to be due to the effluvia arising from the freed spirits while standing over their work.

I particularly recall my friend Jack Williams, the captain of the maintop, whom I found up in that lovely retreat with his hat half full of whiskey, and whom I mercifully assisted in emptying said beaker by taking large draughts, lest he would get himself into trouble, as he was one of those poor disciples of Bacchus who must betray himself by being noisy and quarrelsome in his cups.

While on this subject, I may as well say a few words anent my own experience in deep drinking. I had almost from the first belonged to a boat. About this time I was one of the crew of the third cutter, the wardroom officers' boat par excellence. As our duty took us very frequently on shore, during our long stays in port, the temptation to spend my money was almost constant, and, as I began to fear that the end of the cruise would leave me no richer than when I came on board, I felt a great desire to be relieved from boat duty. My particular friend among the officers was Dr. Tate, the assistant surgeon, whose cot I took care of, and to him I applied to use his influence with the first lieutenant to grant me this boon. The answer was: "What! take Lawrence out of the boat? No, he is the most sober man in it; he cannot be spared." This angered me, and I resolved to get drunk at the first opportunity. This soon presented itself. The first time we went ashore, and, while waiting for the officers, I ran up to the nearest groggery, and, one after another, drank six glasses of pisco, a fiery fluid that does duty for whiskey in Peru, a distillation, I believe, from the cocoanut. The effect was not felt till after we got on board, and when it took effect I was too dead drunk to be offensive in my actions; my comrades having simply stowed me away out of sight till I got sober. I tried it once more, but with like result; none of the officers ever knew of my inebriety, and I gave up the plan, stopped my grog, and became thereafter, so long as I continued

in the ship, a teetotaler. To this I was mainly induced by the constant examples, or rather warnings, before me, as some of our very best men were utterly unable to keep sober if any intoxicant was to be had, and I feared that by indulgence I might lose my own self-control also. Our crew, though of the best material ever found on board of a man-of-war, being mostly composed of well-trained sailors from the merchant service (the only way real sailors could be made), and from every maritime nation, was almost equally noted for seamanship and drinking. Of course, every means known was used by the ruling powers to keep liquor out of the ship, but always in vain, so long as money could be had to buy it. It was usually brought on board in prepared beef guts, each holding about a quart; the most ingenious devices for circumventing the vigilance of those in charge being resorted to. Among the many I will only describe one, not because it was typical, but one by which large quantities could be smuggled in at once. The 11 o'clock boat that brought the officers on board was sometimes the first cutter, a double banked ten-oared boat. While waiting for the officers at the dock, a sailor's bag was filled to the top with these "skins," a stone placed in the bottom of the bag to make it sink, then this was laid in the bottom of the boat, and, being painted black, and the night dark, nothing could be seen unless carefully looked for, inspection being regularly expected on arriving at the ship's side. In the meantime, a fish line had been attached by a thread to the chains, or to a bar for the boat-hook to hold to, and, while the officers ascended the ladder, one of the men in the fore part of the boat would find the end of the fish line, slip its loop over the toggle at the bottom of the bag, and quietly lift it over the side of the boat to sink to the bottom. The master-at-arms, or sergeant of marines, would come down to inspect not only the boat but men's bodies for liquor, but, of course,

found nothing, and so reports. Some time during the night, after all are in their hammocks, the owner of the bag would very gently pull up his prize by the fish line, which is probably attached on the other side of the ship, and he was ready the next day to sell his skins of rum or pisco, for which he had paid twenty-five cents, or fifty at most, for a dollar and a half, the usual price of smuggled goods.

On one occasion a fair chance was given our crew to exhibit their superiority in seamanship in a striking manner. The "North Carolina," seventy-four, and the "Lexington," our consort, were in port, when an order came from the commodore to test the celerity with which sails might be furled, the understanding being that this operation was to be simultaneous at a signal from his ship. The sails had been loosened to air, but clewed up. At the given order of "Lay aloft topmen! Loweryard men on the shearpole! Lay aloft all!" every man was at his post in the quickest possible time, ready for the next word, which was not long coming: "Trice up! lay out! furl!" and in twenty-five seconds every sail was snug to the yard, and booms down. Our men were down and on deck, while on the other ships the men were still on the yards. This so annoyed Commodore Ballard, that a few days afterwards an order was given to repeat the process — this time with the whole sails stretched to their full length by bowlines. This time it took us one and a half minutes, and we were all on deck; while, on the other ships, the men were still on their yards.

One more attempt was made, viz., all to weigh anchor and set sails. Even then we passed the others while they were still heaving at their anchors and before their sails were set. This ended those trials of celerity and skill to the great satisfaction of our men and acknowledged astonishment of our commodore. In these races the deck was in command of our third lieutenant, Lewis

G. Keith, whom we used to call Bonaparte, because he was both quick of action and a strict disciplinarian.

The long-wished-for time had come at last, the end of the cruise. It was a magnificent morning in the beginning of March, 1840, when the long call of the boatswain's whistle, re-echoed by the two boatswain's mates, was sounded, and the welcome order was heard thrice repeated from their brazen throats: "All hands up anchor for home!" I need not say that never had men jumped to their duties with greater agility; never had sails been loosed, hoisted, and sheeted home more quickly; never had anchor been torn from the bottom with greater despatch. While the yards were trimmed to the course, the anchor was hove in sight, catted and ready for the fish-hook. As the ship passed the other men-of-war of various nationalities, their men mounted the hammock nettings and rigging, giving us rousing and prolonged cheers, which, it is superfluous to add, were answered by every throat on board the "Falmouth" with equal vim.

Our stay at Valparaiso was short, about a week, during which time the whole crew was given "liberty"; forty-eight hours were allowed each watch, and the boats' crews were the last to go on shore. Of course, every man provided himself as liberally as he could with money to spend. Both Tom Allen and I belonged to boats' crews, but our friend Pompey was also among the number on liberty, and it need hardly be said that we three decided to separate ourselves from the rest so as to have our fun to ourselves. Almost the first thing a sailor wants when he goes ashore for a spree is a horse, and, true to our instincts, we, as soon as possible, repaired to a livery stable and hired three saddle horses, intending to go to Quillotta, a place some thirty or forty miles up the coast, but rather inland. Even my former mishap on horseback had not dampened my ardor, but it had

made me more careful. So out we rode, and a beautiful ride it was. We arrived at our place of destination a little after noon; went to the best hotel and ordered our dinner. Here we fell in with some Chilian officers, who, seeing that we were dressed in ordinary citizens' clothes (provided for the nonce), and learning that we belonged to the American man-of-war, very naturally took us for officers, a mistake which Pompey, who, being accomplished in the Spanish language, and, therefore, our spokesman, took no pains to rectify. The result might have been disastrous but for the quickness and sang-froid of the wily Italian. The officers with whom we had been hobnobbing belonged to a regiment then stationed in town, and it occurred to them that the proper way of showing respect for the great American nation was to turn out the regiment for a review in honor of its naval officers. We were soon invited to accompany them to the plaza, where we found the regiment drawn up, headed by their drummajor. What was our friend Pompey's astonishment to find in this grand personage a former shipmate on the "North Carolina!" The recognition was mutual, but, at a sign by our companion, the drummajor refrained from expressing any mark of recognition, and all passed off happily. Had those proud Chilians known that they had ordered out the regiment to parade before the captain's servant and two men before the mast, I fear we had not got away with whole skins. We remained over night, but very early next morning were on our way to Valparaiso, happy to think that we were well out of the scrape.

We dismounted, and Pompey took our horses to the stable, when the proprietor insisted on double pay because we had been to Quillotta. However, he took the money offered under protest, vowing that he would complain to the captain as soon as we got on board. This we did not do till the next day, as we spent nearly two

days in dodging the officers sent to get us on board, for the ship was only waiting for us before sailing. I say us, not meaning our little trio, but the whole company that were on shore. However, on the fourth morning, dressed in clean uniforms, we, ignoring the ship's boats waiting for us, hired a barge from the shore and went on board in style. We found the first lieutenant standing at the gangway to meet us, and the only remark he made was: "So you have come at last, and all sober. Well, I am glad of it; now go to your duty."

The next morning, immediately after breakfast, order was given to weigh the anchor for our final departure from the station. My place being in the maintop, as a sail-looser, I was made aware of a shore boat which seemed to be in a great hurry to reach the ship before we were fairly under sail. The boat came alongside and a man ascended the ladder on the larboard side. What was my astonishment at recognizing him as the man from whom the horses were hired. I saw all this from the lubber's hole, and something instinctive led me to keep out of sight. However, he came up to the captain and began a speech, accompanied by violent gesticulation, the purport of which I guessed much better than he to whom it was addressed. Finding himself unable to understand, Captain McKeever, as was usual with him when in need of an interpreter, called Pompey, who at once took in the situation. By the man's manner it was easily seen that the former was the object of his wrath, and, to get at the root of the matter, Mr. De Haven, the sailing master, who also spoke Spanish, was called. Poor Pompey was at once accused of having swindled the man out of some six dollars, which, I think, was the additional claim for our having been to Quillotta; the misunderstanding between us being that we hired the horses for $2 a day; nothing was said about where we were going, and we had understood this to be

our right to keep the horses as long as we chose, so long as they were taken good care of. It now appeared that, by some sort of tariff of which we were uninformed, the price for each horse to Quillotta was $6, and, as our Italian friend had taken the horses home and agreed to pay the $12 due for the two days, we supposed all was settled. The captain, a very fair man, asked his servant what he had to say for himself. The latter was equal to the occasion, as I afterwards learned. He told the captain that he had paid the man $12 for himself and a friend; the other was an English sailor who had joined them, and he could not tell if he had paid or not.

By this time the ship was under way, and leaving the harbor with all sails set. The poor man was told to go, as there was no time for further investigation, and, seeing no way of getting what he considered justice, he left for the shore. I confess I always felt that I had taken part in a mean action, and I even fear now that the wily Pompey had not even paid what he claimed to have done.

XVI

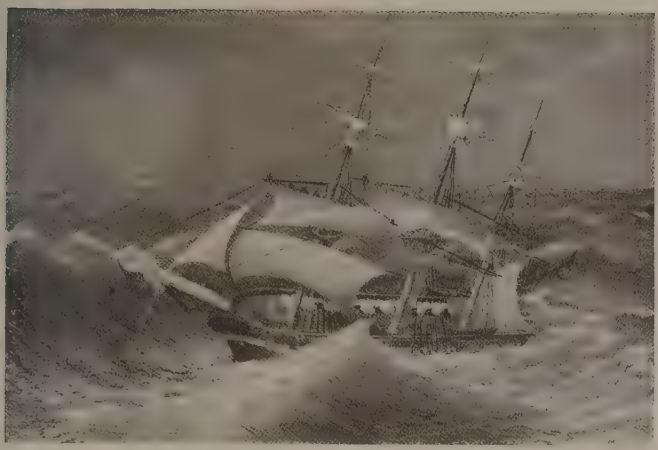
HOMEWARD BOUND

WE left Valparaiso with a fair wind, which, by good luck, continued to wear round as we rounded Cape Horn, so as to give us the quickest passage then on record, at least for an American man-of-war. Notwithstanding the favorable winds, however, we came near being foundered off the cape in a fearful and sudden squall. Possibly I may have been in greater danger, but I am certain that at no time of my life has death seemed so near. The first watch — the starboard — had hardly got into their hammocks, when it came with a fearful suddenness. I happened to be stationed at the halliards on the quarter-deck. I was sitting in the starboard maintop-sail halliard rack when it struck us. Our whole topsails and top-gallant sails were set, and the wind was a little forward of the starboard beam. Suddenly the order was given, "Let go the t'gallant halliards!" I immediately ran down to the mast railing, where they were belayed, and cast them off, but before I could get back another and wilder cry was heard: "Let go the topsail halliards!" I instantly cast them off the starboard belaying pins, but as there was another part fastened on the larboard side, I knew I must get there at once to let them go. This was an easy matter, for by this time the lee-guns were in the water, and the deck at an angle of forty-five degrees to the ocean level. I simply slid down, and in a twinkling the duty was done. I managed to partly crawl, or partly assist myself with the ropes which had been thrown across the deck,

to regain my first position, and even to get up on the hammock netting, but here all hope seemed lost. I could see nearly the whole starboard side out of water, and could stand on the side of the hammock nettings, so much did the old ship keel over. The night was dark as pitch, and nothing was visible except by the phosphorescence of the breaking billows, whose crests seemed to be cut off into a lurid foam.

"All hands save ship!" was the next call, and all came tumbling up as fast as possible. The great difficulty seemed to be to get the topsails down on to the caps, as the ship careened so much that the wind blew the sails upwards. However, main strength conquered at last, every available man pulling on the buntlines till the yards were forced down on to the caps. By this time, the helm being put down, the wind was spilled out of the sails, and the old hulk righted again. The danger was over, but, as the gale continued to increase, word was given to reef the topsails and to furl the main course, as well as the t'gallant sails. It is customary in a man-of-war to do everything at once, and thus every seaman was sent aloft, leaving only landsmen, marines, and boys on deck. While we were on the yards, endeavoring to get the sails under control, another squall blew the foretop-mast staysail out of the leach lines, or else the sheet gave way, I never knew which, as I was at the lee earing, assisting the second captain to haul it out by holding up the dog's ear. The result was that all control was lost of the helm, and that the ship fell into the trough of the sea, rolling most fearfully, the sails sometimes filling like a balloon above our heads, and then suddenly backing, so that no man could stand on the foot ropes.

Briefly, we were on the yard two hours and a half before we got three reefs into the sails and could get down on deck. For my part, I had got out to the yard



REEFING OFF CAPE HORN
(unfinished)
PAINTED IN 1880

A STORM OFF BERMUDA
PAINTED IN 1890

at once with the second captain, and for an hour we were exposed to the whipping of reef-points without being able to accomplish anything, as no other man could hold his place on the rest of the yard through the flapping of the great sail. After all was done, the captain of the foretop, a good seaman, one Smith, went up to the first lieutenant and gave him a piece of his mind, showing that the whole affair was badly managed. I suppose Mr. Lyon felt guilty, for he only answered, "Well, Smith, what would you have done?" "I," said the latter, "would have reefed the foretop sail first, then hoisted it and kept the ship steady, when we could all have assisted in the rest." To this his answer was, "I believe you are right, Smith; now go about your business."

The rest of the passage to Rio de Janeiro was one of constant fair winds, and for the most part pleasant weather. We were off the Rio le Plata in twenty-two days, and in thirty we made the bay of Rio again. Here we found the United States corvette "St. Mary," besides some English men-of-war, and also an odd kind of merchant vessel — a brig with immense beam and enormous spread of canvas. I have forgotten her name (I think "The Irish Lass"), but she was said to be an experiment, and had the reputation of a capacity of fifteen knots — a then unheard-of speed on the ocean. Be it remembered that ocean steam navigation was then in its infancy, and that no man-of-war in the world was then even in part propelled by steam.

On one of the English ships a man was — for what crime I know not — condemned to be flogged through the fleet, a most cruel punishment still practiced by the nation that claimed to be the most enlightened in the world! This fearful ordeal was after the following manner: The culprit was condemned to receive a certain number of lashes with the cat-of-nine-tails on his bare back, I think in the present case some two or three

hundred. He was fastened to a grating in a ship's launch, and sent from ship to ship, to receive part of his sentence alongside of each ship till the full quantity was given. By that time, of course, his health was forever broken, if indeed he survived the horrible infliction. I am happy to say that I did not witness any part of this proof of Great Britain's love for her defenders, and still more glad to believe that nothing of the kind disgraces the American flag.

The fame of the "Falmouth" had preceded her; for when some of the crew of the "St. Mary" asked liberty to visit us, they were told that they might as well be sent on shore as aboard of that grog-shop! Well, our fellows were somewhat renowned for their hospitality.

We lay in Rio a week or more, and then, up anchor for home in earnest. What a welcome sight the north star was as it appeared near the horizon, after we had passed the equator and had fairly entered the northern hemisphere! The passage was a fine one. I remember on one occasion the main brace was spliced at the request of Mrs. Bartlett, the before-mentioned lady, who, with her husband, the consul at Callao, was returning to the States. Captain Franklin Buchanan, then lieutenant-commander, who had been in charge of the schooner "Enterprise," was also a passenger, and, though he bore a hard name among sailors for a severe disciplinarian, I have nothing but kindness to remember of him. He allowed me the use of his water-color materials, and took much interest in my feeble attempts at art. I even engraved on ivory a small design, the subject of which was a man-of-war in a gale, which was inserted into the lid of a rosewood box for epaulettes, which was made for him by our carpenter.

It was a lovely morning in early June, when the land wind brought us the perfumes from the fields and meadows of Staten Island, even before the eye detected

the two lighthouses of Neversink. What joy it was to see the beautiful New York harbor again! What ecstasy to feel that in a few hours we would be free men! I, for my part, free to visit my country once more, to see my dear mother and sisters, if indeed they were living.

It was about the middle of June when we were paid off at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. I had already been on shore, and went on board in a suit of "store clothes." I remember the first lieutenant saying I looked like a Dutch skipper, a compliment I scarcely liked. I took board in a sailor boarding-house of the better sort in Dover Street. I had a room to myself with two beds. I have always been in fear of bugs, and when I found my bed infested, although for more than a year I had been a teetotaler, I deliberately sallied out to get drunk, so that I might get asleep. I found a house open — it was midnight, or past — and then I drank several glasses of whiskey, and started for home. On my way I saw a fellow lying in a gutter; this was in Cherry Street. I looked at him; he appeared to be a sailor, and had a cut over his eye which caused his face to be covered with blood. I aroused him, saying, "Shipmate, where is your home?" He was either drunk or stunned, and, as he could not give me an intelligent answer, I made him get up and take my arm. Remembering that I had a spare bed in my room, I took him with me, and he was soon asleep in it. Thinking, however (the whiskey began to take effect), that he might be a rascal and rob me, I put my money and a double-barreled pistol under my pillow and went to bed. When I awoke next morning I was lying on the floor, and, having dragged my pillow with me, both my treasure and my weapon were lying exposed to view. Fortunately, my guest was fast asleep, and, after I had dressed, I aroused him and sent him about his business.

New York at this time was swarming with discharged

man-of-war men, the "Independence" having just discharged her 600 men, so that there were at least 800 sailors floating round the city, most of them with pockets full of money and contriving in every way to get rid of it. I, with others of our crew, who were at home in that city, had in some way got well acquainted with a fire company that bunked in Elizabeth Street, near the Bowery, and, during the week or ten days before shipping, every evening was spent in the company of some of them. In general, I cannot recall any particularly reprehensible act on our part, beyond a general hilarious, jolly, and not always quiet time. Of course, there was an element of rowdyism in it, but this was more due to exuberance of spirits, the natural outcome of long restraint.

But the time had come to find a ship for Liverpool, and I, with a friend, set about to look for one. We soon found a fine ship, the "Zenobia," of New York, Captain Putnam. She was lying in Old Slip, or near it, and we at once boarded her, found the mate taking in cargo, etc., and offered ourselves. "Well," said he, "I like your looks, but I don't believe the captain will take you in that rig. You had better, if you want to ship, go home and change your clothes, for Captain Putnam is dead set against man-of-war men." Well, we did; went back, and were accepted. Having thus made arrangements for my passage, I was told to be on board next day, as the ship would then be ready to sail. That evening, of course, was given up to pleasure. I, with some of my late shipmates, joined our friends of the hose company, and it was agreed to have a grand spree. We loaned some of our white uniforms to a dozen firemen, who were thus transformed into man-of-war men, and some twenty or thirty of us, all thus arrayed, started out to what, in our day, would be called "painting the city red." There were at the time, I think, only four prominent theaters — the Bowery, the Park, the Broadway (then new), and

the Chatham Square Theater. There may have been more, nor am I certain that the old "Park" was then in existence; I rather think the Broadway had taken its place. Be that as it may, we visited all we could, took box-seats, and roamed all around, drawing attention to our pranks, which were generally overlooked, even by the police, as we were all supposed to be fresh on shore, after having been penned up in ships for the last three years. The best theater we visited was the Broadway; it was about 11 P. M. The elder Booth was playing "Richard the Third," and the play was near its end. The great actor had just awakened from his frightful vision, and was in the height of his fearful soliloquy, when some of our fellows began to shin down from the gallery on the columns into the boxes, creating quite a sensation, it may be easily understood. All forgot Richard, looking up into the high regions behind and above, at the general confusion and disturbance produced by the white-clad acrobats. While this was going on, some officers of the police, then, I believe, called constables, came up to where we were assembled, and advised us to quietly leave the place to prevent further trouble; this advice was taken, as we were none of us intoxicated with anything stronger than fun, and we all left in a body. It seems, however, that we were shadowed afterwards; but this, of course, we did not know.

It was now after midnight, and we were, at least those of us who had not been drinking, ready to go to our lodgings. However, our way lay through the infected region, then called the Five Points; but as we went peaceably by a groggery, one of the party, a sailor named Jack Carroll, insisted on going in to treat, etc. One or two of the firemen went in, the rest of us remaining outside waiting. I don't know what the origin of the trouble was, but after they came out Jack got into a quarrel with somebody and struck him; the man ran for the door of

the grogshop, got inside and bolted it before Carroll could get to him; I remember his blow just missed the man, and he sent his fist through the glass door. The police then got into the fight, and one of them received a blow from Carroll which nearly broke his jaw. However, Jack and a fireman friend of his were collared and dragged away.

All this passed in a moment, and as we who had not had anything to do with the disturbance stood in a group, talking about it, wondering what began it, a man came up to us and said: "You must be a d——d set of fine fellows to allow the watchmen to take your friends off without rescuing them." On this we all started after them, and were just in time to see them taken up the steps of the "Tombs." As we turned to go back we heard a man say, "Take that one, and that one, and that one"; and a man with a club caught each one by the shoulder, compelling us to enter that magnificent structure also. It was then about 1 o'clock. We were put through a small iron door into a dungeon, without anything by way of furniture. Great flagstones composed the floor, which was in most places half an inch thick with wet mud. We sung out for light, and they gave us a candle, which only served to show the horror of the situation. However, we were young, most of us were innocent of any crime and fairly light of conscience, so we huddled together as best we could to wait for daylight. I do not think we slept. About 6 A. M. we were taken upstairs to another room, which was not less filthy, and besides was already occupied by criminals, who lay on wooden platforms built up against the walls. We did not even sit down, for fear of vermin, of which the place was full, and here we waited till 1 o'clock, when we were called up before the magistrate for examination.

This man's name was Bloodgood, and, after hearing both sides, all were left off on promise to send a certain

sum of money to pay for the man's broken jaw. I think we agreed to send $5 each after we got home. I now understand that this must have been a mere farce, intended to soothe the hurt watchman's feelings, but I really meant to do it, and even lent the money to one of my friends for the same purpose; but when I got back to my boarding-house the landlord said I must get on board at once, as the ship was out in the stream ready to get under weigh. So I was hustled off, and it was years afterwards before I returned to New York, and, therefore, I never paid the imposed fine.

XVII

TO EUROPE AND RETURN

AS I had no other working clothes than my man-of-war uniforms, it became at once apparent to the captain that he had been imposed upon. He said nothing, however, but looked rather hard at me, as at 4 P. M. I passed him on my way to take the helm. We had a quick passage, seventeen days to Liverpool, a strong northwester blowing the whole way, and not a sail taken in, except one or two days, when the fore t'gallant sails and mizzen t'gallants were furled. I remember one day when we were ordered to set t'gallant studding sail, that I gave an exhibition that pleased the captain, by doing it in true man-of-war fashion. At Liverpool I left the ship without asking leave; but it was hardly running away, as I left about noon and met the captain, who asked me if I was going to leave him. On my saying that I wished to visit my home, he merely said: "Very well, I can get plenty of men here." I understood that the ship was bound for India, and, as my wages was $16 per month, and men were to be had here for $12, he would be the gainer.

The railway had just been opened between Liverpool and London; at least, it had not been so long open but that the stages still ran; but I preferred to take the latter, as I was anxious to see as much of the country as I could, and a happy idea it proved, or I should never have known what the old stage coach was. I had a seat outside by the driver, and, as we drove in full run up and down the hills, which, however, were never steep, it

proved a very jolly ride, though I will say the night was very tedious, for we were about twenty hours on the way. The terminus at London was the old Bull and Mouth tavern in Aldersgate, if I rightly recollect. We arrived after noon, and I found myself at last in the great city, but wholly lost and without bearings. Some one piloted me to lodgings in Little Britain, the White Horse, I think it was, a name later made well known in Dickens' stories. It was a quiet and pleasant place, where I had a room and bed for one shilling, and breakfast for the same sum. Having got rid of my hammock and bags, I was free to sally out at once. I was not far from St. Paul's, which I made my landmark while I wandered in search of the river, which I found at Blackfriars Bridge. This was then undergoing repairs, or building anew, for I remember a cofferdam being an interesting and, to me, novel feature. Not seeing any shipping, I did not know whither to turn, so I bethought me of a cab standing near; I asked the man to take me to the nearest dock. A man came up and opened the cab-door, and I stepped in. "Please remember the waterman," he said. Why I should remember the waterman, or why I should forget him, I could not imagine. Who was this individual? I naturally associated a waterman with the water and boats, etc.; but here we were on dry land; however, he did not leave me long in doubt as to who he was, for I found that it was the man that opened the door, and that immemorial custom required a penny for opening the cab-door! Ah, I little knew England then and her system of enforced beggary.

We were a long time getting to St. Catherine's dock, for the many vehicles and loads that encumbered the narrow streets; but we got there at last. I do not remember how I found a countryman, a sort of half sailor and half 'longshoreman; but I did. I suppose it must have been on Radcliffe Highway (now St. George

Street). At all events, I found my way, by his direction, to the dock where the Scandinavian vessels lay. There was at that time a railroad worked by rope from the Minories to Lime House, and I took it. It was my first railroad ride, and a fast one it was, going the distance in five minutes. We fairly flew, and to me it was immensely interesting to see how we sped along over houses, streets, and everything. I found that a Norwegian ship would sail for Sundsvall, my native place, in about a fortnight, and saw the captain, who offered me free passage if I would wait. This, of course, was agreeable to me, as I wanted to see something of London. I went home to my lodgings, staid over night, then brought my clothes, etc., to my new-found friend, who stored them for me, leaving me as free as the birds to roam around the grand Babylon I was in.

My first object was St. Paul's Cathedral, which, as it towered up as my landmark, I soon found. After admiring it outside, I went in to make a tour through its interior. Soon a guide appeared and demanded a shilling for taking me around the building. I thought that it would be all there was to pay, but in this I was mistaken; for, having ushered me to the stairs, which he told me led to the whispering gallery, I mounted and found there another guide, who also demanded a shilling for showing me that curiosity. Everybody who has been there knows that the whispering gallery is that which surrounds the lower part of the great dome, and that its name is due to the acoustics, which enables a whisper close to the wall to make a circuit so as to be heard at the farther side by putting your ear to the wall. The next ascent cost me two shillings more; this brought me to the lanthorn, whence the view was very extensive, as the day was clear and the wind must have blown the smoke away; for, on a subsequent trip that I made, forty years afterwards, nothing was to be seen from there but

the blanket of smoke which generally covers the world's metropolis. Three shillings more were demanded for ascending a little iron ladder that led to the ball; I thought this too much, but, feeling sure that all the coin of England could not advance me higher, I made up my mind to stand even that last swindle, therefore I paid it. There was nothing in that copper ball but darkness; but from the small glimmers from the trap door I should say that three or four shoemakers might practice their art within the space.

When I got down into the church again, another shark wanted to show me the crypts for two shillings more, but I made up my mind that seven shillings' worth of curiosity was enough for the nonce, and made my escape from that dreadful temple of Mammon. I may as well state here that forty years afterwards, when I, with my family, visited St. Paul's the charges had been very much reduced.

I spent the fortnight very happily in London, visiting Westminster Abbey, where I even just touched the old coronation chair, with its block of Scotch granite on which the kings of Scotland were crowned at Scone, with my unannointed buttocks; but I was afraid to sit down squarely for fear of being seen and ejected.

The time was spent going round from street to street, with my hands in my pockets, and my money in my hands, and giving all passers-by as wide a berth as I could, especially in the purlieus so graphically described in "Oliver Twist," which I had recently read, fearing a Fagin or one of his gang in every illy-dressed man or boy I saw. I used to walk about, staring at everything all day, eat at the first chop house I found when hunger overtook me, and sleep at the first lodging-house near me at night; in the morning start on and go farther, day after day, having literally no home of even temporary permanence. On one of these excursions I found myself

near St. James Park, and, as there was a great crowd, I asked what the matter was. Some one told me that the Queen was "going out to take a hairing." I was anxious to see her majesty, and so I elbowed my way to the front, almost in the way of the carriage which soon came, drawn by four brown horses. The carriage was a plain one, and mounted men kept the way open. It contained the Queen, her mother, and a gentleman. Victoria was but twenty (my age), and she seemed gay and happy. She was dressed in pink, with a plain straw bonnet, which, as she passed, fell back on her shoulders as she was laughing at something that was said, so that I had an excellent view of her head. I saw her again the same day, and her image became strongly impressed on my memory. How different she seemed forty-one years after, in nearly the same place, as, with my wife and daughter, I saw her in her carriage, accompanied by her daughter, and with John Brown behind! She was then fat, red in the face, and very cross. Poor woman! There was but twenty-four days difference in our ages, but I felt that I would not exchange happiness with her!

My peregrinations in London, while instructive and free from care, were not without some inconvenience, on account of my wandering way, proving, in one instance at least, that "misery makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows." It happened in this way: One night at 11 o'clock I found myself in some of the meaner streets of the city; I think it must have been what was then called Radcliffe Highway (pronounced by sailors "Ratlify-way"). I was very weary, and in need of rest; so I went into a mean-looking place, over the door of which was a transparent sign with the cheerful announcement that lodgings might be had for a shilling. I went upstairs, and was shown into a large room or loft, where there were about thirty double beds. One was assigned to me that already had an occupant. I saw at a glance that

remonstrance was useless, so I doffed my clothes, kicked off my boots, in the toes of which I had poked some rags containing all my gold, and turned in. My companion was already asleep, and in a few minutes I also was oblivious. I need not say that day had hardly broken before I was up and ready to sally out for fresh adventures, leaving all my companions fast asleep.

At last the time came for the ship to sail, and I must bid adieu to London.

The passage to Sundsvall, my native city, occupied about two weeks, and was made without event worthy of record. During the passage the captain had become acquainted with my history, and so anxious was he to communicate the good news to my mother that, on his arrival at Sundsvall to enter at the custom house, he sought her out and told her I was coming. I was very much annoyed at this, for it spoiled a little romantic surprise which I had hoped to carry out, though, perhaps, it was all for the best, seeing that my sudden appearance, since I was supposed to be dead, might have been too much for my mother.

Needless to say that the fatted calf was deprived of further existence, and that the punch flowed freely that evening! But for the life of me I could not tell the story of my travels in an intelligible way, for lack of use of my native tongue. However, I managed to make myself partly understood, nor was it many weeks before I spoke it quite fluently, though with a strong English accent. During my absence both my grandfather and grandmother had died, and I found my mother a proprietor of a confectionery establishment on a rather small scale, she having found it necessary to shift for herself after having been compelled to get a divorce from her husband, who, to my great satisfaction, was no longer living in the city, having moved into a remote part of the country with his new family. Happily, my mother's

changed circumstances had not lost her the friends of her youth and prosperity.

Naturally, among my old schoolmates and early friends, I was a lion, having passed through many adventures, and acquired the English language, speaking it with great fluency, after the fashion of sailors. There being no one in town that could judge of my grammar or rhetoric, I was even called upon to give lessons to a few of my old cronies.

Among the many old acquaintances I met, I remember my two old tyrannical captains, but the animosity that may have secretly lurked in my heart in remembrance of the floggings was wholly drowned in the punch we drank together at our occasional symposia. Besides, did I not know that school-boys must be flogged and cabin boys lashed? Thus, amid friends and relations, in daily enjoyment, flew the days and months, till the warblers had returned to nestle in the new-born foliage of the fragrant birch woods, and the extensive harbor was freed from its icy bonds and became again resonant with the "Heave O!" and bustle of maritime life.

It was in June, 1841, that I again bade my friends good-bye. I sailed in a Dutch galliott belonging to the Isle of Man, from Sandsvall to Elsinore, where I went ashore to wait for opportunity to go to the United States. After a stay of two weeks in this delightful place, I got a berth on board of a brig bound to Boston. The passage was pleasant and not long. In Boston I boarded in Purchase Street, and used the time while waiting for a ship in working in a rigging loft. Soon, however, I found myself on board of a small low-deck schooner belonging to Portland, and bound to Wilmington, N. C., where we loaded with pine planks for St. Pierre, Martinique, W. I. It proved a memorable trip, as the vessel was leaky and heavily laden. We were thirty-five days on the passage, and she made so much water that it became necessary

to work the pumps every minute. We were even obliged to shorten sail to keep her free; for if she went over five knots we could not do it. As the crew consisted of but four men before the mast, it is easy to see that we had no leisure time at all, unless the trick at the helm might be so called. The captain, mate, and cook made seven men in all, there being no second mate; such duty as might have fallen to him was put on me, as I was in the captain's watch. I witnessed, on this voyage, more devilish cruelty and meanness on the part of the captain than I ever remember to have seen on any other vessel. The passage being longer by at least two weeks than we expected, we got short of almost everything. Even our bread ran short; that is to say, the captain did not want to buy a new supply in port, and, therefore, tried to keep us on short allowance. The fact is, we had to steal it and hide it so as to have something to eat. The lamp oil also gave out, and it became necessary to burn paint oil in the binnacle lamp, but, as this required constant trimming, the cook was made to keep awake nights to attend to it. The matches were gone, too, and, as they accused him of wasting them, he was made to do this vestal duty, and woe to him if the light went out! I had some matches, and so long as they lasted I would let him go to sleep when I had the helm, steering by the stars for an hour or more, just waking him and giving him a match to light the lamp before the captain or mate came on deck; but there came a time when my last match was gone, and I could help him no longer. Poor fellow! I remember his desperate appeal to me one morning for another match! I told him I had heard of fire being got by rubbing two pieces of wood together, and soon after I heard him rubbing for dear life. In the morning there was no breakfast; his experiment had been futile. The captain sent for him into the cabin and gave him an unmerciful flogging with a rope's end. Then the

mate took the large lens out of the spyglass and used it for a burning-glass, and soon the galley fire was alight as usual.

I will not prolong my account of the misery endured by this poor colored man. Suffice it, he suffered daily injuries and torments from both mate and captain, till we arrived again at Wilmington, and here I think their villainy culminated by selling him into slavery! At all events, he came to me the night before I left the vessel (I had shipped as mate in another that day) to tell me that he had overheard the captain and mate agreeing to sell him and divide the money, as that would be getting rid of all apprehensions of legal action on account of cruel usage. He seemed to know that in a slave State he had no defense, as he could not prove that he was free, but asked me to take some action about him when I should arrive in New York. When I did get there, which was many months afterwards, I found that I could do nothing. I never heard of either him or his enemies again.

As before stated, I had now become the mate of another vessel, having been recommended by my former captain. It was a topsail schooner, belonging, like the former, in Maine, but, curiously enough, I cannot remember either the vessel's name or that of the captain. We went to Havana with a load of heavy pitch-pine planks; anchored near the Moro lighthouse, made rafts of our cargo, and towed them clear round the city to the navy yard in the back harbor. We were poorly manned, only four before the mast, and it was a herculean task to move these heavy planks into the water, and still harder to tow them miles against wind and current, avoiding fouling with ships in the port. From Havana we sailed for Sagua la Grande, or rather for the River Sagua. Our object was to take a load of molasses from a plantation on the bank of the river. As soon as we entered its

mouth the captain left for the city of Sagua, leaving me to get the schooner up the river as best I could, and I shall never forget the trouble and misery it cost me. As I knew nothing about the channel, we ran ashore frequently, and had to carry out hawsers to the trees on the bank, or by kedges, to pull her off. There was, at the mouth of the river, no landing, nothing but mangrove bushes or trees, growing out of several feet of water, and the mosquitoes by night were only equaled in tormenting us by the sandflies or gnats by day. However, we did, after nearly three days' struggle, arrive at the plantation, where the captain was waiting for us. Here the banks of the river were high, and a staging was built from the vessel for the hogsheads of molasses to be rolled on board.

The manner of taking in this kind of cargo was as follows: Empty casks were stowed in the hold, one tier first; these were filled with molasses by means of a long hose and hose tub, into which the molasses was poured from the bunghole of the cask rolled down. When one tier was full, another layer of empty casks were stowed on top of the first tier, and filled in the same way, and so on, till the hold was full, after which a tolerably heavy deck-load was put on board. The latter we had to discharge at the bar, as the vessel could not otherwise get across, and as there was, as before stated, no solid ground, rafts of all sorts of spare spars and wood were placed among the mangrove trees, or rather on the roots, the trees being cleared away for the purpose. All these casks had to be hoisted on board after we were over, and it may easily be imagined how hard we had to work, short handed as we were.

On our passage home we had some rough weather, and, owing to imperfect stowage of the casks in the hold, to which the captain himself had attended, much leakage must have taken place, as we kept pumping molasses

nearly all the way to New York. I suppose it was to prevent having me as an adverse witness, in case of a suit for average by the owner of the cargo, that he hastened to pay me off on the very day of our arrival. Immediately on my discharge from this vessel I took the North River steamer for Albany, on my way to Buffalo, where I expected to find my two friends, Tom Allen and Pompey. It had been agreed between us to meet in that city as soon as I could return from my visit to my native place in Sweden. We had parted in loving embraces, in true Italian style, on the wharf of the Albany boat soon after our discharge from the "Falmouth," they to leave for Buffalo by the evening boat, and I to find a ship for England and Sweden, afterward to meet them in their expected home on the shores of Lake Erie. But the fates that rule a sailor's life did not enable me to fulfill my part of the contract before two years, instead of one, had elapsed. Thus it was that we never met again.

Among the passengers on the steamer I found another young sailor, who, like myself, was bound for the great lakes. We drifted into a talk, and I found that he, too, had served as mate on the salt seas. Almost immediately we became friends, drawn together by that mysterious sympathy which makes brothers of men regardless of whence they came, or of their antecedents, and which, perhaps, is akin to that attachment which we call love at first sight between the sexes. True, we often find on closer acquaintance that affection has been misplaced, even when love or friendship still remains, that principles demand our separation, for firm and lasting attachment must necessarily rest on character. In this case, however, intuition made no mistake, as my new friend proved to be a man of most excellent moral character, uniting to his first-class seamanship a mental culture which fitted him for any position in the social world to which he might aspire. Though we parted in Albany,

he to go by packet on the canal, while I chose the railway, we met again, and, as shipmates before the mast, made several trips upon the lakes. After his marriage he lived in Buffalo till the tide began to set to Chicago, whither he moved, to become in time the father of a large family, and one of its most respected citizens.

Whenever, as I invariably do when possible, I travel on the Empire State Express, and am shot, as it were, by a catapult past the hills that intervene between Albany and Schenectady, my mind runs back to this, my first assay of railroad travel. I ask myself where is that hill over which the train was drawn with cables and stone-loaded box cars as counterweights, or was it that the coaches of one train was drawn up by the weight of another that went down the hill on the other side? I cannot, at this distance of time, recall details, but I am disposed to hold to the first theory. It was a strange ride. With a lot of others who traveled second-class, I was shut up in a freight van, which the gay young men within, who were my companions, called "the hyena car," I suppose from the exuberant and noisy crowd it contained. We passed Syracuse in the night, so that I saw nothing of the village. I think it must have been noon, or after that, when we arrived at Rochester. Here I took the packet boat on the canal, as I learned that I could get no farther than Batavia by rail; and, indeed, it was a great relief to get on to that pleasantly-arranged boat, with its convenient beds and good meals. I think I have never traveled anywhere more comfortably. I remember being very much struck with the magnificence of the canal works at Lockport; it was, in fact, the first canal on which I had ever been. We were, if my memory serves me rightly forty-eight hours on our way to Buffalo, where I landed on the morning of the 12th of May, 1842.

XVIII

IN BUFFALO IN 1842, AGED TWENTY-THREE

HAVING found a pleasant private boarding-house near the Terrace on Pearl Street, my first thought was for my friends, loyalty to whom had been the principal motive of my coming. Naturally, I sought for them, or information of them, on the docks, among the sailors. I found one who remembered my English friend, and who informed me that he had left Buffalo for the lower lake, and he heard that he had gone there to take service in the British navy, and that he thought I might learn of him at the Niagara dockyard. I found that a small steamer was making daily trips to Chippawa, and that I was in time to board her. This I did, and thus had my first view of the magnificent river, which in after years was to be so much my delight. At Chippawa I hired a wagon to take me to Queenston, and soon I had my first glimpse of the great, the beautiful, the terrific Niagara. Shall I confess that I was disappointed? I had imagined a much greater height, and even before my arrival the fearful din and mist had excited my imagination as to altitude, without taking into the account the vastness of its extent and volume. But it must be remembered that from the point from which I approached one has a strongly foreshortened view of its grandeur. I slept that night at Queenston, in a little pleasant hostelry. I often see the house when I stop or pass by the quaint old village, but if it still is a tavern I know not. And where now is the boniface that kept it?

The next morning I walked the rest of the way through the woods — a pleasant walk it was — to Niagara. My inquiries were fruitless as to the whereabouts of my friend, and I returned to Queenston, thence by horse-boat across the river to Lewiston, and Niagara Falls by wagon, and rail to Buffalo.

After this wild-goose chase I made no further effort to find my friends, for I knew the erratic course of sailor life too well to hope for success, and reluctantly I realized that they were out of my life for good. This separation was painful, for loyalty to friends has ever been one of my strongest characteristics. Of course, I knew it was for the best, as my ambition was destined, sooner or later, to bring about the same result. It is curious how little real friendship sometimes is based on character, or even morals, and when I learned, as I later did, the reason of their leaving Buffalo, I was grieved, but not surprised.

My informant, a lake navigator whose name I cannot now recall, had known them, and this is the story he told me: On their arrival in Buffalo, Thomas Allen, being a first-class sailor, as well as a man of some education, found it easy to obtain employment as mate of a vessel on the lakes, the pay from which would render it possible to pay for his friend's education in some private school. He found a teacher in the Fredonia Academy who was willing to take the young Italian as boarder, the understanding being that his mental pabulum was to be furnished by his wife also. One day, on entering the school-room, he found his wife and her beautiful pupil over the book with arms around each other's necks, and there was a scene! The poor young man was threatened with instant and dire vengeance, but his quick Italian wit took in the situation and its consequences. Furious with feigned wounded honor, he upbraided the master for even for a moment supposing that what he had seen was anything but a platonic exhibition of mutual in-

terest, indignant that anything base could be imagined against a man so honorable as himself, to say nothing of the purity of a lady whose affection was that of a mother towards a hapless orphan. He even threatened to sue for defamation of character, etc., etc. The irate husband cooled on thinking that, perhaps, he had been too hasty, and that he had placed himself in a ridiculous light, began to apologize, and ending by assuring him of the continuation of his friendship and aid in his studies. Thus all was well and smoothened over; but it was not long before it became known that the bright black eyes of the handsome foreigner had captured the heart of a young lady boarder at the seminary, whose brother had swore to have the heart of the young Lothario. He, thinking that discretion was the better part of valor, took instant departure, whither my informant could not say. In the meantime, my English chum had taken to drink, which was, indeed, his besetting sin, and thus losing his situation, had departed from Buffalo for Canadian waters, to find his natural bent on board of a British man-of-war.

In looking round for employment, I found it necessary to change my lodgings, so as to be more in touch with my profession. I therefore moved my belongings to the Sailors' Home, then No. 17 Main Street. This was an institution under the wing of the Bethel Society, and watched over by the influential ladies of the various churches, mainly Presbyterian, who interested themselves in the moral well-being of the seafaring population. The house was kept by an old sea captain and his wife, both natives of Cape Cod, intelligent and pious, with most of the characteristics of their pilgrim parentage. Their influence upon their boarders, which were mostly of the better class of seamen, was excellent, and I made many friends among them, so that I was well contented with my sojourn there; but I little thought

that coming to a sailors' boarding-house was to cause a radical change in the purpose of my life. It is true that I had not adopted the life of a sailor because I loved the sea, but rather as a means of getting away from a home that had been rendered unbearable to me from its domestic infelicity, and that my ambition had no higher aim than that of being among the best of my class; yet there lurked a hope within my inner consciousness that some time in the uncertain future I might find a way to spend a part of my life on shore, in some congenial occupation, but I had hitherto formed no plan, nor could I conceive of any other means to keep from absolute want than the "life on the ocean wave." Later on it will be seen that my association with my landlord opened a vista in the dim future through which I could faintly perceive a possible escape.

I have elsewhere, in describing my man-of-war life, mentioned my crude attempts at engraving on whale's teeth, and the offers made to enable me to study engraving on steel, and in this line lay my only hopes of leaving the sea; but I had, in my experimental efforts, learned sufficiently of the difficulties to be overcome in this department of art before excellence could be attained, to be not at all sanguine of success; and even if that were attainable in the end, how was I to live during the long interval that must of necessity intervene? I had begun to look on any plan as chimerical.

My first employment, after getting fairly settled in my new boarding-house, was as a rigger on the brig "Preble," then still on the docks at Bidwell & Banta's shipyard. She was completely rigged before being launched, and I have a very vivid recollection of the launching. I, with other men, was on board as she went off, and, as the creek was too narrow to allow the vessel free scope, it was necessary to have a check-line on her port quarter (she was launched stern foremost)

so as to turn her lengthwise in the creek after she took the water. The line was brought to the quarter bit and two round turns taken, some five or six of us holding on to the line, I being the one in charge of the work, and, consequently, nearest the bit. The vessel went off with great rapidity, and when the strain came on the rope it required our united strength to keep it taut. As soon as the men behind me felt it slip a little through their hands they let go, leaving me alone to check the speed. I had not been brought up to let go a rope under such circumstances, and the result was that the skin was actually burned, so that the insides of my hands were badly blistered. I was, of course, unable to work for a good while, but it is to the honor of the employers or owners of the brig, Messrs. Joy & Webster, that they ordered my pay to go on till my hands were healed.

This was in May or early June (1842), and, as the navigation was slack during the summer months, I was thrown on my love of drawing for recreation while in my boarding-house. I tried to paint a portrait in miniature, in water colors, and succeeded in producing a recognizable likeness. This was really a beginning. Captain Black had been, in his youth, a student of art, and he possessed two portraits, one of himself by Stuart, from whom, indeed, he had received instruction in painting, the other of his wife, by himself — not a bad head, either. It occurred to me that I might be able to paint a portrait, too, and I told him so, whereupon he suggested that I try it. He went with me and assisted me to purchase my first material, and gave me an unfurnished garret room for a studio. A board with pegs in, set against the wall, served for an easel, and thus I was ready to commence. I did not expect then to limit my talents to mere portrait painting. Visions of competition with the greatest masters haunted me night and day. My first essay was from my favorite Pollock. I attempted to paint in

size of life a death-bed scene, illustrating a passage in "The Course of Time," which had produced a strong impression on my mind. It is the death of a young mother, who leaves a new-born babe with prayer of faith for its future care.

"And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,
"Too bright for ours to look upon suffused
"With many tears, and closed without a cloud.
"They set as sets the morning star, which goes
"Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
"Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
"But melts away into the light of heaven."

Ah, how often, while at the helm in my morning watch, had I not seen the fading of the morning star!

My picture was from a small steel engraving in the book. I need not say that it was a failure, but while thus engaged two of the city's most prominent ladies made their appearance. They found a young sailor in red shirt and duck trousers, with sleeves rolled up in the very agony of high art.

They were visitors from the Presbyterian Church for the week, curious to see the strange young animal which Captain Black informed them he had in his garret. Thus began my acquaintance with the elite of Buffalo, and I may add I was at once adopted.

Goethe has said, in substance, that if anyone could know in advance the difficulties before him he would hardly have the courage to devote his life to art. Here ignorance was bliss, indeed, and there was no question of my ignorance! Of this my new-found friends must have been painfully aware, though their kind delicacy forbade to give other expression to it than a tactful suggestion that the acquaintance and advice of some good artist would prove of benefit. They even volunteered to pro-

and I lost no time in placing the same pigments on my own. I found that they produced improvements in my efforts, and then, too, I made another discovery; by the use of a "badger" I could get a smooth surface — to me a great desideratum, and I began to flatter myself that I had not much more to learn. I had got a commission to paint a lady's portrait life size for two dollars. I succeeded in making a smooth picture which her friends could recognize, and what more could art accomplish? In my joy and pride at having succeeded, I invited the friend who had introduced me to Mr. Wilgus to come and see my work. He came, but said nothing. I imputed his silence to astonishment, and there was even a lurking suspicion in my mind that jealousy was at the bottom of his heart. However, I was determined that he should openly acknowledge my genius, so I asked him what he thought of it; it seemed to embarrass him, but I pressed him for an answer. "Do you wish me to tell you just what I think?" "Certainly." "Well, then, your picture is good for nothing, not even worth the canvas on which it is painted." All my pride was gone, for I felt that he had reluctantly told the truth, and I knew that I was not born to obscure the fame of Rafael. Did I hate him for his candor? No! I loved him for it, and I love him still, for the Rev. Benjamin Vanduzee* is yet in the flesh (though that's not much), and I believe he still divides his clerical duties with dalliance with his early mistress — Art. "But," I said, "I have used the same colors as Wilgus." "Yes," he said, "but that's not the way to paint." "What, then, is the way to paint?" I gasped. "You must study to get your tints so as to resemble the place on the face where they are to go, then put them on boldly and don't touch them again if you can help it." This was the first and only oral lesson

* Since deceased.

I have had in handling colors, but it holds good to this very day. But I did not then quite understand it, and my next picture assumed the appearance of a very poorly-executed mosaic. This was a large canvas upon which I painted the full-length portrait of my friend, the Bethel minister, holding a young sailor by the hand in friendly grasp.

About this time I became acquainted with a boarder in the same house, one Axel Adlersparre, a Swede, who I soon found to be a very remarkable man. He was of noble family, and had been page to the Princess Josephine, the consort of Oscar I. (then crown prince), for two years succeeding his graduation as ensign in the navy and finishing his studies at Carlberg's Military Academy, where he had attracted the Prince's attention by his advance in mathematical studies, and as the chief fencer of the class. We soon became warm friends, and it was by his advice that I chose portrait painting for my specialty. His own attention had been particularly called to that branch of the art by reason of his sister's studies, who, indeed, at this very time, was pursuing them in Paris at public expense, having gained a prize in the Academy at Stockholm.

It is almost impossible to overrate the influence this man had on my future life and conduct. Vastly my superior in learning and intellect, of a severe disposition and highly-polished manners, he would spare me not a whit when I did or said a foolish thing, and I sometimes hated him for his harshness in pointing out and ridiculing my faults and lack of *savoir faire;* but, however mortified I might be at the time, reflection soon showed me that he was right, and I would set about to reform. I had been out of society for ten years, among the most uncultured, and it was no wonder if I had absorbed much to be eradicated. We were much together, even shipmates afterwards, until he was summoned home by his friend,

King Oscar, when, in 1844, he ascended the throne. Adlersparre's history was romantic, but, of course, this is not the place for it. Suffice it to say, that after leaving the military academy he officiated two years at court as page to the crown princess; then taking French leave of the court, sailed in a merchantman for the south of France, when he parted with his uniforms, donned a common French seaman's rig, made several voyages before the mast in French ships, arrived at Toulon, shipped in the "Cyenne" American sloop of war, under Captain Percival, was recognized as a gentleman by that officer, and to him gave his real name, and confessed that he was an officer in the Swedish navy. Percival was relieved, and went home without betraying his friend, who remained till the end of the cruise as a common sailor. After his discharge in Boston he again met Percival, who made much of him and invited him to dine, appointing a noon dinner hour. It was one of the peculiarities of my friend that all the time he was in this country he wore a common sailor's blue jacket, with the white shirt collar open and spread over the collar on the jacket. In this guise he appeared at Commodore Percival's house on the day and at the hour appointed. The commodore had not yet arrived, but when he came his first question to his wife was: "Has a gentleman I invited to dinner arrived?" "No," she replied; "he has not." "That's strange, for he is a very prompt man." "By the way," his wife broke in, "there is a sailor in the kitchen waiting to see you." "The devil there is," was his reply. "That's the gentleman I invited, and he is a nobleman of high standing in Sweden, and an officer in their navy!" Of course, due apology was made, but my friend hastened to say that Mrs. Percival was perfectly justifiable in making him wait in the kitchen in the dress he wore.

He was suddenly called home, as before stated, his address having been discovered by letters written to his

sister, wherein he had mentioned Captain Percival, and, as he had informed the latter of his intention to make Buffalo his home, the Swedish consul was able to trace him there. It was in the spring of 1844 that we were together on board a schooner, waiting for favorable weather to sail for Chicago, when I went to the post-office for letters, and was informed that there was one for him to be delivered in person. I came and informed him of it, and when he came back to the vessel he said: "I must go home at once; I cannot stay; good-bye." The next day he went, and, though I had one letter from him, I never saw him again. I afterwards learned that he was made commodore of the navy yard at Carlscrona; that he drew upon himself a good deal of hatred in trying to reform the navy; that during the war of the rebellion here he commanded a Swedish frigate on our coast; that he afterwards resigned, became a broker or banker in Stockholm, represented that city in the lower house, on the democratic side, and that he died in 1879, just the year before I arrived in Stockholm with my family. A curious line of vicissitudes in a man's life — son of the governor of a province, naval cadet, page at court, runaway youth, common sailor, lieutenant, captain, commodore, banker, and radical member of legislature!

My meeting with Aldersparre, as before stated, took place very soon after my arrival in Buffalo, and almost immediately after my first crude attempts at art. He showed me a chart that he had made of Lake Erie from computations of distances and courses of those who then navigated its waters. I remember it was a model of beauty in its way, as his education in the military academy, where he had been particularly distinguished for mathematical advance, had eminently fitted him for topographical work. Indeed, it was on map making in connection with the United States survey of the port of

Beirout in Syria by the "Cyenne" sloop-of-war that he had been mostly employed by Captain Percival. I believe this map was the first real marine chart ever made of Lake Erie. The United States topographical survey had not then been completed, if indeed it had really begun.

XIX

SAILINGS ON THE GREAT LAKES

I WELL remember my first entrance upon the fresh-water ocean. It was a hot day in August when we left the lighthouse behind, with a pleasant light wind from the eastward. The schooner in which I had shipped was small — a mere toy she would seem in these days. Our crew consisted of four before the mast — captain, mate, and cook. I was warm and thirsty, but could find no water-cask or butt, and, on my speaking to the cook about it, he told me if I wanted a drink to "dip up a bucketful from 'long side." This was the first time that I realized that we were actually sailing in a fluid that my previous experience had taught me to regard as the most precious thing on board of a vessel — fresh water! I got my water, drank my fill, and, in direct violation of my conscience, threw the rest overboard!

We were bound to Chicago with a cargo of stoves and salted meats — pork, beef, etc. Our trip had nothing eventful, as the weather was beautiful, but I soon saw that I was the only real sailor on board. It is difficult to realize, even for one who was on the spot, that Chicago then was so insignificant a place. A few wooden warehouses strung along the creek on one side, a slaughter-house on the other, an unpaved street running in a general direction of the water, a wooden sidewalk and one brick store, a small two-story affair at that; the old stockade fort with the lighthouse near; and that is all I can remember of the present metropolis of the West. After discharging cargo we took in a load of wheat,

mostly from the prairie schooners, as the great covered wagons were called. I remember wheat was thirty-seven cents a bushel at the time, and fresh beef was sold for one or two cents per pound. Among the other vessels in port was the "Superior," a full-rigged ship, and on board of her was my friend of the North River steamboat, Charles J. Magill, who left her to join our schooner, a vacancy having in some way occurred. This, of course, was very gratifying to me, as it gave me the right kind of companionship, Magill being not only a first-class sailor, but a cultivated gentleman. His birthplace was St. Johns, Newfoundland, and he was well connected, even in the United States. We became firm friends, and our intimacy has never cooled, even though our destinies have, for more than fifty years, at the time of this writing, kept us 500 miles apart, he having settled in Chicago, where he still lives, in honored retirement.

After arriving in Buffalo, we still stuck to the vessel, and, late in October, the "Savannah" was again on her way to Chicago. At the time we left Buffalo the Indian summer had just set in; light winds and hazy or smoky, with a balmy air, very charming to the senses; but so thick was the atmosphere that nothing could be seen a hundred yards off. We sailed with a light fair wind, till, by our reckoning, we thought we must be near the entrance to Detroit River, then went ashore with a boat, seeing a faint outline of land, and found it to be Point Pele Island; thence shaped our course into the river, and went through it without a glimpse of Detroit, sometimes being guided by the noises from the shore, through Lake St. Clair and up the St. Clair River, hugging the Canada shore. I remember it was Sunday when we were passing up; the shore was visible, and in front of a cosy little cottage eight or ten nicely-dressed girls were enjoying

themselves with great hilarity. As we came in sight, Magill, who was reading one of Maryatt's novels ("Percival Keene," if I remember right), out of pure mischief made to them the Masonic sign recommended in that delightful book to the young midshipman, as a sure way of conciliating the first lieutenant if he should be cross. It sent the whole bevy into the house quicker than a flash, and I could have cursed my friend for depriving us of the pleasure of the sight of so much beauty. But, then, Magill was an engaged man!

The same smoky atmosphere continued all the way to Chicago. We could hear the voices of people talking in Mackinaw, but we could see nothing. It became necessary to be cautious in the rather intricate navigation of the straits, and, on one occasion, we anchored off the Beaver Islands and went on shore. We found Indians encamped there, and I recollect going into one of their wigwams to borrow an axe to cut some wood with; when I brought it back I found that I had hit it against a stone and dulled the edge. The old woman scowled fearfully at me, and looked at her men folks in a way that made my blood cold, but one of my shipmates advised me to offer him tobacco, which I did, and he accepted a small plug with a grunt of satisfaction. When we left, the old squaw was trying to sharpen the axe with a case-knife!

Pursuing our voyage through the same smoky atmosphere, southward along and near the Wisconsin shore, we could hear the sound of the waves on the shingley beach, and one delightful Sunday morning the church bells of Chicago informed us that we were off the port. We soon got a sight of the lighthouse, and its wooden pier, and before noon we were safely moored at the dock. Here we unloaded our cargo of stoves, apples, and other provisions, and took in the usual load of wheat for Buffalo. My only commercial venture was made on this

voyage, and so well was I satisfied with the result that I never essayed another. While we (Magill and I) were strolling round in Buffalo before starting on this trip, we happened to come in front of what was then called Cheap John's auction store, which was situated at the junction of Main and Commercial streets, or rather on the Terrace between the two, near the liberty pole. Spaulding's Exchange now occupies the ground. The auctioneer was eloquent over some shining cards of pen and pocket knives, and Magill, turning to me, said: "Let's bid on them and sell them when we get to Chicago; we can make something on the trade." I assented, and we did bid, our investment coming to about $25 each. When we tried to sell them at Chicago, we found that the auction room there was our only hope. As I remember, it took place in the aforesaid lonely brick store, and, by the worst luck, on a stormy night, when the whipping rain kept every decent man indoors. The result was that the stuff went for just what we had given for it, and we had the percentage — ten or fifteen per cent., I forget which — to pay besides; that is, it was deducted from the gross sale. We charged the transaction to profit and loss, mostly the latter, but we were advised to try to recover it by investing the remainder in feathers at twenty-five cents a pound, which we hoped to sell at considerable advance when we should get home, late in the fall, when the weather would make feather beds at a premium. Alas! "Man proposes," etc., etc. We, as the sequel will show, never got to Buffalo with our goods that year; not till the next spring, in May, did they get there, and then what was the good of live geese feathers at the approach of summer? A sale was forced, however, and I managed to get an offer of twenty-five cents a pound, which I concluded to accept, supposing I would get my money back, but here is where my failure as a merchant came to be patent. I had bought feathers in

heavy sacks, at the feather price, and the man I sold to insisted that he only bought what was in the bags. Something was mentioned in a decided way about "tear and tret" to justify the one-sided transaction. I made up my mind that I was not born a merchant, and from that time have never dealt in anything but real estate, and only once in that. If this is ever read by any one, he will see later on that neither were deals in landed property my forte.

We left Chicago early in the second week of November, the weather still mild and favorable for a deeply-laden schooner of small tonnage. Besides our regular cargo of wheat, we had stores for the Bois Blanc lighthouse on Lake Huron, whither we were first bound. All went well till we had passed the Manitou Islands and were entering the Straits of Mackinaw, when, in the afternoon of the 17th, a furious gale from the northeast sprung up, which compelled us to bear up for shelter. Running back before the wind we soon made land on both sides, but quite uncertain whether we were heading into Traverse Bay or the strait between the Manitou Islands, our hoped-for refuge. It had been the captain's intention to find safety in the bay on the south side of the South Manitou, by going round its southeastern point, but in some way we had got out of our course, so that we were heading for the open water between the two islands. It was dark when the error was discovered, and too late to be remedied. No one on board knew if there was water enough to sail through the passage, nor if any obstruction existed; but the venture must be made, so I took the lead and Magill the helm. We found clear sailing with an average of seven fathoms of water, and by 6 o'clock were safely sheltered from the storm. I had the first watch; the wind continued to blow from the northeast till 8.30 o'clock, when it suddenly chopped round to S.S.W., with a blinding snow storm and piercing

cold. As the vessel lay, she was hardly sheltered from this wind, only a small point preventing the full force of its violence. Finding the anchor drag, I stuck out a long range of chain, and it held. Here we weathered out the severest storm I have ever known on our lakes. We learned afterwards that eighteen vessels were lost that night, and that sixty lives had been sacrificed, either by drowning or by being frozen to death. One ship alone, the "Milwaukee," which went ashore at Michigan City, lost nine of her crew in the latter way through their inability to cut the cable, which prevented the stranded ship from drifting onto the beach, where they might have been saved.

Like nearly all of our lake storms, its violence was soon spent, but it was more than a week before we dare venture out of our safe harbor, and December had set in before we arrived at Bois Blanc lighthouse on Lake Huron, where we were compelled to anchor, as we had stores to deliver there. The weather at the time was cold, but the lake seemed to be sufficiently composed to augur a fair passage across it. As we were not sheltered from storms, we made what haste we could to land the stores, and soon we were under weigh again heading our course. This was in the forenoon; but we had hardly got our sails hoisted before the fresh breeze became a gale, and we were compelled to shorten sails as quickly as possible. Any one who has not been in a blow on this treacherous lake can hardly imagine how quickly the sea will rise. Very soon after starting, the head of the jib was blown away from some of the hanks, and I was sent out on the bowsprit to seize them on again. To facilitate this, the vessel was kept before the wind under the foresail, the mainsail not having yet been set, as it was thought best to reef it first. But as we were deeply loaded with wheat, the deck not being more than a foot from the surface of the water, a heavy plunge into a big sea sent me,

bowsprit, jibboom, jib and all, under. I did not lose my hold, but it seemed a long while before I emerged, and when I did the whole sail was spread out like a mat over the guys, and before I could get any of it in hand the whole was as stiff with ice as a plate of sheet iron. There was no one to assist me; the only other man who could have done so was Magill, and he was at the helm. Nothing could be done. I was obliged to get in to save my life, and the sail was left to gather more and more ice till a coating five or six inches thick enveloped it. We now tried to reef the foresail, for by this time it was blowing very hard and the sea was making fast; but we found it impossible to haul in the sheet, as the block had dipped into the waves, and thick ice had formed both on it and the ropes.

This was some time in the middle of the afternoon, and now there was nothing left for us to do but to steer before the wind as well as we could to prevent her broaching to. Still, the gale was not yet at its worst, but we had hopes that it might moderate, though we did pass a very uncomfortable night. After midnight the weather grew worse. It began to blow great guns, but by careful steering we managed to keep afloat. The captain was in his berth, sea-sick, and the mate had burnt his boots by the stove in the cabin, so that neither of them showed up on deck till morning, when the former stuck his head up the companion-way to inquire how we were heading, etc. I informed him, and he returned to his berth, asking us to do the best we could. We did not get the full force of the sea till we came abreast of Saginaw Bay, when the waves became terrible, and it required the utmost care to keep us from swamping.

The gale continued with unabated violence, the cold was so sharp that every drop of water that came on the vessel, or its rigging, congealed instantly, and a strange sight was visible; the whole forward part of the schooner

being seen through a mass of clear ice, six inches thick, while the ratlins in the fore-rigging were like an inverted staircase, a sheet of ice having formed from each ratlin, and all having an inward slant on account of the direction of the wind, most of the ice having formed from the spray in which the whole forward part of the craft was enveloped. We were heading for the Canada shore; but where and how we would land was a question none of us could even guess. But it is needless to describe the night; suffice it to say, it was as bad as it could be. Magill had the middle watch, and when I came on deck at 4 o'clock to relieve him, his advice to me ran something in this way: "Old boy, as near as I can guess the course and distance, we ought to be in Canada by daylight; now look out and pick out as soft a spot as you can to beach her on."

Having thus delivered himself, he, with his watch mate, one Washington Something-of-no-account, went to their berths in the forecastle, and were soon fast asleep. At 6 o'clock, as my mate came to relieve me at the helm, he said: "I think I see land; isn't that treetops I see?" Of course it was, and we were very near, but by good fortune the wind had hauled, so that we could skirt the shore, then about five miles off, as the returning day soon informed us. The wind, in gradually changing direction, had also greatly moderated, so that, by the assistance of the cook, we were enabled to hoist the mainsail and the flying-jib, and when breakfast was ready and the watch called all danger was passed, and the vessel was lying her course nearly parallel to the shore, which was now in plain sight. Gradually the wind veered to the northeast, so that we could head directly for the mouth of the river. During the day we contrived to thaw out the foresail, so as to enable us to hoist it, but the jib remained encased in a thick and constantly-increasing mass of ice. Indeed, so great was the accumu-

lation of this about the bows and forecastle that the poor vessel was by this time down fully eight inches by the head.

It was pitch dark in the evening before we came in sight of Fort Gratiot light, and, in order to shape our course for the entrance to the river, it was found that it would be necessary to jibe the foresail, as we had been going for some time wing and wing. In maneuvering to set the foresail, one of the braces of the square top sail had got foul of the peak; it had been allowed to remain so, but now, fearing that it would interfere with the proper evolutions necessary in changing course, the question came up: How was it to be cleared? The sea was high, the wind still blew fresh, and to crawl out on the gaff over the side of the schooner, when the least fault in steering would have suddenly taken the sail back and sent the whole thing with fearful velocity to the other side, was an act which even the stoutest sailor would unwillingly attempt. Nevertheless, the necessity existed, and the man was ready. Magill volunteered to go out and clear the brace, if I would go to the helm, which, of course, I did. "Now, my boy," he said, "look out; remember my life is in your hands." I bade him wait till I was ready. I had found that the compass was not to be relied on, as the sea pitched the little craft about like a wash-tub; so, taking off my peajacket and oil-cloth, I bared my neck, so that I could feel the wind blowing directly upon its back, then told him to go ahead. It was not a long job, perhaps not more than ten minutes, but never have I worked so hard to keep a ship's head straight before me! In fact, notwithstanding the cold and the wind, perspiration stood on my forehead till the task was done, and my friend was safely on the deck. Then we luffed a little, and the foresail came over to leeward, shaking the old craft to her very keel. We soon entered the river, anchored, and went to our well-earned bunks.

Next morning, at 8 o'clock, we were turned out, and we found that the courage of our officers had returned, and with it their sense of importance. As we had passed through a very fatiguing forty-eight hours, we were a little slower than usual in turning out, and we were rather amused than irritated by the "Come! Are you going to turn out to-day?" of the miserable beings whose lives and reputations we had saved. After clearing the windlass of ice in which it was bedded, so that we could weigh anchor, we passed down the river to Newport, where the brother-in-law of the captain had a ship-yard, and where his homestead was. Here we tied up the vessel, having learned that the St. Clair flats were frozen over, rendering it impossible to reach Buffalo for winter quarters.

It was decided to leave Magill in charge as ship-keeper. I have forgotten to state that our cook, whom we shipped in Chicago, was a Mormon missionary, who, according to his own statement, was bound for Palestine, having been ordered there by his superiors to convert the Mohammedans to the faith of the church of the Latter-day Saints. This strange being was a very solid specimen of humanity; no, the word solid is hardly the phrase, for, though large, he was a pale, phlegmatic man, whose heavy motions and heavier intellect gave small promise of physical energy. He was to find his way as best he could to his destination, without scrip and staff, etc. During the passage I had many talks with him about the book of Mormon, which he carried with him, and of which I knew not then the history. "Suppose," said I, "you get to Palestine; what will you do there when the only language you know is English?" His answer was a quotation from the New Testament, Mark xvi., 17: "In my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them."

I asked if he really believed that if I gave him a deadly poison in his drink it would not kill him; his answer was: "If I do not know it it will not hurt me;" and he actually seemed to believe what he said. We left him at Newport; but I have never heard what became of this apostle to the followers of Mohammed.

When the vessel was laid up, and all were ready, those who were to go to Buffalo made ready to cross the river to Canada. It was a sharp, cold winter morning, when all had donned their heavy wraps to commence the journey. As for myself, I had managed to put all my wearing apparel on my back, so that, in addition to two or three flannel shirts, and a corresponding number of drawers, trousers, peajackets, etc., I wore over all an oilskin, and on my head an oil cap made for stage drivers, besides a pair of thrummed mittens on my hands. While the rest were getting ready I happened to think of something I had left on board. I walked down to the dock, and from the jib-boom, which projected on to the dock, climbed on board, but, on returning, what with my heavy clumsy boots and my great mittens, I slipped on the foot-ropes and fell in. It was a bad time to take that cold bath, but I leisurely swam to the shore, and, as I emerged, met my friends coming down to embark. Of course, we had to go back to the tavern, where I had to borrow some dry things from the others, but so great was the mass of clothes I had on that none of my underwear had become wet!

In due time we made a fresh start. Arriving in Canada, a sledge with a pair of horses was hired for one day's journey. It was a common box sledge, and we were seated on boards laid across. The load consisted of the late E. Ward of Detroit, then a tall young man, the captain, mate, and three of the crew, six in all. I remember the trip as very pleasant. Mr. Ward told some very romantic stories of his warfare against the horse thieves

and robber gangs of the county; how he had even hired a man to join their lodge, to find out their secret doings, going even so far as to furnish the means of blowing up his own house, precaution being taken to catch the evil doers in the very act. In this he did not succeed, but the information which by this means he obtained proved valuable afterwards.

I think we were five days on the road, stopping for the night in various towns, and always in very comfortable quarters. At least, my companion and myself were invariably well quartered, the hotel-keepers, for some reason, either because they took us for the principals of the party, or, what is more likely, those men treated them less politely, they generally gave us the best bedroom. On one occasion — I think it was in Chatham — my chum and I were given the parlor bedroom, with silk and eiderdown coverlets, while the captain and others of the party had to be content with indifferent beds in cold rooms in the attic, as we afterwards learned when comparing notes the next day.

It was a few days before Christmas that we arrived in Buffalo, where I, as soon as possible, resumed my art studies in my old garret room.

XX

EXPERIMENTS IN HYPNOTISM

ALTHOUGH, during my life on the ocean, I had been deeply impressed with religious ideas they had not seriously affected my moral conduct. By nature prone to believe in the unseen, to which the awful grandeur and beauty of the ocean and the sideral heavens, so familiar to me in my lonely night-watches, added their influence, by education and motherly care imbued with the teachings of orthodox Christianity, I was painfully conscious that all these teachings and impressions had little, if any, effect on my life or moral conduct. My conscience was a Damocles sword that never ceased to threaten.

The natural sequence of my acquaintance with those interested in the Bethel Society was to become a regular attendant at the services of the Bethel Church, an unostentatious building on Perry Street, near Burwell Place, since used for manufacturing purposes. I was told by my new friends that it was wholly non-sectarian, a thing that to me spoke greatly in its favor, for in my juxtaposition with men, as well as by my reading, I had acquired a strong antipathy to sectarianism, believing, in my ignorance, in the possibility of a real catholic or universal church resting on the simple teachings of Christ as I understood them, and here was the ideal of my hopes. Though I soon discovered that my Utopian church was nothing more or less than Presbyterian, pure and simple, in form and doctrine, I found in the good pastor and his excellent family such a friendly reception that I never

gave the theological dictrines a thought. Then, too, I was immediately received as a friend by the youthful part of the congregation, and thus began an intimacy with some of the best young men of my own age who, from the older and more established churches, had come to help along the enterprise for the sailors' benefit. All are now gone to their reward and I am left alone, but their memory is sweet to me, and some of their names will necessarily appear as I proceed with my story.

The winter of 1842-3 was one of great religious movement in Buffalo, above all among the Methodists. "The Old Stone Church," on Niagara Street, afterwards sold to become a Jewish synagogue, and later demolished to give place to the Masonic Hall, was daily filled to overflowing, to worship and listen to the indefatigable eloquence of Mr. Woodruff and his zealous wife, whose gift at extempore prayer was such as to attract not only the anxious inquirer but even the admiration of cultured and critical ears. I often went there with my friend Adlersparre, who was deeply impressed with her supplicatory eloquence. Although he did not join the church, his interest was so great that he requested me to paint a picture of the building to take home with him. This I did; in return for which he gave me a Bible, which I still possess. I may add that the view was from the empty lot on the opposite side, which used to be called Hart's Garden, an open-air resort where circuses were wont to exhibit.

My friend Adlersparre had found a private boarding-house, kept by a very nice person, a young widow who lived in a small house, where she eked out her limited means by boarding a few of the better class of sailors. I was a frequent visitor there, and one evening, by unanimous consent, those present agreed to go and hear a lecture on animal magnetism (as hypnotism was then called) by one Collier, a self-styled professor. I have no recollection of the lecture, but the experiments were suc-

cessful, and to my fallow mind they seemed wonderful. The subject, new to the rest of us, was not so to Adlersparre, who was familiar with its history in Europe. He was skeptical, however, as to the genuineness of the phenomena, though evidently interested in the evening's performance. In talking over what we had seen, after we got home, I proposed to try an experiment on the landlady by putting into practice some instructions given by the lecturer, to which she, in a spirit of fun, consented. The result astonished us all, and most so myself, when I found that in a few minutes she was losing consciousness. I was frightened, and for the time desisted. On a subsequent evening the experiment was repeated, with the result that in less than ten minutes she was completely asleep and void of sensation. Since the last experiment, I had read up on the subject and was prepared for more intelligent investigation.

I may say that the air of Buffalo at this time seemed to be full of the subject of animal magnetism, though condemned and ridiculed by most of the medical fraternity as unscientific charlatanry; and even now, though after a half century of obloquy, it has forced itself into the category of obscure phenomena of nature; yea, even under its new name of hypnotism, been received into the honorable list of auxiliaries in treatment of diseases; the scientific intelligence of its advocates is called in question by those who hesitate to admit as science what savors of mystery; and yet the most potent agents of Nature are not more patent to our senses. I have heard a learned specialist in nervous affections, who makes use of hypnotism in his practice, assert that there is no difference between hypnotism and ordinary sleep, and I believe it is the opinion of medical practitioners that the mind of the operator has little, if any, part in the result beyond the leading suggestion. This may or may not be true; but does it not even then leave the phenomena of effects

unexplained? How much more so when nothing but questions are oral, and these free from everything leading to the answer expected?

Having learned that hypnotic subjects might be made to speak, on one occasion I asked the following question: "Will you tell me what you see?" In my imagination, my little studio, with its odds and ends, stood before me. The answer was a correct description of *what was in my mind.* Other questions of the same kind were equally correctly responded to. This was satisfactory to myself, though I could not expect them to be so to the others present, and I was particularly anxious to satisfy my friend, Mr. Adlersparre. I had read that communication might be established between others than the operator; that the rapport, as the term was, could be transferred. Acting on this, I took Adlersparre's hand and joined it to that of the lady, strongly willing that my power should be transferred to him, and that she would answer his questions. The experiment succeeded, and she ceased to respond to my questions, while she answered his freely. This gentleman, as will be remembered, had been in youth a page to the crown princess of Sweden, and as such was familiar with every room in the palace at Stockholm, and to the questions of what she saw she gave what he declared to be correct answers, even to the minutiæ of pictures on the walls, tapestries, curtains, etc. I well remember his exclamation at the end, "Well, I am convinced!"

I cannot now recall the numerous experiments on this lady; suffice it that they were often repeated, and that she became so sensitive at last that she felt my influence when she could not have known that I was in the house. In fact, I had read that a person might be so affected, and the next time I went in (it was soon after breakfast) I entered the house without ringing the bell, as is still quite customary in boarding-houses,

stepped into the front room, the dining-room and kitchen being just beyond. Here I tried to make my power over her felt by strongly willing that she should sleep. I did not know in what part of the house she was, but almost immediately I heard her cry out from the kitchen: "O! Mr. Lawrence, please stop; I cannot go to sleep now!" She afterwards told me that a dish she was wiping dropped out of her hands, so strong was my influence over her.

As before stated, animal magnetism was in the air. I had become known as a somewhat successful "magnetizer," and was frequently asked to try this or that one as we met in evening circles, or, indeed, at all times. I had already tried my power on Mrs. Black, my landlord's estimable wife, and with success, though the experiment went no farther than to produce sleep and insensibility. I suppose it was on that account that Captain Black one day, when I came in, introduced me to a young lady who, with some member of her family, was in the house on a visit. She was a young English girl, eighteen years of age, and the daughter of a respectable Wiltshire farmer who lived near the Eighteen Mile Creek bridge in the town of Hamburg, Erie County. They were a most simple-hearted, pious family, as I afterwards found on visiting them at their home. After an introduction, I was asked to magnetize Miss B——. She having assented, I began, and, after laboring for an hour and a half, the mental exertion I was making to steady my will bringing the perspiration in a stream down my face, I succeeded in producing a complete magnetic, or, if you will, hypnotic sleep, rendering her utterly insensitive to any pain we could, without injury, inflict upon her delicate frame. After experimenting in various ways, and, finding that she would talk and answer questions when put by me (to all others she seemed to be wholly deaf), I tried an experiment I had somewhere heard of,

viz., *the sympathy of taste.* To this end I stepped into another room, and various eatables and condiments were given me in secret by Captain Black. When I returned to the room I took something in my mouth, and, tasting it, asked her what I was eating. She, being blindfolded and the length of the room between us, invariably gave the correct answers. I then took some tobacco in my mouth, on which she showed great disgust, saying in a commanding tone, "Spit it out!" Of course, we were all astonished, and for my own part I have not yet seen any explanation of this phenomenon, although it was one of the simplest of our experiments.

I then resolved to try to make her travel with me. I said: "Will you take a journey with me?" She assented. I imagined myself going to Europe by way of New York. Of course, not a word was spoken as to where we would go. Suddenly I asked the question: "Where are we now?" "We are in a big city, and I see lots of ships," was the answer. "Where now?" I thought of a packet ship; there were few steamers in those days. In answer to my questions, she went on to describe the imagery of my mind, though one of her assertions astonished me. She said she saw a cow on board. Now cows were not uncommon on those voyages, but I was wholly unconscious of having thought of one. Possibly the image was latent in my brain. The answer to my next query was that we were in a small town. I had imagined Sundsvall, my native city, with its one long street and wooden houses. I then imagined myself before my mother's house. It had once been painted light green, but was then very much faded, as I knew, having been there but a few years before. "What kind of a house is this?" I asked. "I don't know," she said; "it appears to be a frame house." "What color?" "I can't see; it looks gray." "Well, let us go in. What do you see?" "I see a lady doing something; I cannot

tell what." "What does she look like?" She described my mother. At that time my mother, having been reduced to the necessity of earning her livelihood, had become a manufacturer of candies and comfitures, and kept a shop. By and by I asked another question: "What do you see?" "I see an old lady playing with candy."

Now I may as well state right here that at this time I did not think much about the philosophy of mesmerism. I was only twenty-five years of age, and quite unlearned on scientific subjects. I more than half believed in clairvoyance, and that these descriptions were more those of the actual, seen by the spirit of the girl, than the reflexes of my own imaginings, which I now think them. Still, the mystery is not lessened. Suppose the hypnotic was diseased, hysteric, a fool, a maniac, or anything you will; how does that explain that my inmost thoughts or imaginings could be read and told to others?

Well, our journey being ended, in imagination, of course, I suggested that we return. Just then Captain Black called me into another room, and whispered into my ear: "Take her to my house." This was in Evans, only a few rods from her home. I then asked: "Where are we now?" "We are on Main Street," was the answer. "Where now?" "On the bridge" (Eighteen Mile Creek bridge was in my mind). By this time she seemed fatigued, and the answer to my next question as to our whereabouts was, in rather a tired tone: "O, you know as well as I do." I had found that to get good answers to simple questions it was necessary to plead ignorance myself, for it seemed as if she thought me with her all the time, so I said: "My eyes are dim; I cannot see well. Will you not tell me?" "Oh, you know well enough," she again answered. "Tell me the color of the house." "It's white." "Now, won't you please tell me whose house it is?" As if quite out of patience, and in an angry tone, she almost shouted, "Captain Black's."

"Well, I declare," said this gentleman, "I am satisfied." I then woke her up and ended the seance.

This was the first meeting with this interesting young woman, but not the last, for as our acquaintance grew older our feelings for each other became mutually more and more tender, and it was not long before I thought myself very deeply in love. We often met at Captain Black's house in Evans, where I was visiting part of a summer, and when, indeed, I tried to paint a portrait of her.

One evening many neighbors were invited to see me magnetize her, among whom were her parents. The previously described experiments were successfully tried, and even some new to all. It was a time when much was written on the subject, and I always tried to produce the phenomena thus described. Everybody talked about phrenology in those days, and the greatest number believed in it as a science. I cannot say that I was one of this number myself. I knew next to nothing of the subject, and, though interested in what seemed occult and mysterious, my mind was and has always been of a skeptical turn, requiring absolute personal experience to produce belief in what I could not see demonstrated to the senses. Convinced, as I had been forced to be, by actual practice, that in some mysterious way I could at least cause my thoughts to be read and described by others, and that physical insensibility to pain could be produced on certain persons, that sympathy of taste and many other inexplicable phenomena might be exhibited by what was then called animal magnetism, I had stopped short of a belief in what was denominated clairvoyance, at least that sort whereby through the will-power of the operator the mind of the subject might be sent on excursions beyond his ken, and, although I had had some very interesting quasi evidences to the truth of this claim in my own experience, yet have I never believed that such things were really independent second sight, but that

the subject in some way felt, or, as it were, read impressions on my own brain not for the moment recollected by myself, as we know that things apparently forgotten often come back to our memories with great distinctness, even after years have passed.

I repeat that in phrenology, as then explained or taught, I had no belief, but I had read that by willing to impress certain organs curious results would ensue, and I, therefore, tried experiments in this direction. I only knew in a very general way the location of these so-called organs, or *bumps*, and I think now, as I suspected then, that the supposed localities had nothing to do with the results; these being, I think, directly from my imagination, superinduced by strong will. I put my hand on the region where I had heard that the organ of reverence lay, and willed hard. The result was that my subject broke out into singing hymns and shouting, as they were in the habit of doing in the Methodist prayer meetings (her family were Methodists). This was the last of the series of experiments, which had continued an hour and a half.

I had also read that the mesmerized person might be made to awake at any hour fixed by the magnetizer, and this I also resolved to test at the time. Now mark, Miss B—— was seated with her back to the clock in the room. I asked her to awake at 10 o'clock (it lacked about ten minutes of it). Naturally, all eyes sought the face of the clock, and, strange to say, precisely as the hand approached the hour, and before the clock began to strike, her eyes opened. Still, she was not fully awake, and wholly unable to rise; in fact, it took me at least five minutes before I could get her to stand, and then she seemed very much fatigued. I took her out into the evening air, and, after she was sufficiently revived, I inquired how she felt. She said that she was perfectly happy, and felt as if she had been to camp meeting!

XXI

EXPERIENCES ABOARD AND ASHORE

WHEN I returned to Buffalo, I found the vessel to which I was at the time attached gone, with all my goods and chattels, and not a dollar in my pocket. As I knew that her destination was Cleveland, this gave me small uneasiness, and I soon found another vessel thither bound, on which I was allowed to work my passage.

Arriving at Cleveland I found my vessel already gone, and this left me a total stranger without money; but empty pockets in a sailor's life is too common a state to cause anxiety; so I took out my sketch-book and a pencil — which I had bought for the few cents I found in my pocket — and resolved to pass the time till evening as best I might. I was not hungry and shelter was not needed, as the weather was warm and beautiful. As I remember, what is now Euclid Avenue was then a verdant and rather picturesque bit of nature, commanding a lovely view of the lake, and here I spent nearly all the afternoon in blissful content. Toward evening, however, the inner man began to grumble and I went down to the docks hoping to find employment on some vessel. I was so fortunate as to find a small schooner in want of a man, but I had to wait till morning, as the captain was not on board. My informer was a big Irishman, who, as I turned to go, called me back. "I say, have you got any money?" "No," I replied, "but that's nothing, as I shall probably get a berth in the morning." "Here is half a dollar, shipmate; it will get you a meal

and lodgings. If you ship you will pay me, and if you don't you are welcome to it anyway." I need not say I took it thankfully. Next day, when I came down, I was engaged as one of the crew of the schooner. It was the "Nicholas Biddle," and the captain, who afterward became my warm friend and whose portrait I painted after I had retired from the sea and become a tolerably successful painter, was the well-known and highly respected Thomas Perkins.

I made many trips in this vessel between Buffalo and Cleveland, generally in ballast from the former place, our down freight being flour and wheat, the latter being poured in bulk over the flour barrels after they were properly stowed so that they filled the hold. The wheat, acting as a fluid, of course filled all the space between the barrels. I remember this because of a curious accident thence resulting to myself, when we began the work of discharging. It required a good deal of exertion of strength to break out the first barrel out of the wheat. This was done by catching hold of the farther chine with a cotton hook and thus ending-up the barrel. I had a good hold, and, although putting forth all my strength, at first the effort seemed to have no effect, until the wheat began to run into the small space my exertion had made under the barrel, when up it came so suddenly that the hook slipped off, and my clenched fist struck me between the eyes and knocked me insensible. It was the only time I have ever been knocked down, the only time I ever lost consciousness.

My friend Adlersparre had continued to board with Mrs. Q——, and seemed to have formed a sincere friendship for her, which I have no reason to believe to be other than purely platonic. Her means were slender, and I suspect it was all she could do to get along. Whatever the reason, she decided to contract a second marriage; this time to a Canadian Irishman whose name I have for-

gotten. She very soon found that she had made a great mistake, her present husband turning out a good-for-nothing drunken loafer, who wanted nothing but her belongings to dispose of for rum, etc. In fact, he informed her that he was going to take everything away from the house, as by law it was his. In her distress she sought help from her sailor friends, and we thought she had better see a lawyer. We fixed upon the late B—— A——, then of the firm of A—— & L——, in the old Exchange Building on Main Street, below Swan. It was a queer-looking building, the iron stairs that led up to the law office being at the back of a sort of recess with a paved area to the street.

We found Mr. A—— and stated our case, or rather the case of our friend. He said the man had the law on his side, but that it would be hard if between a lawyer and two smart sailors we couldn't baffle the scamp and save the woman's goods and chattels; only there was but one way he could think of, and that was to get hold of the stuff and hide it so that the man couldn't find it; but whatever was done must be done at once. "But where could we carry it?" Reflecting a moment, he said: "If you can get it here, I think it can be stowed away in an empty room above my office." Gratified with our success so far, we paid what money we had — not a large fee — I think it did not amount to five dollars — and immediately set about our work. This was early in the day, and before noon we had all the bedsteads, bedding, chairs, tables, everything, snugly bestowed in a low sort of garret right under the roof, and so intricate was the way thither that we felt certain that everything would be safe.

No sooner was everything made shipshape, as we thought, when a new difficulty arose. Even while in the office to make my report the irate husband appeared. As I was only an occasional visitor at the house, my personal

appearance was unknown to him, and I was thus, as a stranger, permitted to witness what took place. With his face purple with rage, he suddenly burst into the office, and in an angry voice addressed the astute man of law, who stood facing his table, from which he had just snatched up a bundle of documents, which he seemed to be examining. "Mr. A——, I want my furniture." Calmly turning from his paper to look at the intruder, with a surprised stare, Mr. A—— asked him to state his business. "I tell you I want my things, and I'll have them." "What are you talking about? What things?" "Oh, you know well enough that my furniture has been stolen from my house and taken into this building." "Why, man, you must be drunk; what have I got to do with your furniture?"

On finding that he could get no satisfaction from Mr. A——, though he claimed that a friend of his had seen the goods carried there, he left, threatening all sorts of vengeance. Early in the afternoon I was sent for, and when I arrived Mr. A—— said: "You heard what the fellow said, and I have been thinking it over. He may get out a search warrant, and, though the things are really not on my premises, being in the attic, which does not belong to me, they may be found, and your friend may lose them. It is too late to-day to get a warrant, but he may to-morrow, and the stuff must be got out of the building to-night. In fact," he said, "it must be stolen and hidden somewhere else. I must think it over. Come in with your friend in a couple of hours, and we will see what can be done."

When we appeared again he had formed his plan. "I have arranged with my friend Mr. M——, who has a place on the Central Wharf, to allow the goods to be stored in his warehouse." "All right, sir; what shall we do?" Turning to me, he said: "Come to my house at 3 o'clock to-morrow morning, and get the key of the prem-

ises. You must have a man with a cart ready near by who can be depended on; then all you have to do is to commit burglary, get everything on the cart, and take your load to Mr. M——'s store." We agreed to do our best, though for myself and my noble friend it was new business.

At the appointed hour I appeared at the back gate of Mr. A——'s residence on Washington Street, and there I found the learned lawyer dressed and ready for the street. I took the key, and, on arriving at the office, found my associates ready for the job. As there were people sleeping in the building, we had to be very cautious, so, taking off our boots, we entered in our stocking feet, and, as we knew just where to find the plunder, had no difficulty in getting it down and on the cart. But, just as we were about starting, a watchman awoke, and, coming up, asked what we were doing. I pointed to Mr. A——, who had been watching the proceedings from across the street, and told him to ask him. He seemed to have been satisfied, for, instead of molesting us, he took his way in the opposite direction from where we were bound. At the foot of Main Street we unloaded and dismissed the cart, and when it was out of sight we carried up the furniture, and by 4 o'clock all was snugly stowed under a lot of junk and sails in the loft of the warehouse.

My studio at this time was in the library of the Bethel Church, which, as it was never used except on Sunday for the Sunday school, my worthy pastor allowed me to use. Among my shipmates I had found a devoted friend; he was a Shetlander, by name of Williamson, by all odds the smartest, most intelligent, and daring sailor I ever knew. He was very young and very beautiful; indeed, his manly beauty was quite remarkable. His good nature was inexhaustible, and in my studies he became my constant companion, ready as model, helper, or caretaker of

my room. I painted a full-length portrait of him in a group of two, the other being our friend Mr. Taylor, my idea being to symbolize in this way the benefit of religious instruction to the seafarers. The greatest difficulty was, as I recall the circumstances, to give my picture breadth of color and chiaroscuro. I had a crude notion of these qualities, but no one to guide me to the simple means by which the results could be effected. I would drag my big canvas, some seven or eight feet high, up into the church, and stand it in or near the pulpit, then go off into the organ loft to see what distance would do, and this was what I found — the farther off, the more crude and patchy it looked! What would I not have given for a single lesson!

I also painted here a forecastle scene, which even now hangs in my studio. It is in the feeling of Rembrandt, though at the time I never thought of that great painter, Raphael, alone, being my standard. But the light that comes into a forecastle must needs be Rembrandtesque, and I cannot now look on that picture without a feeling of grief to think of the possibilities that are in its treatment, had I not been compelled to turn my whole attention to portraiture. Another attempt was at a scene from the Bible, Joseph and Potiphar's wife. Joseph I painted from myself, and I really think I managed fairly well the foreshortening of the hands, as he makes a gesture of horror at the attack upon him; but, as I had no model for the lady, who was represented semi-nude, I was compelled to evolve her out of my inner consciousness, and all who have tried that experience, especially at the commencement of their art life, must know how signally I failed. I did, however, succeed in shocking the ladies who on Sunday morning entered the library in search of books.

Some time during the spring of 1844 I made the acquaintance of Mr. Charles Bellows and his lovely wife

and sister-in-law, Miss Sarah E. Farrar. Mr. Bellows' family consisted of himself, his wife (born Champney, a cousin of the artist, B. Champney), and two children; Miss Farrar, half-sister of Mrs. Bellows, also being one of the family. I painted all five, cabinet size, for the nominal price of $15, the actual consideration being a gold fob chain said to be worth $18, but which I parted with for a silver watch, an old fashioned "bull's eye," after I had ascertained that the utmost I could sell the chain for was $7. I may as well finish this story by remarking that a few years afterwards I pawned it in New York for $1.50, and never redeemed it. I am not sure but that allowing it to go by default was the wisest transaction of the whole.

The summer of this year was spent in the service of the government in a topographical survey of the Great Lakes. I acted as coxswain of a boat, under the orders of Lieutenant Simpson and Lieutenant Abert, Captain Williams, afterwards killed in Mexico, being chief. We surveyed the bay and river mouth at Sandusky, and afterwards at Maumee Bay and Toledo. This was the year of the political campaign for president. Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen had already been nominated by the Whigs, if I remember rightly. The Democrats had not yet perfected their nomination while we were at Sandusky, but the people were expecting the news every day. Of course, this was before the days of the telegraph, and much anxiety was felt. Everybody in Sandusky supposed it would be Polk and Wright, and a big flag, with an immense eagle of my own drawing, was all ready with these names in biggest kind of letters, when the news came that it was Polk and Dallas. "Wright" was immediately ripped out, and "Dallas" put in place, and the grand banner, destined to victory, was triumphantly swung to the breeze; but almost everybody about seemed to be inquiring who the devil "Dallas" was!

XXII

SAIL FOR HAVANA, END OF SAILOR LIFE

THE companionship of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, as well as Mr. Abert, did my mind and heart good, for they were good people, but my body came near being wrecked by the river miasma in which we so constantly lived and breathed, and, though we were afterwards ordered to Detroit, I could not remain, but left for Buffalo, whence, by a doctor's advice, I went to New York to take a sea voyage. Of money I had but little, for nearly all I had earned during the summer went for debts contracted during the winter, but I found a captain of a canal boat willing to take me to Troy if I could pay my board during the trip. For this he charged me $4, and this I paid out of the small remainder of my summer's work. We were eleven days going down, and a beautiful trip it was.

On getting to New York, I, by some means that I cannot recall, became acquainted with a Swede by the name of Swanson, who was janitor at Clinton Hall, and with whom I boarded while waiting for a chance to ship. I was permitted by my friend to occupy a small antechamber in the building while copying an old picture, which one of the members, one Mr. Wood, of Canandaigua, I think, bought of me, and even began to give me sittings for a portrait. This, however, was never finished, mainly, I think, because he soon saw that I was not far enough advanced in art. He left a few dollars for me, but I never again saw him; and it was not long after that

when I was ignominiously turned out of my improvised studio by some of the officers of the society.

It was not easy to get a ship, since I did not board in a regular sailor boarding-house, but at last the opportunity came. I found a barque going to Havana, and, as that suited me well, I was soon installed as one of the crew. It is curious that at this writing I can neither recall the name of the vessel nor that of her captain. It will be remembered that I was a religious man, and when I found that one of the conditions of the ship's articles was that "No profane language was to be allowed on board," I flattered myself that I had fallen in a pleasant place, but I was soon undeceived, for a more profane man I never had sailed with; even the little son, who with his mother was on board, swore like a trooper. However, I feared nothing for myself, as I knew my duty, and intended to do it. My health was soon perfectly restored, and I have now no reason to regret the voyage, as my digestive organs have run smoothly ever since, and at this writing I am in my seventieth year!

Our passage to Havana, and stay there, was without notable incident, at least so far as I was concerned. Some difficulties and hard words, and even blows, had passed between the officers and one or two of the crew — mainly growing out of the ignorance or inefficiency of the latter, but no open insult was put upon me. From Havana we sailed for Appalachicola, Florida, and here we learned for the first time that it was expected that we should take in a cargo of cotton for some port in Europe. On demurring to this, we were told that we were shipped for six months, and so indeed we were, but as a coasting craft. I had carefully read the articles when I shipped, and they read: "In for Havana and thence to port or ports in the United States"; but when the captain produced the papers to show us that we were bound, I found that an interpolation had taken place, "and out of" hav-

ing been inserted in the copy shown us, so that it read "thence to port or ports in and out of the United States." I told the captain so, and he was pleased to call me a sea lawyer, etc. As none of us could endure the thought of spending four months more in this vessel under such disagreeable and even cruel officers, a scheme was contrived to regain our liberty. Two of the men indicted the captain for ill-usage and illegal shipment, and the rest of us were subpœnaed as witnesses. On the trial it was found that these men and two others had a strong case, the illegality consisting in having shipped them without giving bonds, and for which he was liable to $400 fine in each case. Thus he was fain to let them go.

Not so with me; I could neither prove cruelty nor illegality; the interpolation I could not prove, and thus I lost my case, and was compelled to resume my duties on board. Thus there were but two of us left of the whole crew, and, as the vessel lay several miles out from the city, the prospect of obtaining our cherished freedom seemed far enough off. However, as the lawsuit was still pending in regard to the men above mentioned, who obtained their freedom, the captain, being obliged to attend court, ordered me to row him ashore in the dingy. On our way he began to talk to me, saying that he supposed I would run away, etc. I told him frankly that it was my intention, but that I was not prepared to do so that day. Indeed, I had nothing on but an undershirt and a pair of duck trousers, and was wholly without money. He simply remarked that I might run if I liked; he could catch me easily enough. I was left in charge of the boat while he went to the court house, and soon one of the men who had been discharged came down to the boat and suggested that I might not find a better chance to leave than then, saying that about two miles from the city I would find a swamp, or piece of woods, where I could hide till night, when he would meet me

on the road near the city with food, etc. I instantly made up my mind to take his advice, and forthwith made as much of a bee-line for the woods as I could. It was a thick, swampy, primordial piece of forest, and I penetrated into it as far as I thought necessary for safety from pursuit. Like all swamps, a good portion was under water, but I succeeded in finding a dry spot between two trees that had grown together near the roots, and there I spent the rest of the day, viz., from 10 A. M. till the stars came out overhead. It was a queer experience; every now and then near me I would hear something splash in the water, which I afterwards learned must have been some plunging alligator. I was very hungry, had lost my hat and one shoe in the thicket and bog, and, though free, I was not happy. When I thought it safe to emerge from the woods it was nearly dark, and before I found my way out it was wholly so, and I lost my reckoning entirely till I got a glimpse of some familiar stars, and thus was able to guess in which direction the town lay, and I shaped a course accordingly, hoping to meet the friend who had promised to bring me food. After alternate climbing over prostrate trees or tentatively making my uncertain way along some hoary giant of the forest till I would tumble off into water waist-deep, or forcing my way through tangled underbrush and creepers, I found myself at last outside the swamp, and saw the lights of the city. Having found the road leading thither, I approached it with caution, and it was well I did, for from my shadowy coigne of vantage I could perceive two men who seemed to be on the lookout for some one. I learned afterwards that they were after me. I made up my mind that the country was my safest direction, and, therefore, carefully keeping in the shadow of the forest, I made the best of my way in an opposite direction to the city.

Though the night was moonless, the stars shone

bright, and I soon came upon a road which led to some woods in a different direction from the swamp from which in such pitiable state I had but just emerged. For a while I followed the road, which was easily seen, even in the shadow of the forest which I had entered, on account of its whiteness, being composed mainly of shell sand; but soon I was at a loss, as a large tree lying across it gave evidence that it was no longer used, and would probably lead to no human habitation. Retracing my steps to find another way, I suddenly became aware of a light in the distance, but I could find no path that led to it. However, as I was hungry and wet, hatless and with but one shoe, I felt that I must make my way there at all hazards. Shaping my course in as direct a line as the forest trees and other obstructions would permit, I went on, keeping my eyes fixed on the light. It was the roughest walk I ever had; at least, in my then exhausted state so it seemed; I kept stumbling and falling over logs and roots that in the thick woods I could not see, till bruised and sore I emerged to find myself no nearer than before to my destination. However, on I went a rod or two on what seemed a plain before me, till suddenly I sunk to my waist in a marsh. It was all I could do to get out, and when I did I was wet through all over. I made up my mind that the light I saw was an ignis fatuus of a swamp, but I learned afterwards that it was a lighthouse on the farther side of the bay.

Of course, I was obliged to retreat and try to find another road, but I must say I was almost discouraged by my day's adventure. At last I came upon a white path or road, which I began to follow, when suddenly I heard the barking of dogs. I do not like to meet strange dogs in the night, but so great was my misery that the noise of the beasts was music to me, as I knew it indicated an approach to the abode of men. Before I knew where I was, or before I could see anything in the shape

of a dwelling, I was set upon by four or five big hounds, that came rushing as if to devour me. I stopped short and faced them, and, as my sheath knife had been lost in one of my many tumbles, and I had no other weapon of defense, I resorted to my voice, advancing towards them and yelling. This seemed to keep them at bay till a voice from somewhere in the darkness called them off, at the same time demanding to know who had ventured to intrude upon his premises. I told him who, or rather what I was, a runaway sailor that wanted shelter for the night. "Is that you, Lawrence?" came from another voice. "Come in." The latter speech I found to come from one of my quondam shipmates, who, while his case was on trial at the court house, had decamped, to make sure in case the judgment should have gone against him. (I learned afterwards that it did not, and had he had the courage to stay he would have been discharged with pay, and had his chest of clothes sent to him; all of which he lost through cowardice.)

He was an Irishman, a young man of twenty-two or thereabouts. I have forgotten his name, but I think we called him Bill, a useless sort of a fellow as a sailor, being, in fact, no sailor at all, and one of the men who claimed his discharge on account of cruel and harsh usage. Nevertheless, as it proved, he was a good fellow on shore, and his heart, though not very brave, was rightly situated.

I entered the hut; it had but one room, a couple of bunks and a fireplace. The fire was out, as it was past midnight, but I threw myself down on the uneven boards of which the floor was made, and was soon asleep, to wake up about every half hour to turn over to warm the side which had been uppermost, for it was mighty cold sleeping in my wet clothes. But daylight came at last, and with it some bacon and potatoes — what a sumptuous repast! We were only two miles from town. The owner

of the premises was a butcher of sheep, and my friend Bill had been working a couple of days for him. He then informed us that we would better be going, or the officers would probably find us; so he gave my friend two dollars and a pair of brogans, and early the next morning (it was New Year's day, 1845) we went our way, intending to tramp it to Pensacola, some two or three hundred miles distant. It was twenty miles to St. Josephs, an almost deserted town west from Appalachicola. The road was loose sand, and very heavy to walk in, but we reached the first stage of our proposed journey by 6 o'clock in the evening. As we only had the two dollars in money, and a prospect of several hundred miles before us, we knew that we would have to beg, unless we could get work on the way, and, as we were passing a farm house, the only one on the road, I proposed that Bill, who seemed to be used to such things, should ask them for food; not that we needed it, but I wanted to see what the prospects might be. It was a failure; the woman wouldn't give us even a crust.

On arriving at St. Joseph we encountered three men in the street. One was evidently a gentlemanly sort of man, about thirty years old. He was talking to a large-sized German, while an Irishman, a laborer, was listening. The first man spoke to us, and asked who we were, where we were going, etc. I told him simply the truth, and he said he thought he had seen me in the court house. When we inquired where we would be likely to get lodgings for the night, he turned to the Irishman and said, "Pat, take them to Briggs's," explaining to us that Briggs kept the only tavern in town. So, thanking him, we started with our Hibernian friend. After we were out of sight of the others this man said: "Have you got any money?" We told him very little. "Well," said he, "if that's the case, you'd better not go to Briggs's; there it is (pointing out a fair brick house not far off), but if you

take my advice I think you can be better accommodated by a friend of mine." We told him to take us there. It was only a little walk from our first destination. In a neat frame house, with a garden back of it, bounded by a barn, we found a plump little woman of thirty-five, perhaps, who proved to be the wife of the big German we had seen at first. After she had heard our story and sent away our guide with the injunction not to say where he had left us, she burst out in a kind of chuckle, not unmixed with temper: "Ha! ha! Do you know that Briggs is a constable, and that the man that sent you there is a deputy sheriff, who has been here two days hunting for you? He would have had an easy time with you if you had slept at Briggs's." "But," said I, "he will know that we are here, and won't he come here?" "No," she said, "you are safe here, for he dare not come to my house."

On my expressing some doubtful astonishment at the assured manner in which she delivered herself, she took down a pistol from the clock case and fired it off into the wall, saying, as she did so, "That's what he will get if he comes here, and he knows it." She then reloaded the weapon and put it back in its place. Inquiring as to the cause of her evident ill-will, she told us that his horse had destroyed the cabbages in her lot, and when she asked for reparation he had simply laughed at her. Her husband came home soon after, and said that he had been employed in moving some household goods for the last man who had moved away; that there were then only five families in the place, the rest having gone to Appalachicola, St. Joseph having been deserted because all the trade had gone from there. Our protectors used to keep a sailor boarding-house, when in former days St. Joseph was something of a seaport, and had a lingering affection for sailors.

The old Irishman came back the next day to inquire

after us, but was not allowed to see us, being told that we had already left town on our tramp. The children, too, when asked by the deputy, told the same story. But they were not believed, as there were no tracks in the sandy road to show that we had left. We remained two days in this house, for which we paid out the two dollars of Bill's money, besides doing some chores about the garden, though most of the time we were concealed in the barn loft, from whence we sometimes could see our enemy peering round for tracks. On the evening of the second day, our good landlady informed us that as the deputy sheriff had not left town she feared that he had sent for assistance from Appalachicola, and that we would better decamp, which she said we could easily do early next morning, as the officer was going hunting and would be absent for that day. So at 3 o'clock in the morning, armed with a loaf of bread, the parting gift of our friend, we set off, but not in the direction we originally intended. There was an old disused railroad from St. Joseph to a place called Iola, near the Appalachicola River, which we were advised to follow. It would take us to some settlements on the swamp near the river, and we could doubtless obtain work there for a while, until we could with safety go back to the city. So careful was I that we should not again be tracked that we avoided the sand as much as possible, and where it was absolutely necessary to cross it we went backwards. Once on the rails, and the sand brushed off them, everything was easy.

But it was a dreary day's tramp. We were told that we would have to walk twenty-seven miles before we would come to any settlement, and this we found to be the case. For most of this distance we were obliged to walk the rails, as the ground around was overgrown with high brambles, whose thorns would tear our clothes and flesh. Once in a while a piece of water would be passed, whose presence was known to us by the "kerchunk" of

an alligator that had been sunning itself on the bank, and whose slumbers we had disturbed. On one occasion a long trestle-work over a dry swamp had to be traversed. I think it must have been more than a half a mile across, and about thirty to forty feet in depth. The bottom seemed to be made of nothing but black mud and cypress roots, whose conical stumps, three or four feet high, seemed to invite an impalement. Of course, the place swarmed with snakes, and, as my companion held these graceful animals in holy Irish horror, he was compelled to creep on hands and knees the whole distance, while I on the other rail walked erect, being at that age as safe footed and sure of my balance as a monkey. Of course, I was a long way ahead, and, after I reached terra firma, I remember how amused I was at the comical figure my poor friend made.

It was a very warm day, the sun beat freely upon us, not a tree nor a bush to shade us, and, of course, we were exceedingly used up and hungry about 5 o'clock when we met some people, Yankee farmers, whose house was near. We stopped and asked if we could get work, stating our exact position and needs, but we were told to go on three miles farther to neighbor Wilson, who would probably take us in. Those three miles were hard ones, especially as we had no certainty of better welcome, but we got there about 6 o'clock, just as they were sitting down to supper. As usual, the dogs announced us, and a genial looking man came out, to whom we told our tale. "Come right in, shipmates, and fall to," was his hospitable greeting. "If you are willing to work you can stay as long as you like." We found Wilson to be an English ship carpenter, who had married the daughter of a settler, who had "left him the farm he had there and the daughter for his bride."

We were very comfortably quartered in a log-cabin near the house, and for the six weeks I staid had nothing

to complain of, being well fed and respectfully treated, though the work was at first somewhat hard upon me, through want of experience in handling either axe or beetle, as, I think, the large driving mallet, or chunk of hickory, trimmed down to form a handle, used in splitting rails, was called. I shook my hands to jelly at first in trying to chop down trees, and never quite learned the art of hitting the wedge or tree in the right way, so as not to jar my whole nervous system.

The farm was a large one, situated on the borders of a swamp, as this sort of lake full of cypress and gum trees was called. The water was clear, sweet, and browned by fallen leaves, ranging from two to ten feet in depth, and well stocked with snakes and alligators. The former troubled me most, at least in apprehension, for it was quite a common thing to see them coiled on the large moss-covered sycamore branches in large numbers, as they lay warming themselves in the sun, while we paddled our little dugout right under them in navigating the swamp, our most common mode of conveyance. I remember once being badly scared, when Wilson hit a branch of a tree with a paddle, which caused a large number of the reptiles to drop down into the water, just missing our canoe. Near our place was a large expanse of deep water called "The Dead Lakes," which was, in fact, a real lake some fifteen miles across, with numerous islets, all covered with a thick growth of moss-covered trees, very solemn in appearance, suggestive of hidden danger and filling the imagination with possibly uncanny inhabitants. I was informed that they were often the refuge places of runaway negroes, and that from these natural safe retreats they were in the habit of sallying forth by night to forage for pigs and poultry belonging to the neighboring settlements, and that nobody cared to follow them into their strongholds. In fact, a pig or a fowl was scarcely missed in those neighboring oak and

pine woods, where they (the former, especially) were allowed to roam at will, to find food from the products of nature, and hence, having sated their hunger with acorns and other nuts, they would make their way to the edge of the swamp to enjoy their siesta in the tepid waters till, not unfrequently, a big alligator had poor piggy by the hind leg, pulling him out into deep water to make a feast of him.

I mention this, as my host informed me that these saurians often made great havoc in the porcine line, and were very troublesome on that account. The inhabitants did not seem to fear them otherwise, though bathing was not a common practice in those waters. And yet, I remember a trip on the Dead Lakes, which gave me far from pleasant feelings, for in crossing in our little canoe on a pleasant sunny day so many great monsters were in our way that it became necessary to push them aside with the paddle before we could, with safety, proceed. A dugout is a very uncertain thing, and O, so easy to capsize!

One story told by Mr. Wilson, and I have done with 'gators. A neighboring farmer had been out hunting wild turkeys, and had shot one, which fell into the swamp. Leaving his rifle on the shore, he waded out waist deep till, just as he was about to lay his hand on the bird by a young gumtree, a big alligator showed his nose within a few feet of him. This caused him to neglect his prize, and to make his way up the tree very fast indeed. Once out of the reach of the jaws of death he looked down, thinking the turkey would be a satisfactory tribute for his invasion into the home of the beast; but, alas! the jaws were kept open, the alligator's eyes being bent toward him, as if it had plenty of time and could wait until he was ready to come down. The turkey was ignored. In this strait there was nothing to do but to halloo, and this he did so lustily that Wilson heard him

and came to see what was the matter. A canoe was at hand, but in his haste to assist his friend he forget the gun, and when he came to the battle-ground he was actually obliged, so he averred, to hit the "varmint" one blow with the paddle before he disappeared. The man and turkey were both saved.

During the time I lived there I had occasion to rebuke Wilson for his habit of profanity, and this coming to the ears of the Yankee farmer first encountered, he made me an offer, through my host, to go over to his place to teach school, for he had several children, and the reason for his sending us off in the first place was through fearing, being sailors, we would teach his children to swear! I hardly need say his offer was refused.

Spring drawing nigh, I began to be anxious to get away, but my boss was in no hurry, and kept putting me off with the statement that the vessel I had deserted from was still at Appalachicola (she had been gone a long time, I afterwards learned), and, therefore, I staid till I would stay no longer. And so one morning, with twelve dozen eggs, the wages given for six weeks' work, a ragged cotton shirt, a pair of trousers worn to ribbons up to the knees, barefooted, and with a piece of straw hat picked up in a field (thrown away by some richer tramp), behold me on my way, in a cotton boat from Marietta, Georgia, bound down to Appalachicola on the river Chipola, a tributary of the Appalachicola River, which it joins only a mile below my friend Wilson's farm.

On arriving at Appalachicola my first break was for a sailor boarding-house. I was well received, notwithstanding my beggarly appearance, and as soon as I was housed I began to look for work. My eggs were taken by the landlord for two dollars, and with this I at once procured a stout pair of shoes. My search for work was aided by the same friend of the seafaring man, and in an unexpected way. He had found out that a certain

drug store was in want of a sign, and, learning that I was a *painter*, asked me if I could undertake the job. I would have undertaken the painting of a church, or a barn, or a fence, just then, and I told him I could do the work if I had the paints and brushes. To be sure I never had painted a sign, but I felt confident of success. I went to the store; they had a long plank ready made to put up, but there was no man in town equal to the artistic part. With great labor I lugged the board home on my shoulder, and, having had a brush and some white and black paint advanced me from the store, I soon made a fair job of the lettering, "Drugs and Medicines," in good capitals, copied carefully from a printed book. My reward was two dollars, minus something for materials. It was soon known that an "artist" was in town, and the next applicant was a clothing store. I think the design was "Smith & Knowles, Boots, Shoes, Hats, and Clothing." This had to be painted on the brick wall over the store door, and I remember what trouble I had to borrow a ladder, having to drag a heavy one several blocks to my work. By this time I was ready for a lawyer's sign on a tin plate at $1.50, so that, altogether, during the week, I earned enough to buy me a cheap suit of clothes, which, if coarse and homely, were clean and fairly decent, enabling me even to show myself in church, which I did the first Sunday. In the meantime I also painted a small picture, the subject being Samson and Delilah, which went to the landlord for my ten days' board, having by that time found a chance to work my passage in a schooner to New Orleans. Here I only remained two days, or perhaps three.

In order to pay my way, and if possible to get enough for a deck passage up the river to St. Louis, I worked on the levee, rolling cotton and carrying pig lead for the stevedores who were loading the ships. All I could save for my trip up the river was $2.50, and, as I found that

that was the price of a deck passage, I invested it at once, trusting to luck for getting something to eat on the way. Now I think of it, I had, besides my passage money, enough to buy a couple of pounds of soda crackers, but it so happened that another sailor, whose acquaintance I had made on the schooner, had taken so great a fancy to me that he decided to go with me. He had seven dollars, which he was ready to share with me. The partition did not become necessary, however, as he had the good fortune to find a whole ham somewhere on the boat, on which we feasted, I, for my part, asking no questions for conscience sake.

We were four days going to St. Louis, and during this time chance favored me, so that by the time we had reached our journey's end I had $1.50 to invest in a passage from St. Louis to Peru on a small steamer that navigated the Illinois River to that place. There was a German artist among the emigrants, and he painted cabinet portraits quite cleverly on sheets of tin, for which he got $2 each. Once he saw my arm, which is decorated with a tattooed crucifix not illy done. He seemed to admire it, and when I told him I was conversant with the art of tattooing, he offered his arm, and I put an easel and palette on it, for which I got 50 cents. Another, a carpenter, wanted an insignia of his trade on his, and I forget what I did for the third, but this is the way I accumulated enough to get to Peru without begging. I spent Sunday only in St. Louis. The weather was warm, and I slept out of doors; as to food, I don't remember eating anything, but I am sure, whatever it was, it was not furnished gratis. Now I think of it, I must have had something from the steamer in my pocket, as the stewards supplied both me and my chum with an abundance of food, for which I paid by making a spread eagle in lead stencil, with which to adorn the boiled hams, pepper being used by way of material.

MARBLEHEAD ROCKS
PAINTED IN 1874

A SKETCH FROM MY HOME PORCH
PAINTED IN 1903

The passage to Peru was short, and I only remember it as a very pleasant one. My chum had now five dollars left, but he concluded to stick by me. We were to walk the ninety miles intervening between Peru and Chicago, our objective point, it being my intention to pay our way by making pictures for the farmers on the route. There were, however, a number of other sailors bound for the same place, and, as they had money, they chartered a prairie schooner. On the way they overtook us, who had gone on ahead, and, after a consultation, concluded to ask us to join them; but, as we only had five dollars, and it was only enough for one, my chum resolutely refusing to leave me, they concluded to make up the difference among themselves, and thus it was that we arrived at Chicago much sooner than we had hoped for. On our arrival but two vessels were in port, both bound to Buffalo. One of these was named "Velocity," a name which must have been given in irony, for a slower tub I never sailed in. I went on board and found that the mate was an old friend of mine, one Williamson, cousin to my intimate studio companion and model before spoken of. One of the crew was discharged at once to make room for me. I tried to get a place for my friend, but could not on board of the same vessel. However, through Mate Williamson's influence, he secured a berth in the other schooner. Thus we were separated, never to meet again. I grieve to add that not only did I never see him more, but I cannot even recall his name. He was a rough man, good sailor, kind, and thoroughly loyal.

I remained through the season in this vessel, our last trip being in December, from Toledo to Port Colborne, Canada, where we arrived in safety after a quick run during a furious blizzard, in which we were given up for lost (as I afterwards heard on my final return to Buffalo shortly before Christmas, having left the vessel in Canada to be laid up for the winter).

XXIII

EXPERIENCES AS A MEDICAL STUDENT

THIS return to Buffalo closed my sailor life for good. I found I could no longer lead a dual life, but that a choice must be made between the laborious and often dangerous occupation which hitherto had been my certain refuge from want and the easy and pleasant work of the art student, which I already knew would bring with it, by way of balance to aggregate happiness, all sorts of mental unquiet, disappointment, and mortifications. Actual want I did not fear, for I was prepared for the utmost frugality, both in food and clothing, but I must have a place to work in — I had not then got so far along as to call it a "studio." With all these drawbacks, I chose to trust my future life to Art, hoping that by hard study I would at last succeed in making pictures which would bring me sufficient for my modest wants.

My first venture was to take a room on Seneca Street, in what was then called the Lockwood Block, a three-story structure, consisting of three houses situated on the south side of the street, about midway between the present Wells Street and Michigan. One of these houses was a boarding-house kept by one Mrs. Carney. Here I had a nice room in the third story, and I also boarded with her. Thus I was at last fairly launched on my new career. I have no very distinct recollection of my work this year, beyond that I had the good fortune to pay most of my board in painting my landlady's portrait, besides those of some other friends who had taken an

interest in me. I found that for a young beginner I was too far from the central portion of the city, and, therefore, in the spring of 1846, I moved into a room over a grocery opposite to the post-office, which then was located at the northwest corner of Seneca and Washington streets, the opposite corner, where the post-office now stands (1889), being occupied by a building which had, if I am not mistaken, once been a post-office, then a church, and at the time of which I write was converted into a medical college, the Buffalo Medical College (the nucleus of the present University of Buffalo), which was chartered that year, and opened its doors for students the following spring. The room I occupied was in the second story, and, but for its shabby intiquity, was quite passable for a poor devil like me. It had a dark bedroom, with an old dilapidated desk; that is, if a wooden desk may be said to be di-lapi-dated, on which I wrote poetry and other nonsense during my lonely evenings; but as I cannot remember being at the time possessed of a bed, I could not, presumably, have slept there, and, curiously enough, I cannot now recall — yes, I can just now, and by a curious circumstance.

As will be seen later, I was attending lectures at the medical college during this and the following year, and I remember dreaming that I was lying by the side of a cold "cadaver" of a negro, that I had seen brought into the theater of the anatomy class, and the dissection of which had been commenced that day by Professor Webster. And now I recollect that the bed and bedding was loaned me by Mrs. G. Humason, whose portrait and that of her husband and child I was painting for my board. Two chairs were all the furniture of my studio, and the floor was bare, a carpet of any kind being quite beyond my means.

I believe I painted more portraits in this studio than I have ever done since in any one year, but the results,

so far as my pocket was concerned, were of the most meager. My prices were low; I asked $25, and took anything that was offered me; several of my best portraits were painted for $10, and for most of them I received no money to speak of.

I am not certain, but this may be as good a place as any to say something of the materials for painting obtainable at the beginning of my studies, as it serves to illustrate the rapid march of ideas. The only paints we could get at this time that were ground and ready for the palette were sold in stiff tin tubes closed at the top except a small opening, through which the paint was projected by pushing on the bottom, made of cork, which was forced farther and farther in till the tube was emptied. Many kinds of pigments, however, were unobtainable even in this way, and the muller and stone or glass was a *sine qua non* in most artist's studios. I think it was a Scotchman, in the employ of Dechaux of New York, who first suggested the flexible tube about this time, and without which nowadays artists would not be able to get along at all. But the invention soon became general all over the world, and in a few years the little bladders in which paints had been sold up to this time were wholly superseded. I suppose the stiff tube was an improvement on the bladder, and this gave the idea of the flexible.

This digression has been forced upon me by the remembrance of the difficulty I experienced in obtaining painting materials, but after all it was not so much the want of the proper method of keeping and using them as the scarcity of money to buy them with. Paints and canvases must be had, even at the expense of food and clothing, and I believe I would have been able to keep fairly out of debt if it had not been necessary to obtain credit for these materials.

I think it must have been in the autumn of this year

that Mr. Thomas Le Clear arrived in Buffalo. I called on him at his studio, and found the little man — for then he had not attained to the heroic dimensions of after life — trying to make an old well-worn ingrain carpet, once the covering of a small parlor floor, do duty in a bare room of twenty by thirty feet, in what was known as the Granite Block, said granite being, in point of fact, a limestone front to a brick building just above Swan Street on Main. He had but just arrived, and was already a married man with a family. He had started a portrait or two, one of Dr. Lord, a prominent clergyman, and I saw at once that he could draw with vigor and accuracy, and that he had been properly trained in his art. I afterwards learned that he had been a pupil of Henry Inman, at that time the foremost portrait painter in the United States. My respect for the ethereal looking artist was at once established, and when he afterwards repaid my visit, and seemed pleased with my work, the first link in the chain of friendship, which for many years — indeed up to his death — bound us together, was forged.

About this time a boy of fifteen made his appearance in my studio, desiring to become my pupil. I cannot at this time fully realize the assurance with which I must have been blessed in undertaking to lead another on the thorny path of art, when I must have been, comparatively, both blind and lame myself! However, I have small cause to complain, since the pupil of my youth became the friend of my life.

There lived in Buffalo, at that time, a certain Dr. Conger, who, I believe, stood fairly well with his professional brethren, but was besides known for his charitable endeavors to dispel the darkness among his Baptist brethren and sisters in the Sunday school of the Washington Baptist Church, in regard to anatomy and physiology. He came to my studio, offering to procure me tickets to the course in the aforesaid medical college, then

in its incipiency. In return for said tickets I was to paint for him, to use at his lectures in the Sunday school, a series of pictures to be copied from a book on anatomy. I eagerly accepted, for I wanted much to learn all about the subject, as a further advance in art. The book was a curious one, full of colored plates, and with a nomenclature supposed to explain itself, a very good idea as I found, for it served to fix upon my memory not only the names but the uses and places of the various organs and parts of the human framework.

One example will illustrate my meaning: "Levator anguli oris alique nasi" made me at once acquainted with the fact that said muscle assisted in raising the angle of the mouth and the nostrils, etc. The work was divided into osteology, splanchnology, neurology, angiology, etc. With the aid of my pupil I painted a large-sized canvas full of nothing but nerves, with their intricacies of ramification. On another was portrayed the circulatory system, another had the viscera, and a fourth the muscles, but I cannot remember that osteology was represented; probably a skeleton did service for that. It was a laborious job, but it gave me a good foundation for my subsequent studies in the mysteries of the "human form divine."

As yet the medical college had not been opened, and I waited patiently till the time should come and Dr. Conger would bring me the tickets. One day the late justly celebrated Dr. Austin Flint came into my room, showing me some colored engravings of skin diseases, which he wanted copied large to lecture from at the college, saying, at the same time, that he could not afford to pay much for them, but he would give me tickets to the course. I answered that Dr. Conger had already agreed to furnish me with them, and that I had done a good deal of work for him on that account. "Why, Dr. Conger has no tickets to dispose of; he does not belong

to the faculty." This was not welcome news, but so eager was I to profit by the opportunity of study that I at once agreed, knowing that there could be no mistake this time as to the tickets.

The Buffalo Medical College became a fixed fact at last, and some time in the month of May of that year (1847) the lecture course began. On the site of the former post-office then stood a brick structure, with a low steeple or tower, resembling, in most respects, an ordinary country meeting-house, and, indeed, I believe it was built for a Baptist church, but had been afterwards used for a post-office, and was even at that time known as the "old post-office," the then post-office being, as previously stated, in the building opposite; that is, on the northwest corner of Seneca and Washington streets. It was here, in the "old post-office," that the shrine of Esculapius was first established. On the main floor above the basement an amphitheater was constructed, below which was the dissecting room, from whence, through a low door in the center of the lecture stage, the anatomical subject to be discussed was introduced.

I never shall forget my first view of the nude negro "cadaver," and the dignified attitude of Professor Webster, as, with scalpel in one hand and forceps in the other, he addressed the students surrounding him: "Gentlemen," he said, "we shall commence our studies with the dissection of the parts necessary for the operation for inguinal hernia." So saying, with the handle of the scalpel he marked out the lines to be followed, and at once began to use the knife, deftly dissecting up the integument, showing the fascia underneath, indicating the blood vessels to be avoided, and other matters of construction, all the while bending over his work, but moving from side to side, so that all might have a chance to see what he was doing, turning now and then,

with the handle of the scalpel holding up a part to view, generally repeating what he said as he turned to each part of his audience. To me all this was horribly interesting, and no wonder I dreamed, as I have above stated, that night in my solitary den.

Although I do not propose to write the history of the Buffalo Medical College, many recollections crowd upon me in its connection, more or less personal, or of personal experience, and as these are, or were, a part of my life, it is proper to allude to some of them. It can hardly be believed by the present Buffalonians that servant girls were kept in nights, for fear of being Burked in the streets and sold to be used in the dissecting room, but that is actually a fact. The situation of the college, too, in the midst of the most frequented part of the town, caused much talk as to what diabolical rites were practiced within, nor was this without some reason, for uncanny things did sometimes take place in and about the institution.

I remember that once a country lad, some nineteen or twenty years of age, had in some way been made to believe that it was a meeting-house, or something of the sort, and, as the door of the dissecting room was unguarded, he effected an entrance. Discovering his mistake, both by the odor and the sight of the contents of the tables, surrounded, as they were, by the students robed from head to foot in black gowns, he tried to beat a retreat, but was prevented by one of the young scapegraces, who, after having locked the door, proceeded to inform him that as he had entered this forbidden place his body must be used in the aid of science on the dissecting table. I think he was the most frightened individual I ever saw, and the happiest man that ever was, when, after a good deal of apparent consultation among us, he was finally allowed to go.

On another occasion, when about to enter the build-

ing, we found a dog dragging a man's heart and lungs on the wooden steps that led to the front door; in some way he had got in and brought them out. Some of the students were sad cases, too, and the cause of considerable scandal. For example, once the upper part of a woman's head, with long locks, was found on the door-step to one of the principal boarding-houses in the city, the work, as was then supposed, of one of these hardened boys, whose identity was never known.

After moving to the corner of Erie Street, I still continued my anatomical studies as long as the college remained on Seneca Street. However, it soon became more difficult for me to attend the lectures, as in the latter part of the fall the practice of dissecting in the evening was discontinued, and I could ill afford to lose the daylight. I, therefore, at night used to creep in through the subject door, light all the candles I could find, and sit or stand there alone with the book and subject before me, absorbed in study. The last night I went there is vivid in my memory. Doctor Harvey, the dentist, had been one of the late students, and was the owner of a quarter of a body, including the head, which, of course, was to him of the greatest importance. Having no use for the arm, he gave it to me, and I set about to find out for myself all the intricate mechanism of that to me most important member of the human frame. It was a stormy night in early November, a real Buffalo night. I had got in as usual and placed myself at the farthest table from the door, with four tallow candles, my book, and my precious arm. Of course, constant use of the dissecting room had made me callous to anything like superstitious feeling, but the uncanny sounds around me, and the horrid sights before me, gradually so wrought upon my nerves that everything about me seemed alive or in motion. The roaring of the storm outside, the shaking of windows, the swinging back and forth of

drying anatomical specimens, consisting of bodies with dissected muscles still adhering by their tendons and ligaments to their osseous frames, the noise of rats running hither and thither, and, worse than all, perhaps, a half-dissected body placed in the direct light of my candles a few feet before me, on bended knees and with a pipe stuck between his lip-denuded teeth — all this, notwithstanding my philosophy and close attention to work, produced such an effect at last upon my nerves that I was fain to bundle up what remained of my arm and hand in my dissecting robe, put out the lights, and feel my way back to the place of entrance. It was one o'clock when I got out and could breathe the fresh air again. In those days gas light did not yet exist in our streets, and in the darkness I was glad that no curious watchman stopped me on the way to my studio to ask what my mysterious bundle contained.

I afterwards finished my study in the garret over my room, and disposed of the remains in a vault. This was the last of my dissecting work, for after the college moved uptown I could no longer pursue it; but I have never ceased to take a deep interest in the study of anatomy, and, besides the information the book could furnish, I have spent much time over the bones of a disjointed skeleton in after years.

XXIV

DIFFICULTIES OF AN ARTIST'S CAREER

ON my first visit to Mr. Wilgus, the great and beautiful studio had made a deep impression on my imagination as to what great things might be accomplished within its enchanting precincts. Learning that it was vacant, I hastened to apply for possession. The rent was $100 per year, a large sum for my slender income; but as I had about this time received some orders, and, as hope was strong within me, I thought that I might safely make the venture. The lessor, however, the late Dr. James P. White, having some doubts of my solvency, insisted upon security for the rent, and my ever valued friend, W. D. Fobes, volunteered to sign the lease with me, and on the first of May, 1847, I entered into possession. The room was very large, with three windows facing the north, solid shutters and dark walls, admitting what I then supposed to be the true Rembrandtesque light, almost effectively preventing the reflections I had not yet learned to value.

The orders above alluded to were for three portraits at $25 each. This was from a lady, whose husband had a little before come home from the Utica State Hospital, improved, but far from cured. While there his portrait had been painted by a resident artist, whose name I never learned. The work had been done while the subject was in a more violent state of insanity, and, although exhibiting a good deal of artistic skill, it failed to give satisfaction, in consequence of a certain wildness in the expression of the eyes. I was to remedy this, and in the

light of the experience of after years I can hardly understand my temerity in the undertaking, especially as I realized, even then, that the picture, as such, was better than anything I had ever done.

The foundations of St. John's Church, on the southeast corner of Swan and Washington streets, were laid in 1846, and in the following year it was finished, but while it was building the newly-formed congregation used to worship in the lecture-room of the Young Men's Association, on the south side of South Division Street, between Main and Washington. I hardly now recollect just how I made the acquaintance of its pastor, the Rev. Mr. Montgomery Schuyler, and his wife, but it led to an intimate friendship, which remained unbroken through all the after years of our lives. Among the first portraits I painted in my new studio were one of his infant son, Roosevelt, and his own in his clerical gown. At this time I was a member of the North Presbyterian Church, whither I had been drawn less by inclination of choice than by the influence of the society in which I had moved, who were nearly all Presbyterians, and more or less connected with the Bethel Church and society.

Up to this time I had been able to pay my way by painting for my board, sleeping in my studio, where most of my evenings were spent quite alone in reading such books as bore upon art. Among these, Burnett's works on painting opened my mind to the beauties of the old masters as seen through critical analysis; rules for color, harmony, and composition thence deduced, though at present scoffed at by many painters, which, nevertheless, after fifty years of study and thought on art still appear to me to be based on common sense and just æsthetic ideas, and, I may add, may always be recognized in every effort of genius, even when produced in ignorance of rule. The study of anatomy also gave me great pleasure, and, in fact, I did all I could to store my mind with knowledge

that I considered necessary to an accomplished artist. In this connection, I may mention coming upon a small volume, an old, ragged thing which I picked up somewhere, viz., Shakespeare's "Lear." Though I had often enjoyed Shakespeare's works in the theater, this was the first time I ever read anything of his, and to me it was a revelation! Dear old Shakespeare, how much I owe to thee!

On taking possession of my new studio I formed a resolution which I soon found myself unable to carry out, namely: I resolved, being free from debt and having work engaged ahead, never to owe a cent to any one. I had about $25, and I was determined to make that sum hold out till more should come. To this end, I made up my mind to keep a sort of bachelor's hall. I daily bought a small loaf of bread and a pint of milk, and on this I lived till sixpence after sixpence was spent; for the last weeks I cut off the milk supply, as the bread was more substantial food, but at last the exchequer was empty, and for nearly forty-eight hours I had nothing but my tobacco, which I then used to still my hunger.

I had learned the moves in chess, and my ever faithful friend, Fobes, used to come to my studio to play with me. He, too, was new to the game, and I quite often beat him. One evening he came to my studio from a steamboat excursion for the benefit of the Bethel Church, and we began to play. Noticing that I was careless, and played unusually ill, he exclaimed: "What is the matter that you play so badly?" I made no direct reply, but on his pressing the question I was constrained to own the truth. "Why, you see, I am so hungry. I have had nothing to eat for forty-eight hours." "Good God!" he exclaimed. "Let's go down to the Red Jacket." We did, and I think I demolished the better part of a whole fowl. From this time I often enjoyed the hospitality of his house, and frequently spent the night with him.

All this time I had frequent invitations to tea with friends, which I sometimes accepted, but not often, as my friends would ask me where I boarded, and I felt that to have to own that I lived in my studio would imply that their invitation was too much like charity; at least, thus my sensitive pride interpreted it. At last I found that this mode of life would not do, and I, therefore, made up my mind to go to a regular boarding-house, and, though I there got rather deeply in debt, I was enabled to liquidate it on my return from the West Indies, where I spent the winter of 1848-9. Before this, however, I had made the acquaintance of a beautiful young lady. It was love at first sight with us both, and I became engaged to her in the summer of 1848. This, with the low state of my finances, seemed to make it necessary that something must be done, and, with what money I could scrape up, leaving my creditors to vague hopes, and my pupil, now the retired Colonel L. L. Langdon, U. S. A., to explain my sudden exit from the studio to my landlord, the late Mr. Austin, I made my way to New York, where I soon found a brig for St. Thomas, the captain of which offered to give me free passage if I would keep his watch as second mate. My reason for this step was that Mr. Wilgus had spent a winter in Porto Rico and made $6,000 by his portrait painting, and I hoped to be able, if not to acquire so much wealth, at least to get a good portion of it, so as to clear off my indebtedness for my board and studio rent and leave something handsome over.

Behold me then a sort of fugitive on board of a brig, pacing the deck in the night watches. Our passage was short, and early in February, 1849, I landed in St. Thomas with half a dozen portrait canvases and eleven dollars in my pocket. I had no letters of introduction, but I took board with a creole woman, Azalia Victoria, who kept a very respectable boarding-house. The charge

was a dollar and a half per day. I found that my bedroom would serve for a studio, and at once began to look for work. Fortunately, one of my fellow boarders was in charge of the Atheneum, a library and club house for the gentlemen of the town. Mr. Willerup was by birth a Dane, and we became friends very soon. My first commission was the restoration of the eyes of His Majesty King Frederick the Seventh, which was owned by an officer under the crown. Then my landlady would have her portrait. I also painted the children of an American merchant, a Mr. Pott, I think from Philadelphia, also a Mr. Moe and wife who were connected with the commander of the fort, Major Strandgaard, who treated me in a very friendly manner until an unfortunate forgetfulness of tact on my part rather more than cooled his friendship for me during the remainder of my stay.

It happened in this way: His brother-in-law, a Democrat, was postmaster in Buffalo, but the Whigs had won in the last election, and General Taylor was president-elect. The conversation happened to turn on this election, and the question came up whether General Taylor would appoint a successor to Mr. Smith, the Major's relative. I thought he would be superseded, but the old Major was quite sure a military man like General Taylor would be above such small business as to turn out as useful a man as Mr. Smith. My reply was unfortunate; I forgot the relationship for the moment, and said that however capable a man Mr. Smith was, those who desired a change would allege as one reason his intemperance. This was so well known in Buffalo that it never for a moment occurred to me that it was not equally so by his friends in these islands (he was a native of Santa Cruz). My words brought the Major to his feet, and with great indignation he repelled the charge. Realizing my *faux pas*, I tried to smooth matters over by remarking that I did not mean to say that Mr. Smith was an inebriate,

but that it was well known that he was no total abstinence man, and that the temperance people were very active, and looked with disfavor on any man who even moderately made use of intoxicants. My explanation seemed to satisfy for the time being, but the Major's manners ever afterwards made me feel that the wound rankled. I really believe that up to this time no one in St. Thomas was aware of the brilliant lawyer's infirmity.

My stay in St. Thomas was more pleasant than profitable. Though I had been fully occupied while there, the remuneration was scarcely such as to place my financial condition in the list of millionaires, or even in that of those fairly well off — millionaires were few in those days. Besides those of my patrons already mentioned, my customers were of a race renowned in all ages for their acute instinct in looking after their own; they made hard bargains, to which I was fain to agree, but I am not sure that they got the best of me after all, for when I think of the portraits I painted, many of which were cabinet size, and all poor in artistic value, due in part to being painted in haste, but more to my lack of skill in technique, I cannot avoid the reflection that we were even.

Among the boarders of Madame Azelia was a very pleasant gentleman, a descendant of Abraham, with whom I became quite well and pleasantly acquainted. I once asked him this question: "How is it that your people, while you seem to be square, and even generous, in your dealings with each other, are so sharp in your trade with Christians?" "Why," said he, "don't you know we were told to spoil the Egyptians?"

St. Thomas is but a rather good-sized hill rising out of the ocean. I have crossed the island from north to south and back again before breakfast; and yet it has considerable variety in its formation, with very pleasant walks and abundantly endowed with trees and vegeta-

tion — all tropical, of course — but not a drop of fresh water, except what comes in the form of rain and is gathered into the large cisterns, with which, as in Bermuda, all houses are furnished, and much distress is likely to be felt in case of prolonged droughts. They tell a story of a Yankee skipper who on one of those occasions happened into port with his vessel. Being loaded with hogsheads for the molasses trade, he conceived the idea of turning the misery of the inhabitants to account by going to Porto Rico for water. Having filled his casks, he returned to St. Thomas, and was ready for business. Water had been selling at from twenty-five to fifty cents a gallon. The distress was great, and the joy correspondingly so at the arrival of the needed element. But the worthy captain, seeing a fortune in his cargo, put so high a value upon his wares that those who wished to fill their cisterns hesitated to give the exorbitant price he demanded. The following night a great storm arose, and a deluge of rain, lasting several days, filled every cistern to overflowing, and the exacting captain was obliged to empty his casks into the ocean.

It had been suggested to me that I would find Porto Rico a more fertile field for my labors. Acting on this hint, I left St. Thomas early in May by a small coasting vessel for San Juan, P. R., where, after a very short passage, I landed. The hotel was directly opposite the governor's house, a fact that lives in my memory by the recollection of seeing his daughter, a girl seven or eight years old, stark naked, playing in the street in front of it. She was a very beautifully-formed child, and I made a pencil sketch of her, which I still possess. In fact, most of the children ran naked; but, if not altogether so, the only dress for the girls was a piece of cloth like a woman's apron, open behind.

While waiting for something to turn up, I made a visit to a house where, as I learned, dwelt a gentleman

whose two daughters were said to be artists and seriously occupied. I had in some way become introduced to their father, who invited me to call. I was met by the old gentleman himself at my entrance, received with true Castilian politeness, and at once taken to the studio and introduced to the daughters, both of whom were perched upon stagings and ladders, at work on very large canvases, the subjects being religious, and, I believe, intended for churches. I cannot now recall the pictures, but my impression is that they were not illy painted, considering that the girls were working without models, although I thought that the pictures were copies. So pleased the old gentleman seemed with my visit, that, on taking my leave of him at the front door, he very politely presented me with his house, "*Estea su casa.*" Needless to say that I had sufficient knowledge of Spanish customs and the sincerity of the offer not to attempt to take him at his word.

My stay in San Juan was very short, as I realized that there was nothing for me to do, at least without a longer wait than I could well afford, and, therefore, I took passage in another coasting craft which brought me to Guayama, a little town at the southeast end of the island. Here I was fortunate to find a boarding place for the moderate sum of $1.50 per day. The house was kept by an American, who had married the owner of it, and who was a very pleasant man. There was not many boarders, but among them was a German drummer by the name of Kirchoff, who was pleased to let me earn $30 for painting his portrait, which I must have accomplished in less than a week; it did not take so long to paint a portrait then. There were one or two other boarders of the same interesting occupation as my friend, and, as our landlord was passionately fond of whist, it was played every evening for a medio (six and a half cents) a point, when he always came off loser. I could not see where

the profits of keeping boarders came in, especially as the table was excellent, and the service good. Having completed the picture to the satisfaction of my employer, and finding nothing more to do, I again took passage, this time for Ponce, a city of better financial repute.

I have sailed much in West India waters, and I know nothing more pleasant than these short runs from place to place, being wafted along by the balmy land winds by night or the fresh breezes of the trade winds by day. The land in sight is always picturesque, whether by day or night, near or at a distance, and it has ever been my good fortune to have the best behaved weather when sailing in the tropics. Like most Spanish West India towns, the city of Ponce lies about three miles from the harbor, or, as it is called, the port. The city of Ponce is now American, and too well known to require description here, and, besides, it is more than half a century since I was there. Notwithstanding the well-known conservatism which, owing to climatical and other reasons, obtains in tropical countres, especally such as have been under the rule of Latin races, many changes must have been made, both in the appearance of things and the habits of the inhabitants.

On my arrival I found very pleasant board with a lady from Baltimore. My bedroom, which I could also use as a studio, was in a one-storied structure of wood, which enclosed the yard on one side rectangularly to the main building, the opposite being occupied by the kitchen and other offices. Fronting the house was a large and beautiful garden, with a large fountain in its center, surrounded with a round basin, wherein we could bathe at night if so disposed. Orange trees were plenty, and other tropical fruit trees, among which I recall a Brazil-nut tree, and, more than all, a very large mango, which yielded delicious fruit. This stood near my door, and I could at all times, by climbing the roof of a bath

house over which its umbrageous glittering dark green boughs cast their shadow, sit and enjoy its luscious fruit which temptingly hung by their long stems, and from which I would select the ripest and best. I was often cautioned against them, as they were supposed to be unhealthy if too freely indulged in, by those around the yard: "quidao la calentura," was a warning I often heard.

While on the subject of fruit, I am reminded that I once asked our landlady where I could buy some oranges. I was told that I would not find any for sale in town, that there were plenty on the trees that I could pick. I told her I did not care to climb the trees. "You can get plenty at the port," she said. As I kept a saddle horse, hired by the week, I had him saddled and rode down. Near the quay I found an old negro woman sitting in a bare room, in which was piled a heap of nice oranges. I asked her to give me a medio's worth (equal to six and a half cents). I was still on my horse, and she filled my pockets and my folded arms full, and I rode home to the anticipated feast, dropping oranges all the way. Another thing which could not be had in small quantity for money was molasses. Any one that wanted it could get it by inserting a stick in the bung-hole of a hogshead of the article prepared for shipping.

As soon as I was ready for work, my good landlady prepared an advertisement for the local paper, which I think was a weekly. This brought fruit at once, by an order from the Judge for a portrait of his wife and himself, both of which I painted, but under difficulty, as I had run short of oil, and could only obtain oil of almonds. I wonder if those pictures are dry yet! My work began early in the morning. I rose at 5 o'clock, had coffee brought to my room, and was ready for work at 6 o'clock, when my sitter would arrive, madame dressed in black silk, with a little girl named Guadaloupe, to save

her reputation. I had to have my door almost closed on account of light, and it was usually left ajar, Gaudaloupe sitting on the threshold fast asleep, as a rule. Madame would complain of the heat and gnats, keeping her fan going, and cursing, crying, "Caramba que calor," etc. After the 11 o'clock breakfast but little work was done, that I could see, by any one. We had our siesta till 3 o'clock, when I would have my horse and ride out to the neighboring hills, at the foot of which was a very nice public bath, the warm water running out of a spring in the rocks into a large and commodious marble basin, which was always overflowing with clean and tepid water. I do not know when it was used by others, as I never found any one near whenever I arrived, and thus had the luxury all to myself. The evenings I often spent in a drug store, kept by one Hanna, an American, and there I found some very curious characters. I recall a couple of Spaniards who seemed to be regular habitues. One was a fat old man, very genial and pleasant. He was often in hot dispute with a priest about religion, for the dogmas of which the latter fought hard, though his moral character was said to be of the lowest. He was allowed to preach, and was said to be eloquent, but he was too notorious to be allowed to perform mass or any other sacerdotal duty. I was told he often officiated in the pulpit, for which he had $30 for each sermon he delivered. He took a great fancy to me, and was of some assistance in raffling off a picture I badly wanted to dispose of. On one occasion phrenology came up as a subject for conversation. He felt my head over, and exclaimed: "Caramba que cabeza!" going into raptures over what he was pleased to admire, especially my moral character. Turning to me, he said, "Feel of my head; io no tengo morales. My father made me a priest; I should have had the sword and been a soldier."

Quite near the city ran a most lovely brook, with

abundant overhanging foliage from the picturesque and twisted trees about it. There I would often sit and enjoy the grateful shade, secure from interruption from either man or beast. The time came when I must leave, but I was compelled to wait till an opportunity offered, which, after waiting more than a week, was in an American schooner homeward bound to New York, wherein I was fortunate to secure passage.

It was early in June, after an uneventful passage, that I again had the pleasure of scenting the new-mown fields of Staten Island, happy in the anticipation of meeting my Buffalo friends once more, with the proud consciousness of being able to make glad the heart of my gentle and forbearing landlord.

XXV

MARRIAGE, BEREAVEMENT, GO ABROAD

BEFORE leaving Buffalo for my West India experiment, I had made the acquaintance of a beautiful young lady. It had been love at first sight between us both. I had proposed and been accepted, and on the 19th day of January, 1850, we were married. I had already made up my mind to try my fortune in New York City, and thither we wended our way. We had not been long there, however, before I found out that success in that metropolis depended on more experience in my chosen calling than I possessed, and, after a hard struggle through the remaining winter and spring, we were compelled to return to Buffalo, a wiser couple, if not richer. My wife, who in the preceding fateful cholera year had almost been made a victim of that dread disease, was, soon after our return, brought down with a dysentery which in less than four days ended in her death. I do not care to dwell on my bereavement, which was as painful as any such can be, the only mitigating sense being the knowledge that her pure and gentle spirit was at rest and freed from the dark future which now seemed to stare me in the face. God never sent a more beautiful soul to dwell in mortal body than that of Louise Lovejoy, and our love was pure, perfect, and sweetly mutual.

As soon as I could compose myself to a return to the duties of actual life, I took a studio and did my best to devote my whole endeavors, by hard study, to fit myself for overcoming the difficulties of my profession, difficul-

ties which increased in direct ratio to my growing perceptions and expanding views of art. I think it was Goethe who said, in substance, that few, if any, would ever have ventured to devote themselves to art if they could have known in advance the difficulties to be overcome. I believe that this is so, at least in most cases, for there are few so gifted that their mental glance can pierce the veil that hides from the ordinary mind the beauties revealed in the loftiest form of art.

"But to my tale." Soon after being established in my new studio, I met Mr. W. H. Beard, fresh from his native Ohio home. Our acquaintance soon ripened into a friendship never for a moment suspended till his death. Our intimacy was closer than that of brothers, for brothers often quarrel and become estranged. He had a studio which lacked the convenience of a bedroom; I had a large one back of mine, and so I invited him to move his bed into my room, which he did, and for a year or more this arrangement held good. I well remember his coming and leaving his trunk in the middle of the room, open and empty, which I had to bestride every time I went to bed, it never having occurred to either of us to move it to one side. I had been troubled with neuralgia, and my doctor (the late Austin Flint, then professor in Buffalo Medical College) had ordered shower baths. I had got hold of an old portable affair, found an empty whiskey barrel, filled it with water, and used to pour a bucketful into the top, then get under and pull the string. Beard used to watch the process, and, as I seemed to enjoy it, he thought he would try the same operation; so one cold morning he had me prepare the bath and he got under. The water, being ice cold, took away his breath, but he told me that, though it almost killed him, he wouldn't flunk out. He afterwards accused me of deceit, when he found that I used to put the tin pail full of water on the stove in the studio, to take the chill off.

WILLIAM H. BEARD, N. A.
PAINTED IN 1852

About this time there came a sort of revival of art into our city. This was in great measure brought about by the arrival from Europe of Matthew Wilson, an Englishman by birth, but closely connected by marriage with one of our most esteemed families. Mr. Wilson had studied in Paris under Couture, and had acquired a considerable dexterity in the lower forms of portrait painting; that is, he could, with great rapidity, paint an easily-recognizable likeness, without the painstaking care in modeling or color which alone makes a portrait a work of art worth preserving for itself, even when all are dead who cared for it as a resemblance. Though I do not believe with Carlisle that "genius is the capacity to take infinite pains," I am quite certain that even genius will never be acknowledged or appreciated without painstaking study, and that more will be accomplished with moderate gifts, and honest endeavor towards excellence, than may be done without them by the often misunderstood pyrotechnics of the most brilliantly illuminated mind. The most glorious views of the completest imagination require the most cultivated technique to represent them truly or even faintly, and, therefore, the artist must ever work, ever be a learner, each step but revealing a more and more unattainable acquirement. The true artist fights no rival but himself; excelsior is his motto; having done his utmost, he must still strain every nerve to do still better. The very effort often defeats his aim; he fails, and even seems to lose ground, but he perseveres, and later finds that his strength has grown by what it fed on; the goal may be unattainable, but he ceases his efforts only with age, infirmity, or death.

But Mr. Wilson was not only a clever limner, but he added to his artistic facility many accomplishments which made him a great favorite in society. To this was added a fine manly figure, always *au fait* in dress and manners, which made him for the time a social lion. His

studio was soon filled with sitters at $50 per head, and for a while no one else was so popular. In this way the little world that then constituted the society of Buffalo became greatly agitated on the subject of painting, and even I began to feel the beneficial influence of the wave. Thus in one year (1852) I was enabled to clear myself from indebtedness necessarily incurred during my years of struggle with the difficulties of a calling to which I often, in my heart, questioned my right. Indeed, I had once thought to engage in the medical profession, to which my anatomical studies naturally led, and my great friend, Dr. Flint, once actually proposed to allow me the privilege of a year's study in his office, after which he thought I might graduate. But, though I loved anatomy, and liked the medical profession, my love of Art was too strong to permit me to abandon her, even though already I had begun to discover she was a mistress whose requirements would tax my utmost powers to satisfy.

The late General Bennett Riley had made Buffalo his home at that time, and as he was a fine subject for portraiture, as well as one of our most respected citizens, I made bold to ask him for a sitting, and to this he readily consented. I afterwards learned that Wilson, too, had asked him. This made me somewhat uneasy, as I highly feared a competition; nor was my anxiety lessened when the General, at one of the sittings, informed me that he had concluded to have himself and wife painted for his house by the one of us whose picture was preferred by the family. The result was in my favor, and I need scarcely add to my intense gratification, not for the money alone, which I greatly needed, but even more for the encouragement which I so greatly stood in need of.

I found General Riley a very pleasant sitter, easy to entertain and full of interesting reminiscences, which he would relate with characteristic vim and directness. I

once asked him if, in the many battles he had been in, he had sometimes felt fear. His answer was: "I don't know; I had so much to think about in my duties that I have not had time to think of danger, but at Churubusco, when we were in the chaparral exposed to the enemy's fire from three sides (I think he said three sides), and they were mowing us down, I began to think of my family. If I remember rightly, his regiment was at the time under General Twiggs' command. General Riley told me that at the end of the action General Twiggs had requested him to sign his report of the battle, which, as he found it fixed up to conceal bad strategy, by which an unusually large number of men were lost, he refused to sign, remarking, however, that if ordered by his superior to do so he would add at the end of his name "Signed by order." I believe General Twiggs pressed the matter no further.

During one of our sittings, to keep up the small talk by which nearly every portrait painter hopes to call out the expression he desires to paint I ventured to tell him a story then current among his friends about an affair in which he figured as commander in the Mexican campaign. At that time his rank was, if I mistake not, only major, and he was sent by Scott with some 900 men with orders to take a fortified position near Contreras. On their arrival the works were reported to be defended by a force of 7,000 men, with I don't know how many cannon. A council of war was held, the consensus of which was that the post was too strong for their limited number. When all had their say, Major Riley was said to have exclaimed, "Gentlemen, it's no use talking, we've got to do it; I have the orders in my pocket."

After telling him the story as I had heard it, I asked if it was true. "No, no; I didn't say I had the orders in my *pocket;* I only told them that I had the orders and must execute them. And," said he, "we stormed the

fort and took it. The Mexicans ran away, leaving their guns, two of which were the only ones they had taken from us; and didn't our fellows yell when they saw them!"

Dear old General, he did not live long after. Even while painting his family portrait, the lupus on his face which ended his life nearly covered his cheek before the picture was finished; but his fortitude and cheerful demeanor never forsook him. In 1853, as I was leaving town for Europe, I saw the last of him. He was propped up with pillows in his carriage, and beckoned me to him, giving me his hand and pressing mine, bidding me a solemn good-bye!

It was then thirteen years since I saw my mother, my sisters, and my native land, and my longing for them grew as my means rendered a visit possible. Thus, after my debts were paid, I found myself in possession of the sum of $200, with which I thought I might venture to make the journey. I secured a passage on the "City of Glasgow," sailing from Philadelphia, and left Buffalo with a buoyant heart. My friend Beard saw me off at the train. It was early in May, and I remember as we parted I handed him my overcoat to take back, as I thought that crossing the ocean I should not need it, but I afterwards regretted this action, as the weather, though fine, was far from warm on the ocean. The fact was that I had never before crossed the ocean as a passenger.

The journey to Philadelphia, whence I had elected to sail, was to me a memorable one, as it was my first experience in a sleeping car. They were quite different in their arrangement from the present luxurious cars, the berths being in three tiers, of which the upper was simply a narrow cot, the canvas of which being in part supported by cross bars, very nicely placed to make both legs and shoulders as uncomfortable as possible. It was a hard night, but morning and Philadelphia came at last, and all was well.

I had one day before sailing wherein to renew my recollections of the city, round which some happy memories still lingered, but found little satisfaction, as all seemed to be changed, and I could not find a single landmark. It was on the 12th day of May, 1853, when I took passage on the "City of Glasgow" for Liverpool. The voyage was without incident beyond the usual contrivances for killing time while crossing the Atlantic. Fine sunny weather, with fresh breezes, favored us during the twelve days it lasted, and, as nearly all the passengers seemed to have been immunes from sea-sickness, the spacious deck presented a gay array of pleasant faces the whole time.

One fine morning, when after breakfast I came on deck, it occurred to me that I would like to mount the rigging and have a look at the sea from aloft. When I had got about half way up the main rigging, I looked down and saw the boatswain coming up behind me with a short piece of rope in his hand. Immediately realizing that he came to tie me for the usual penalty of a bottle of rum exacted from green passengers for going aloft, my old sailor's pride forbade me to allow him to catch me, and we had a lively race, in which I quickly left him behind. Reaching the catharpings under the top, I quickly got over to the other side so as to get down on deck before him; but another of the sailors seemed sure of catching me coming down, and actually got his rope over my foot, when, to his amazement, I let go my hold on the shrouds and caught the topmast back-stays, drawing my foot out of the rope, and coming down head foremost, reaching the deck amid the cheers of the passengers and somewhat to the disgust of the beaten sailors.

The captain of the ship being a Scotchman, and much in love with Burns, when he found that I could recite "Tam O'Shanter," would sometimes, with a chosen few, regale me with a dish of hash and a bottle of champagne,

after all the rest had gone to their rooms at night. I do not now recall his name, but I learned that the ship went down with all hands on a subsequent trip the same season. I never learned if the same captain was in command.

We arrived in Liverpool on Saturday, and I spent Sunday there at the Adelphi in company with some gentlemen from Philadelphia, among whom I remember with much pleasure a young man of the name of Catell, who, I think, was studying for the church, and a very nice young Belgian engineer with whom I had become quite intimate. He had resided in the United States since boyhood, and, of course, spoke English perfectly, being a gentleman of culture in all directions.

On Sunday morning we concluded to go to a Presbyterian church and hear a celebrated preacher, McNeil, I think his name was. Not knowing where the church was we inquired of a policeman. He not only gave us the proper direction, but even took pains to go a short distance with us to make sure. I thought I would hand him a sixpence, but did not wish my friend to see my liberality, so I handed the coin to him behind my back. He took off his hat and bowed deeply, which I thought quite remarkable for so small a tip. In the course of our afternoon ramble round the city we again met the same officer more than once, and each time he doffed his helmet, making deep obeisance. At night, when we were ready to retire, I thought I would take a bath, which cost a shilling, and when I came to pay, a half sovereign that I thought I had in my pocket was missing, and I could find only a sixpence. Oh! now I knew why the poor man had been so humble; he must have taken me for a nabob, or at least a lord. My friend suggested that I ought to have it rectified. "Not for the world," I told him; "I have been treated like a lord for once, and I am not going to spoil it."

From Liverpool I took the cars for York, where I spent a couple of days in great admiration over its antique walls and ruins. I also thoroughly inspected its magnificent cathedral, even to ascending to the top of the building, whence a very extensive and beautiful view was presented to my eyes. As I had abundant time before the steamer would leave Hull for Gothenburg, I chose to go down the Ouse on a boat which gave me time to see, even if I did not always admire, its monotonous and uninteresting banks.

I saw but little of Hull, and remember only its fishy smell and other oozy odors. A forty-eight hours' trip brought us safely to Gothenburg, where I did not linger, for the next evening I was on the smart little steamer that was to take me through the Gotha Canal to Stockholm. It was early in June, and, though the nights were light, I did not sit up to watch the scenery, which is not particularly interesting before you come to the falls, where the river pours its waters over the rocks in a tortuous channel, a great body of foaming water rushing down a steep and broken hill, making a series of picturesque cascades, the "Trollhätta," one of the grandest cataracts of Europe. It was a dewy morning when the rocks were reached, and I with many others left the boat to wander at will along the shrubby path that leads to the height above, while the little steamer was slowly climbing up the steep pent to reach the level above which would soon take her into the great Lake Vetter. I cannot describe my feelings at once more beholding my native and from childhood familiar flowers which abounded on both sides of the narrow path.

The sun was already high in the sky when we again boarded our boat, ready for our breakfast, which was served *a la carte* in a small forward cabin by well-bred and nicely-dressed girls. One curious, and I think unique, custom obtained here, which I think speaks in favor of

the honor of my country. The passage on the boat was expected to occupy something over forty-eight hours, and, of course, many meals must be eaten. Each person gave his order and himself wrote it down in the book kept for the purpose, all to be paid at the end of the trip. The antipaste table (smörgåsbord) with its invariable accompaniment of Swedish brandy (brändwin) was always free to all who ordered regular meals, though a small charge was made if nothing else was called for.

I will not try to describe this delightful summer trip. Is it not described in Bædeker and by the multitude of travelers who have exhausted language in its praises? Neither will I attempt a description of Stockholm and its charming entrance and environs. Indeed, my haste to reach my native city and my family compelled a speedy departure on another steamer thither bound on her regular trip, and the day after my arrival at Stockholm I was once more on my beloved Bothnian Sea, after an absence of thirteen years.

While going through the intricate straits between the rocky skerries which line the coast near Stockholm, the captain of the boat, whose acquaintance I had already made, called to me from the bridge, where his presence was needed, to introduce me to a gentleman whose questions he was too occupied to answer. "Here," he said, addressing the gentleman, "is a man who speaks English, and whom perhaps you will be glad to meet." I found that he was an American, and that he was at the time charge d'affaires to the Hague, Mr. Folsom, of New York, a gentleman of high culture and social standing. I need not say that he was glad to find a man whom he could converse with, for he understood not a word of the language of the country. He invited me to share his cabin and we at once became friends. My familiarity with the surroundings enabled me to be of use to him, and I invited him to stop at my town on his way back

from Haparanda, whither he was bound to get a look at the midnight sun, an invitation which he accepted, and I was thus enabled to give him a pleasant view of the ordinary domestic life as exhibited in the family of my brother-in-law, a prosperous merchant and exporter, who at the time kept a fine carriage and horses. We had an enjoyable drive into the adjacent country, returning to a good lunch, to which native strawberries and cream in abundance formed an important part. I had the pleasure of meeting him in New York afterwards, when he returned the compliment by a nice dinner at the Atheneum Club, of which he was then the president.

It was 11 P. M., the 17th of June, when the steamer landed me on the wharf in my native city. The first to meet me was the British consul, an old playmate of my own age. Although near midnight, it was almost full daylight, and as he was also the agent of the steamboat line, his presence was readily accounted for. As I was not expected I had some doubts as to disturbing my relatives, but found that all but my mother were still up, and she quickly made her appearance. As mother occupied a large room in a separate building, I chose my quarters there, as there was an unoccupied bed ready at hand.

The building was in part on piles, so that my bedroom window gave on the river, where a boat lay moored, and as I was too excited to sleep, I went down to have a row; the night was light and calm, and as I slowly pulled past the well-remembered places so dear to me from childhood memories, I felt as if transported into an enchanted region with nothing but myself and silence.

I found my sister well married to a prosperous gentleman of noble and generous character, and my mother happy and well cared for. I had not intended to make a long visit, but found when the time came to return, near the autumn, that I had squandered the money by which I hoped to pay my return passage. This compelled me to

resort to my art, and I soon found something to do in way of portraiture, but the prices were very small; and when I discovered that I must remain through the winter, I found that the only thing for me to do was to convert myself into a schoolmaster, by teaching the English language. I soon had eighteen subscribers on my list, took a room nearer to the port, where most of my pupils lived or were employed, for they were all young business men or bookkeepers, my old friend, the British consul, being one of them.

I found that my young friends with whom I had thus allied myself were a rather fast set; at least, many of them were spending their winter vacation in a way that would not be approved of in the State of Maine. Our lessons were mostly oral, as we were unprovided with English reading books or grammars, a copy of Irving's Sketch-book being the only English work at hand. But this did not prevent fair advance being made, since there was no difference to speak of between English syntax and that of our own, and what they most wanted was an available commercial commodity. A few of my pupils were able to hold a limited conversation in English and to read with ability before the winter was over; but most of them preferred the card table and sociability, from early candlelight till the small hours of the morning, to the application of study in dead earnest.

It goes without saying that I was a sort of standing guest of the whole set, a pleasure somewhat detrimental to my finances, as well as to regularity of sober habits. I also gave lessons in pronunciation to one of the principals of the public schools, a clergyman, and these were almost always accompanied with a glass of hot lubricator of the vocal organs. In fact, the good old time was still in vogue. Quite different and more temperate ideas reigned on my next visit, accompanied by my wife and daughter, nearly thirty years afterwards, when I found

the character of the whole place changed; modern ideas, business rivalry, and metropolitan fashions had superseded all the old and venerated customs.

The spring had come, and navigation was again opened, and I began to be anxious to return to Buffalo, but I was compelled to wait for an opportunity for a passage to England, which had been offered me on a new brig then loading for Newcastle-on-Tyne, owned by a friend of the family, and commanded by one of my old schoolmates.

One evening a party of my pupils had invited me to a six o'clock luncheon at the casino, a pleasant resort near the quay; and while we were discussing our viands, I suddenly became aware of some one speaking English near by. Casting a glance behind me, I found at the next table my old friend the British consul in desperate endeavors to try to understand a Scotch sea captain. I overheard the latter trying to learn the whereabouts of the British fleet that was blockading in the Gulf of Finland, and for which he was bound with a cargo of coal. Taking in the situation, I thought I would surprise him, and in that I eminently succeeded. I informed my friends that I would recite something in English, and asked them to watch the effect on the captain, my back being to him. Suddenly I began the opening verse of Tam O'Shanter:

"When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy nebors nebors meet,
As market days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
And getting fou and unco happy,
We thinkna on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

"Who the hell are you?" the astonished man exclaimed.

"Sir?" said I.

"I beg your pardon, but to think of hearing a man recite Tam O'Shanter right by me, while I have been this half hour trying to make this man understand me. Where did you come from, anyway?"

"I was born in this town," I answered.

"O! tell that to the marines."

"It is true for all that, but I am now a resident of America, and have been since boyhood."

I then joined him and the consul, and was enabled to straighten out their difficulty as interpreter.

At last the brig was ready to sail, and I bid goodbye to my sister and her family, and to my mother, whom I never saw again. Our passage to England was without event, but we approached the English coast in a heavy northeaster, which rendered the entrance to Shields somewhat perilous. The bar seemed to be made of beaten cream, and seventeen other ships were lying at anchor outside, waiting for tugs to tow them in. Our pilot, a young and very active man, informed our captain that he could safely take him in if he was sure the vessel was to be relied on in working ship. "She is one of the best," the captain replied.

"All right, then, but I must have a first-class man at the helm that understands English."

The captain, turning to me, said: "Will you take the wheel?"

"Certainly," I answered, "if I can get that old shellback that is there now to allow me to relieve him." Going aft to the wheel, I told him that there was going to be smart work to do in entering the river and the captain has asked me to take the helm, as he wanted the best man he had on the forecastle to attend to business there.

"O! all right, if the captain says so," eyeing me very

curiously as he left his post, for he had no idea that I was anything but an ordinary traveler. My duty was no sinecure, for as we went over the bar the frothy state of the shallow water did not present the usual resistance to the rudder, and it became necessary to use its full force at every order given by the pilot; it was "Hard to starboard!" and "Hard to port!" every moment till we were in the river and out of danger.

My stay in Newcastle was short, I think only over Sunday and Monday, but I saw enough to satisfy me that it was just one big workshop of heavy iron works. One thing I remember which amused rather than annoyed me. Some of the small boys threw stones at me, calling me Russian, because I wore my full beard, that custom not being prevalent in England at that time.

On my way to Liverpool in a third-class car, a gentleman was seated near me. We entered into conversation, and he seemed very friendly to Americans, and very desirous of learning all he could about the people and the country. As we approached a station about fifteen miles from Newcastle, he pointed out a house on a near-by hill, saying that it was where he lived, and he politely asked me to leave the train and be his guest for a fortnight! My old ideas of English exclusiveness got a sudden shock. However, I was compelled to decline, as I was anxious to get home after my long absence.

My passage to New York from Liverpool was on the sailing ship "Universe," Captain Bird, an old and highly accomplished seaman; a brother, by the way, of Dr. Bird of Philadelphia, who, he informed me, was the author of "Metamora," one of the plays in which Forrest won youthful laurels, and for whom I think it was written.

As my funds were low, I took second cabin passage, which did not entitle me to the privileges of the cabin, but gave me fair accommodation in the steerage among the better class of emigrants. While we were leaving port

I amused myself by studying the ship's rigging, as I found some innovations in the arrangement of certain parts. We had in all 666 passengers, most of whom were quartered in the forward part of the ship. After we were fairly out in the channel under full sail, the night being clear and fine, though moonless, I remained on deck till all the rest of the passengers had gone to bed, and was just about to follow suit, when I heard the captain say, in a subdued voice, but quickly, "Hard down your helm!" I knew at once that there was trouble ahead of some kind, and looking out I saw to windward on our bow a large ship bearing directly upon us. Of course, I realized that a collision was inevitable, and anxiously awaited the shock; it came almost immediately, the head of our ship receiving the shock, and making fearful havoc with everything about the foremast of the other. As we parted company, by drifting past each other, I saw that our bowsprit had broken all the rigging about her bow, so that her foretop mast was broken off at the cap, and all the head sails lay in a confused mass about the foreyard and forecastle, while the main-topgallant mast had followed suit, etc. Our little captain, with some asperity of language, as we passed each other, wanted to know what in hell the other was about, which the other responded to by saying that he was asleep when it happened. He, of course, realized that the blame was his. Our damage was small, consisting only in a broken flying jib-boom, which was repaired before morning.

The next day, as I was walking the deck, the captain beckoned me to him, saying, "I watched you last night, and I want you to understand that anything you may need for your comfort I'll see that you have. Are you a sailor?" I told him I had been. "Yes, of course, I knew that no landsman could do what I saw you do last night." The fact was that our crew was newly shipped, and the men were, as is often the case when just out of port, more

or less under the influence of strong drink, or stupid from prolonged sprees, and they did not readily find the ropes for working ship in the rapid evolutions necessary to prevent what might have turned out an awful disaster. We had a long but not unpleasant voyage, during which I amused myself by painting the captain's portrait; and it was October before we arrived in New York. On landing I found myself possessed of $50, which was not a bad showing, as I only had $200 when I left Philadelphia, and my outing had lasted nearly sixteen months!

XXVI

RESUME WORK, SECOND MARRIAGE.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

ON my return to Buffalo I took a studio and resumed my work with redoubled vim, having been fortunate in finding immediate employment. About this time the tide that led to my fortune appeared in the form of a lovely and cultivated young lady. I made the acquaintance of Miss Caroline Scott, the youngest daughter of Dr. William K. Scott. A mutual affection led to an engagement, and on the 11th of June, 1856, we were married by the Rev. Dr. Lord at the Central Presbyterian Church. Our outing on this memorable occasion made me acquainted with some characteristics of New England habits and life, hitherto only known through literature. This was especially true of our visit to the birthplace of my wife's mother in Connecticut. The old homestead at Turkey Hill, about fifteen miles from Hartford, was yet innocent of the changes which the rapid march of time has brought about in nearly all the rural as well as urban parts of — I was about to say our country, but I may, with equal justice, say the world. The uncles of my wife, old men then, did all they could to make our visit pleasant. One of them piloted me up the "mountain," at the foot of which the old farm was situated, where could be seen the celebrated Simsbury Mines, where the prisoners of the revolutionary wars had been confined. The other brother took me

fishing in a brook near by, only inhabited by suckers, which he captured by wading in with a large scoop net. What fun!

In the evening a silver pitcher, filled with apple-jack, was handed round, to which full justice was done before retiring. Tradition states that in the olden times a bag of silver dollars was kept on hand, the sole object of which was their use in pitching pennies, but that was long ago. The ladies of the house, as in nearly all parts of New England, were intelligent, particularly so those of the younger generation, who, in culture and refinement, compared favorably with the generality of their city sisters.

Although I did not perceive any signs that advanced piety ruled the family, when Sunday came all were expected to be ready for meeting. The day was one of the hottest of late June, and my wife was travel-worn and needed rest, but, as we were strongly urged to go, we yielded. The great farm wagon, a shaky old affair, took us over a rough and hilly road to the meeting house, four miles distant, and when, after the painful ordeal, we returned with eased consciences for having been good children, we naturally expected the well-earned reward of a whole afternoon of lotus bliss. Vain hope, for no sooner had our post-prandial digestion commenced its work before the rickety old vehicle was at the gate demanding its victims for afternoon service. On my again objecting, I was informed by the head of the family that all who staid in the house must conform to the rule which required their presence at meeting on Sunday afternoons! I found it necessary to assert my new-found authority by positively forbidding my wife to go, and this ended the matter, though it seemed to "spoil the whole thing" for the aged uncle.

Our first objective point on our wedding trip had been to the charming village of New Ipswich, N. H.,

having been invited by the Bellows family, who then resided there at their homestead, where I had spent many happy summer days before my marriage. In fact, the place had almost become a second home to me, and every rock and bush in the "pasture" above the house was an old familiar friend. A walk of half a mile led to the "starch factory pond," a lovely retired spot, formed by the damming of a pretty trout stream, and where I sometimes sketched, and quite as often lured a trout or two from their lairs just below the thin sheet of water which in the droughty summer days gurgled among the rocks below.

An excursion having been planned to Jaffrey, a pleasant morning drive brought us there, whence the ascent of doughty old Monadnock could be made, and, as I had made the ascent more than once, I had the pleasure of acting as guide on this trip, when, with my bride and her friend, Mrs. S., from Buffalo, we ascended the mountain. Ah! I was young and strong then. How we climbed the loose stone pent that led to the top, and how I took my tired wife on my back in coming down, stepping with the sure foot of a sailor, or a goat, from rock to rock. Are not such incidents everlastingly graven on the tablets of our memory!

My wife's most intimate girlhood friends were three young ladies of exceptional culture and character: Miss Abby Fillmore, whose early death was deeply felt; Miss Matilda Stuart, and Miss Julia F. Miller. It so happened that the marriage of Miss Miller to Mr. Frank M. Snow, a rising young merchant, took place just a week before our own, and, as her husband's birthplace was Peterboro, N. H., where his family then lived, they elected to visit that beautiful New England village on their nuptial outing. It had been agreed to meet them there, as we had chosen New Ipswich for our resting place. Thus it was that we had their company in ascending old

MY PORTRAIT, AT 40
PAINTED IN 1859

Monadnock from Jaffrey. Almost half a century lies between those hopeful days and the present, but the friendship cemented in youth has never been broken; nay, it seems to strengthen as the mellowing years bring them nearer and nearer to the goal where time shall be no more.

And Dublin Pond, yet uncontaminated by city vandals who have since fringed it round with cottages, how pleasant the drives around its shore, how lovely to roam unchallenged by new owners about its wooded borders! A picture that I painted there, in which a boat appears on the placid lake, containing wife and self in the act of fishing, still hangs on the walls of our house in memoriam. One of our grandchildren the other day, when informed that the figures in the boat were grandma and grandpa, remarked that he could not understand how I could paint myself in the boat.

But I must leave dear New England, and its youthful memories, for duties of real and mundane life.

My marriage opened to me a new vista into social life. Heretofore my life, since my retirement from the ocean, had been among artists, clergymen and their families, the professors of the medical college, with such of the younger physicians with whom I had fraternized while pursuing my anatomical studies, and a few cultivated families who lived their intellectual lives apart from the "maddening crowd" yclept "society." Naturally timid, and, though fond of company, retiring, the leisure hours from my studio work was spent alone with my books, unless a friend came in to keep me company, or an invitation to tea or evening in a social family circle drew me from my den.

My wife belonged, both by right of birth and association, to that charmed circle known as the older citizens, whose title to the distinction of leaders in society in those days remained unchallenged. Her sister was the wife of one of the most distinguished members of

the bar, a law partner of Millard Fillmore, afterwards destined to become President of the United States, while Mr. Hall, the other member of the firm, most creditably filled the office of Postmaster General, and later shed honor on his duties as United States District Judge. My brother-in-law, Solomon G. Haven, was at the time of my marriage our member of congress, where he served three terms, returning afterward to his practice, and leaving, after his all too early death, an enviable reputation for honor and forensic ability. Thus was I brought into contact with a different class of men, involving new duties, greater responsibilities, calling for increase of mental culture; and, I may add, perhaps best of all, that my new environments gave fresh impulse to my artistic ambition.

The ordinary life of an artist, if he be a painter of portraits, does not often furnish material of interest to others, and yet it seems to me that an autobiography would be lacking true spirit if no account were taken of the mental struggles incident upon studio work in the earnest endeavors to attain that excellence in technique which shall enable him to exploit his ideal.

Many medieval artists were pious monks, whose simple faith found, or thought they found, the inspiration they on bended knees had sought, but even those whose lives were far from saintly often in the privacy of their studios sought saintly aid. Even poor Haydon, in our day, who, whatever may have been his faults or shortcomings, was sincere, generally on bended knee sought Divine assistance before commencing an important picture. Examples like these prove the difficulties of an artistic life and the sense of impotence of our human powers to attain the ideal of a cultured imagination.

If this be so where every advantage to study has been given, how much greater the throes of almost agonized despair are sometimes felt by the untaught would-be

artist in striving to realize dreams of beauty or even the real artistic truth of nature.

One of the greatest difficulties with which I had to struggle was that I was never satisfied that my methods (and they were many, almost one for each new portrait) were any of them leading to the best results. This led to continued changes and experiments, and I now know that much time was lost, and, what was equally discouraging, my works were almost always unequal and often labored, as I neither knew with certainty how to begin nor where to leave off. In fact, my art idea had got clear ahead of my technical ability. This caused me infinite worry, and sometimes brought my temper up to fever heat. When things went wrong at sea my mind would calm down after a good round of swear-words; but I had left off that habit, though an occasional damn would come out in spite of bottled-up restraint. On one occasion, when I had failed to score on a picture, I became so excited that I threw a chair at the canvas, which I happily missed, but broke the chair. Possibly I might have used expressive language had there not been pupils in the next room — ladies, too. However, I picked up my poor chair, and resolved to keep it for further breakings-out of anger.

On one subject I had never been able to be at ease; that was whether, after all, I had chosen rightly in adopting art as my life work. My early leaning had been toward the church, and I had, as before explained, been tempted to become a disciple of Esculapius. Soon after the decease of my first wife I had nearly made up my mind to stop painting and try to become a minister; in fact, I had begun, under the direction and advice of my friend Rev. Montgomery Schuyler, to brush up my Latin and Greek sufficiently to study divinity and take orders, but had given this up. But the question had not ceased to smolder in my bosom as to whether art, after all, was not a waste of life in the great duty which all right-

thinking men owed to society. The educating, civilizing, and refining part which art, perhaps only second to religion, takes in human ethics was to be recognized and fully acknowledged only after the thoughtful experience of more mature years.

Soon after our return to Buffalo I became acquainted with Joseph Warren, lately arrived in Buffalo to become city editor of the *Courier*, of which, not many years after, he became the principal proprietor and editor-in-chief. His wife and mine were related, and very shortly an intimate friendship was formed between us, from which I derived much benefit; for Mr. Warren was a man of uncommon mind and force of character. Indeed, I think I never met a better rounded man, either intellectually or morally. Unselfish, ever ready to help a friend, sometimes, indeed, to his own cost, his good sense and clear judgment was always at the service of his friends, and I, as one of them, will ever hold his memory in sacred keeping. Buffalo may forget his services, but never can be relieved of the obligation it owes him in its public parks, its schools, its clean journalism, its library, and even its art. Were I to express in tersest form my idea of the man, the words of Antony over Brutus' body occur as eminently fitting: "His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, This was a man."

About this time some of our musical young people got up a series of home operas under the direction of Mr. Andrews, whose versatility appeared to be without bounds. "The Postilion of Longjumeau" was to be given in one of our public halls, the St. James, I think. Mr. Sykes was organist and music teacher, taking the Postilion's role. I happened to meet Mr. Warren, then city editor of the *Courier*, and he seemed troubled about the lack of a musical critic for his morning issue, saying jokingly to me, "If you will go and report the opera for

me I will give you my ticket." I thought it would be fun, and at once accepted, although up to this time I had never written a line for the printer, and hardly knew one note of music from another. But there was to be a last rehearsal that afternoon, and thither I went for the material of my article. Everything seemed to go off fairly well. Those present seemed to think that success was assured. Mr. Sykes sang his part to the general satisfaction, and in such musical jargon as I had been able to pick up I wrote a highly complimentary notice of the whole, being quite lavish of praise of Mr. Sykes' rendering of the Postilion's song. On bringing my copy to Mr. Warren, he looked it over, saying that it was all right, remarking, at the same time, that my composition was quite Johnsonian. I was delighted at my success. When, however, at the public representation in the evening, everything seemed to go wrong, I became very nervous; but the acme of horror was not reached till Mr. Sykes broke down altogether in the famous solo I had enthusiastically commended. Mr. Harroun, one of the proprietors of the paper, being present, I rushed up to him and begged him, for God's sake, to have my report changed to suit the circumstances. He told me that he would go down to the office, and promised to attend to it himself. This assurance saved me from a wakeful night, but what was my utter disgust when looking into the *Courier* next morning to find my unfortunate literary production just as I wrote it. It goes without saying that the evening *Commercial,* the rival political paper, had a pleasant time in showing up the acumen of the *Courier's* musical critic; this was answered by Mr. Warren in his next issue by taking stand that it was hardly fair to be severe on an amateur performance, and thus discourage their honest endeavors to please, etc., etc. It is hardly necessary to add that this was my last, as it was my first, attempt in the line of musical criticism.

It was at a meeting of "The Constellation," a Shakespeare Club made up of a few of my wife's friends, that I first saw David Gray. This little social enterprise was the precursor of a larger and more prominent organization which lasted many years, and of which more hereafter. The meeting to which I refer took place at the home of David's uncle, and I was permitted to read "Hamlet," solus. In an obscure corner of the parlor sat a young man in plain habiliments, but with a face beaming with intelligence. I had not yet been introduced to him, but it was to him almost alone that I read, for I never before saw such intelligent attention. Later in life, when David Gray and I had become firm friends, he told me that it was then that he caught the first glimpse of the greatness of Shakespeare, for, though fairly well educated, the tendency of thought in his father's house had been towards religious training and domestic uses rather than dramatic poetry. So much for the first meeting with this highly endowed and charming son of old Scotia, whose brilliant genius was not long after to be incorporated with all that made for the intellectual fame of our city. My limits do not allow more than this tribute to his genius, but fortunately his life and literary works have been so ably exhibited in Mr. J. N. Larned's book on his "Life, Letters, and Poems," that anything from me would be altogether superfluous.

We had about this time an intellectual treat from a gentleman of quite a different stamp, a man of prodigious reading and still more astonishing power of memory, a man with gifts that ought to have made him famous, instead of what his bad habits had made him, the notorious Tom Marshall. I often heard him lecture here, and always, or perhaps with one exception, with profit as well as pleasure. The one exception is memorable, because of an occurrence which has been variously related but not always with realistic truth.

MY WIFE

PAINTED IN 1856

The hall was well filled when Mr. Marshall made his appearance, but in such a state of inebriation that he even leaned against the wall to keep his equilibrium. He began his lecture (which was, if my memory serves me, to be on the subject of the Reformation) with something about Adam and Eve in a rather muffled voice and troubled articulation. After a few minutes a gentleman in the audience, of pronounced reputation for self-assertion, cried out: "Louder, louder!" This seemed to bring the old war horse of oratory to bay, and, after a moment's pause, during which his eye wandered round the audience, he began: "In the great Day of Judgment, when God shall command the angel Gabriel with his trumpet to call the assembled world before his throne for judgment, that damned fool from Buffalo will be crying, 'Louder, louder!'"

I confess I was not particularly displeased, as the offender had, in taking his seat, forcibly put himself into one which I had tried to save for a lady.

My friend Mr. Warren had been elected president of the Young Men's Association. In 1860, and during his administration, and largely promoted by him, the committee on art of that institution concluded to have an exhibition of art, principally American. This was the first of the many following exhibitions of this kind west of New York. It was opened at Christmas, 1861, and was eminently successful, notwithstanding no proper hall at that time existed for such purpose in our city. I assisted during the work of preparation in hanging the pictures, and was myself astonished at the wealth of art, even at that day, which might be termed purely American. Many of the artists who then contributed are now dead, but their works live, and may fairly bear comparison with the present foreign works of our countrymen who study and find their motifs abroad.

However, it was not my fortune to be present at the

festal opening of this show, as my honored brother-in-law, Mr. Haven, ceased his mortal journey the same day, and my services were required in the family. The success of this experiment tended to revive a slumbering idea in the minds of some of us artists anent a project of forming a regular art association for a school of art and a permanent art gallery in Buffalo. I think the credit for inception of the idea properly belongs to the memory of Le Clear, though the intimate relations between him, William H. Beard and myself were so cordial that the same thought on art matters was common to the trio.

The early history of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy has been truthfully written by Mr. W. O. Chapin, and I need not try the patience of my readers by enlarging upon what, after all, can have no vital interest to any but the actors, who, with one or two exceptions, are no longer interested in the affairs of this world. I may, however, say that without the kind encouragement and material aid of Mr. John Allen, the then treasurer of the institution, Captain E. P. Dorr, and the ever-ready help of Mr. Warren, Henry Richmond, George S. Hazard,* S. S. Jewett, and others of the board of trustees, my task

* Since these memoirs were written Mr. George Star Hazard, one of my most valued friends, has passed the pearly gates. Full of virtues as he was full of years, he left an unclouded memory. The sincere Christian, the model gentleman in manners as well as conduct, in the midst of the intricacies of mercantile affairs he ever found time for civic duties, whether for church or state. His devotion to art, as witnessed in his active endeavor on behalf of the B. F. A. A., was only overshadowed by his valuable services in the dark days of our strife. And in his invaluable contribution to our own historical society anent that trying period he has left an everlasting tribute to his patriotism. How much I owe to his friendship and noble example I cannot estimate.

to keep up public interest in our infant enterprise so as to prevent its death from lack of nourishment would have been an impossible one. Neither was it pleasant, as superintendent and caterer for exhibitions, to be scolded by the New York artists, to whom we were obliged chiefly to look for material, because so few pictures were sold, though I used to retort that the establishment of our academy was for the general advance of art rather than the pecuniary advantages of individual artists. They began to realize after a while that my devotion was real, and honored me for it, becoming nearly always ready to lend the desired aid. I made friends among my brother artists all over the country, and that was a gratification which to me was the chief reward for my personal sacrifices.

XXVII

FROM MY FORTY-FIFTH TO FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR.

MY tale is already too long, and yet I cannot close without a few words of grateful remembrance of the happiness my social life has afforded me. My early life was, on the whole, far from a happy one, as may be seen by what has gone before. Far otherwise has it been with the latter half; and yet even that has not been without its thorns. It is the ordinary penalty of age, however otherwise happy, to outlive dear friends, and now, when more than four score years are on me, I realize their absence with an aching heart.

True, I am enviably situated in a lovely home, with a nice studio, where I am yet able to follow my lovely art, with wife, daughter, and grandchildren, who all are anxious to make the few days I yet may live full of domestic happiness and love. Nor is this all; go where I will, I meet with nothing but kind and respectful consideration from young and old who know my name.

Among my pleasantest remembrances are the delightful symposia with Dr. J. G. Holland, David Gray, the poet Saxe, Dr. William Wright, Dennis Bowen, and other kindred spirits, at Joseph Warren's hospitable home. Nor do I forget the pleasant house parties at Mr. William Letchworth's Glen Iris, in which I sometimes was permitted to take part. These are, indeed, precious memories.

The late Shakespeare Club, too, that had a lively existence of more than two decades. Ah! we, most of us, in its earlier days, read our parts without the aid of glasses, but, as time grew, one after another found the

light poorer and the print less distinct or smaller. As I write I see them yet beaming with intellect and friendly feeling as, book in hand, they meet and greet each other. Prominent among them I see the Honorable E. Carlton Sprague, than whom neither bar nor society had a purer, gentler or more intellectual exponent, or one more in touch with the great poet's ideas. I see Sherman S. Rogers, another legal light of equal virtue, whose all round good humor, wit, and jovial disposition made him the electric spark that fired us all into explosive enjoyment; David Gray, too, whose innate sense brought light into the most obscure passages and gave to all the finish of his appreciative and poetic mind. I see, too, the serious and gentle Frothingham, almost divine in nature as in office, learned in Shakespeare as in divinity.

These, and others no less worthy the Amaranth, have all passed the pearly gates. If I have refrained from mention of our ladies, some of whom were not a whit behind our best in appreciation and interpretation of the master, it is because they are yet living, and my vision was of shades.

But, among the survivors, there still walks the earth, though, like myself, an old man, "four score and upwards," but still in his "right mind," our best interpreter of the great poet's work, James Osborn Putnam, lawyer, statesman, orator, scholar, and, above all, the genial Christian gentleman.

Two Presidents of the United States have honored me with friendship, Millard Fillmore and Grover Cleveland, and I have even had the pleasure of painting their portraits. Of the former, I have already spoken in mentioning my wife's family connections, and I will only add that I found him always a model gentleman, dignified and polite. He was an accommodating sitter, full of anecdotes, which he would relate with excellent effect, and in his family circle a most entertaining gentleman.

My acquaintance with Mr. Cleveland began while he was a young lawyer in our city. We both belonged to a fishing club. "The Jolly Reefers" was its original name. I may explain that Reefer had no connection, except in name, to the navy. We were reefers because we fished over the reefs, or stony places, in the Niagara River for bass. I shall only add that, though none of us thought we had a possible President of the United States in our set, I think if we had been told that one of us was to be raised to that high dignity, we would unanimously have pointed to our dignified, but far from solemn, friend Cleveland.

It has also been my good fortune to be kindly received by, and even to form lasting friendships with, some of the older masters of American art, whose advice and encouragement I highly valued. These men did not talk of art for "art's sake." They believed that art had a mission beyond its technique. They sought with sincerity to suggest its spiritual ideality in their studies of nature's beauty and character. In short, they believed in high ideals, and strove to reach them.

That their failures were due less to lack of technical skill than want of that public sympathy in matters of art, which later European travel and awakened interest in its ethical value, aided by more general and greater accumulations of wealth, have fostered, is made evident when we remember that our most prominent American painters and sculptors owe the solid foundation of their ability to their early instruction in the school of the National Academy of Design.

In the realm of highest art the works of Allston prove the possibilities which American art might have reached had it had the liberal support of an enlightened public opinion. The brilliant power of Gilbert Stuart is universally admitted; but even in later times, the names of Inman, Page, Elliott, Harding, Morse, and others will be undying proofs of native strength in portraiture, and we

must go far and wide to find a greater interpreter of nature's mystery in landscape than Innes or Wyant. My limits forbid the mention of many others who have shed luster on American art. Yet two there were so interwoven with my own life that I cannot leave them out — Thomas Le Clear, whose best portraits have never been excelled in some sterling qualities by any, and William H. Beard, whose unrivaled genius and original conceptions will be epochy in the history of American art long after his ephemeral critics shall have found the oblivion to which they were entitled.

I continued to exhibit year after year at the spring exhibition of the Academy of Design, and they kindly hung my pictures, generally high, but probably not higher than I deserved, till 1872, when I daringly sent my own large portrait, which at last got on the line, and even next to the central piece in the south room of the Academy's galleries. This portrait was well received by the press, and greatly was I moved by the sincere praise of my brother artists, foremost of whom was Daniel Huntington, *doyen* of the National Academy, and at the time its president. I was elected associate, and in the spring of 1875 I received the honors of a full-fledged Academician.

XXVIII

ACADEMICIAN, TRAVELS IN EUROPE

THE good-natured writer of fiction usually ends his story with a happy denoument. It was my intention to follow his example in these memoirs, closing with my admission to the National Academy of Design, the culmination of my artistic hopes, but mature reflection has convinced me that they would be even more incomplete than they are without some acknowledgment of the debt due the companionship and example of some of the men and women of culture through whose influence my mind has taken on a healthy development and formation of character, and whose good opinion and encouragement have been a spur to bring out the best that was in me in my endeavor to justify their judgment.

In the foreground of the panorama which memory calls up from her mysterious recesses stands the grand and genial Charles Wendel Upham, of Salem, Mass., in whose family it was my good fortune to be received on familiar footing. His oldest son Charles had married my wife's niece. Ah! how well I remember their happy nuptials. Among the youthful friends of the bridegroom who came from New England to the wedding was one fated to become Ambassador to the Court of Great Britain, and none has shed greater luster to his country's honor. Joseph Choate, if my memory be not at fault, was the best man. They had been class-mates at Harvard. Dear, lovely Charles Upham, beautiful, good, and bubbling over with sparkling, inoffensive wit, only eight months after his marriage he sighed his last in my loving arms. Thus it was that I became a friend of the

family, and precious is the memory of the hours I have spent in that lovely old-fashioned New England home, redolent of learning, culture, and refinement. Mrs. Upham, the sister of John and Oliver Wendel Holmes, was of a retiring nature, due in part to physical weakness, but perhaps more to mental depression, having had an unusual share of domestic grief in the loss of a large family of children. Although she seemed averse to company, she would always give me a hearty welcome, and in the evening by the library table she was ever present with a handkerchief that never got hemmed, listening to our talk, and every now and then injecting some witty remark worthy of her distinguished brothers. Sometimes brother John came down from his Cambridge home to join us, but to my deep regret I never saw the Doctor. They were fond of sea stories, and seemed never weary of listening to a relation of my adventures.

It was while speaking of my boyhood, telling how I came to America with Captain Moriarty, that Mr. Upham exclaimed: "What, with Thomas Moriarty! He was a great friend of mine."

I was gratified to learn that Mrs. Moriarty and her younger daughter were still living, and that Mr. Upham knew their address, for I wished them to know that the little Swedish boy to whom they had been so kind had not been lost. This led to a correspondence, and thus I learned later of the death of the dear old lady.

Soon after my election to the Academy, being in New York, I determined to renew my acquaintance in person with Miss Ellen Moriarty, having learned that she was then living in Greenwich, Conn. It was forty-two years since I saw her last, and I could not expect a recognition. I did not give my name to the maid who answered the door-bell, only asking her to tell her mistress that a gentleman wished to see her. Soon a large and magnificent gray-haired woman came in, approaching me

with outstretched hands. "Gustavus!" was all she said. "But," said I, "how could you know me?" "Oh, from your portrait in the Academy." Of course, I never could have known in that stately woman of sixty the black-eyed beauty of my youthful admiration.

I have mentioned Doctor J. G. Holland as a partaker in our symposia round Mr. Warren's hospitable hearth-stone. The acquaintance thus formed ripened into a friendship all too early severed by his untimely decease, but the memory of which will ever be one of the most cherished in my life. To speak of Dr. Holland as an author is foreign to my purpose, except to say that he never wrote a line that was not as pure as himself, nor one that had not for its mission the bettering of his reader. Though always genial and cheerful in company, there was a substratum of tender melancholy in his being which I may exemplify by the following: He was sitting in my studio while I was at work, and I suddenly found him shedding tears. Thinking that something was wrong with him, I hastened to ask what the trouble was. His answer was: "Tears, idle tears; I know not what they mean." I was not as familiar with Tennyson's writings as I now am, but I knew whence he was quoting. "Sellstedt," said he, "I want you to promise me that you will read those verses ten times over." He expected me to have them by heart by that time, but it took me more than thirty times to accomplish it. Afterwards I was a guest in his house a week painting a portrait of Mrs. Holland. A more genial and happy family I have not seen; the last I saw of this noble man was when, with my wife and daughter, we were in New York on our way to Europe in 1880, when he called to bid us *bon voyage,* none of us suspecting that it would be our last good-by.

In my frequent visits to New York to solicit the loan of pictures from the resident artists I was often favored

A WINTER'S DAY AT MARBLEHEAD

PAINTED IN 1875

with opportunities to meet other interesting people, male and female. I had the entrée to the evenings of the literary coteries, and I never failed to profit by the privilege. How precious to me now is the memory of the cultured crowd that filled Mrs. Botta's parlors. Not least of all was that charming lady herself, with her gentle ways and cordial welcome. Nor were the Sunday evenings at Mrs. Youmans', where I was placed on still more familiar footing, her first husband, Judge Lee of the Sandwich Islands, having in his youth been a protégé of my father-in-law. And the dear and good Mary Booth, whose evening circle I never missed when opportunity offered. It was here that I was introduced to Mrs. Bigelow, that gifted, cultured, eccentric, but charming lady, whom I afterwards encountered at Mr. Daly's house, where many ladies of histrionic fame were present. Inviting me to a seat on a sofa near her she broke out (sotto voce, of course): "Mr. Sellstedt, who are all these people?" Nor must I forget the lamasery of Mrs. Blawatski, where my friend O'Donohue, the sculptor, took me on more than one occasion. The grand old priestess was quite gracious, and vouchsafed me a good deal of attention, but I remember that when I did not agree with her opinions she was not slow to inform me that I was a fool — all in good humor, however. I recall her now, sitting on a high chair, her red-brown hair thick as a mop — and not unlike one — smoking her everlasting cigarette, the while uttering her oracular words to her admiring friends, of whom none seemed more attentive than Colonel Olcott, who may be said to have sat at her feet. I confess that I was more amused than impressed by the wonderful stories that she told of her relation to the occult powers, but all the same I am fain to admit my admiration of the extent of her information and her powers as a leader. She told me that she understood the secret of life sufficiently to live to any desired period. I asked her how long she

wanted to live. She replied that 150 years would satisfy her. She must have changed her mind later.

Up to the time of my election to the N. A. D., I had never seen an undoubted old master; never having visited the great galleries of Europe. It became a longing desire of my heart to inspect these wonderful efforts of genius. At last my circumstances rendered the excursion possible, and early in January, 1875, I took passage in the old White Star liner, the "Adriatic," which in nine days landed me at Liverpool. We had only fifty passengers, but among them I found a very interesting naval officer, Captain Greene. We were roommates and soon became friends. He had been with Worden in the "Monitor" at Hampton Roads, and, though but a young lieutenant, had charge after the captain received his injury to the eye. We parted in Liverpool, but met later, as he was on his way to take charge of the "Juniata" at Nice.

My first objective point in London was the National Gallery, and there for the first time broke on my wondering view the beauty and grandeur of the great masters of the renaissance.

Frequent visits to this great collection have made me familiar with nearly all its treasures, but on this my first visit I had a special object in view: the study of portraits. Giving an admiring glance at all, especially the works of the Venetian schools, I found myself before the portrait of Rembrant. My book-ideas of Rembrant were that he was a sort of magician that dealt almost exclusively in tricks of clair-obscur; but that he could be simply natural was a revelation. Here was a portrait broadly and simply painted just as I saw nature, and would have represented it if I had had the same ability. The lack of this I felt, but my courage rose for I knew myself on the right road.

My stay in England was short, and soon I was afloat again on one of those ridiculous little tubs that cross the

channel from Dover to Calais. There again I met Captain Greene, and we both remained on the upper deck with the captain, the only two passengers that did not need the washbowls.

When I was fairly settled in a little hotel in Rue d'Equiquier, recommended me by a Mr. Dreifus, one of my companions de voyage from New York. I hastened to look up my friend Healy, the American portrait painter, whose acquaintance I had made in Buffalo while he was there to paint the portrait of Mr. Fillmore for the White House. Though Mr. Fillmore's guest, Mr. Healy found it pleasant to spend his evenings at our house, and as he was a charming gentleman we enjoyed his society greatly and thus we became quite intimate. I found him keeping house in a pleasant part of the city with a fine studio in a garden pavilion. His son-in-law was a fine-looking young French artist, whose name I do not recall, but I recollect that while at dinner, to which I had been invited, the conversation being on the pictures in the Louvre, I happened to speak of the Rembrant in London. "Ah!" said he, "when we Parisians wish to study Rembrant we go to London, for our good king Louis XVIII. had those in the Louvre thickly varnished over, dirt and all, so that they cannot be seen to advantage.

I love the Louvre, it is so come-at-able. I love it best on Sunday, when all the pictures may be seen unobstructed by the crowds of copyists, most of whom seemed to be regular manufacturers for commercial purposes. Here I spent nearly all the time allowed, my evenings being generally devoted to the Comedie Francois. The weather was bad during the whole week, and being a stranger without a sufficient knowledge of the language, I cannot say I enjoyed this so-much-vaunted emporium of pleasure, and I was glad enough to be on my way again towards more genial climes.

My first stop was at Genoa, where I knew that some

fine Van Dykes were to be seen. At Nice the solitude of my compartment was disturbed by the invasion of a couple of ladies, accompanied by a gentleman. It did not require the name of "Juniata" in gilt letters on the young lady's hat to know her at once for an American; nor the everlasting pince-nez and yellow locks of the male escort to put him down as German, the manners and characteristics of both being unmistakable. I soon discovered that the elder lady, whom I rightly took to be the mother, was suffering from headache. The younger people being seated opposite at once began to discuss their luncheon, with which they seemed amply provided, chatting and seeming totally indifferent to her comfort. I was seated in the cozy corner, and as I never can see suffering without wishing to relieve it, I got up and offered to change seats with her so that she could rest her head against the cushioned corner. She began to make excuses, she couldn't think of depriving me of the seat, etc., etc. I simply took hold of her gently and almost forced her into my place. She at once rested her head against the cushion with an expression of comfort, saying: "Thank you, sir; you must be an American!" I took the compliment for my adopted country, though I am very sure any Swedish gentleman would have done the same. No remarks from the opposite neighbors, who continued their agreeable occupation of eating and flirting.

I am not going to describe Genoa, nor even the beautiful works of art I saw there, but I was greatly struck with the polite liberality of the owners of these precious treasures in permitting travelers to examine them even, as it seemed to me, at times when it might have been inconvenient. It was Sunday when I hired a *valet de place* to guide me round, and he seemed to find no difficulty in being admitted wherever he went. In the churches, too, and we examined several, we had to make our way between the kneeling worshipers, even while the service was

going on, no one seeming to think anything of a stranger who only came to see the pictures.

My next stopping palce was Florence. Here a curious thing happened to me. I started out one day to visit the Pitti Gallery. Crossing the river I soon found the grand palace and going up the broad marble steps I saw a man just ahead of me with a paint-box. He turned and spoke, saying: "Is this not Mr. Sellstedt?" "Yes, but how in the world do you know who I am?" "Oh," said he; "by your portrait in the Academy." (My picture hung close by.) "My name is Van Schaick." Being familiar with the place, he pointed out the most important works, which of course, was of great service to me; and when I told him I wanted to see the Uffizi, too, that day and that I must go, he said he would show me how I could get there without going out. Taking me down some stairs into a long gallery, which I found full of interesting drawings, magnificent tapestries, and other curios which occupied my whole attention till I came to an ascending flight and found myself in another no less vast gallery, where I spent the rest of the time allotted to visitors, and was turned out with the crowd, finding myself in an altogether unknown square, which I afterwards knew as the Signoria. Being totally ignorant of my whereabouts, I got into a vittorina, telling the driver to take me to my hotel. It took him some time to get there, the scamp having driven me about to waste time, for I afterwards discovered that it was quite near.

The next day I thought I would again visit the Uffizi, and ignorant of the fact that the long gallery which had so interested me the day before was built over the Ponte Vecchio to connect the two galleries, I again crossed it in search of the entrance to the Uffizi, which I supposed to be at the back of the Pitti somewhere. I could not find the gallery, but I again found the Pitti, intending to go through as before, but it was a "festa" and the place was

closed. Returning to my hotel, I took a walk after dinner and suddenly found myself before the entrance to the Uffizi. Even then I supposed this fugitive gallery to be on the other side of the river and that my mind was giving way, for I believed that I must have crossed the bridge unconsciously. I said to myself, "S., you have seen too much; you must go to bed, perhaps your mind will be clearer in the morning." It was only at breakfast the next day, when I related my adventure to a gentleman at the table, that I knew how I had erred.

Rome at last! Dear Rome! how soon I got to love it! Even though the winter was one of the worst kind, there was to me a sort of hallowed influence quite independent of the rains, the frozen fountains, the siroccos, et al. Much of my enjoyment was due to the friends I met and made, but aside from all living humanity there is here an indescribable attraction in one's environment; here the living and the dead are cheek by jowl, where the great patrician reveled, the cobbler cobbles — and every stone is sacred history. After being fairly settled, I made a hasty excursion to the south. Saw Naples, drove to Pompeii, thence to Sorrento with its cold hotels, sour oranges, and beautiful surroundings, sailed over in a boat to Capri, where I was wind-bound six days. On my return to Naples I did not linger long, as I was anxious to be in Rome in time for the carnival. While waiting in the crowd for my turn to buy a ticket for Rome, a child's voice reached my ear, calling, "Mr. Sellstedt." Turning round I found a lady and her young daughter, friends from Buffalo. In the coach with me was an Italian whom I took to be a Jew; he had with him a large bag, the top of which was almost covered with seals; on my expressing my curiosity to know why it was so besealed, he informed me that he had been in Sicily to buy women's hair, and that each seal represented a woman's head of hair, of which the sack was full. The seals were custom

house seals, and he said that he had 200 switches there.

It would extend these memoirs far beyond their scope to detail the obligations I owe to the friends I met in Rome during the winter, but I cannot omit this opportunity to express my gratitude to them. To my old friend C. C. Coleman I owe the entrée to Mr. and Mrs. Herriman's hospitable home, where many delightful memories are clustered. To Mr. Elihu Vedder and his charming wife I owe equal thanks. I even remember the pleasant reception I received from that great and good Mr. Marsh, then our charge d'affairs; and lastly, though not the least, are my thanks due to my former pupil, Miss Crawford, then a student in Rome, through whose kind offices my stay was made pleasant and easy in various ways.

A chance meeting with a young friend from Buffalo gave me the opportunity to assist at the celebration of the Birthday of Rome, as it was called. My friend, who was an energetic traveler, had procured tickets to the Palace of the Cæsars, from whence we could have a splendid view of the illumination of the Coliseum and the adjacent ruins. Victor Emmanuel himself was among the spectators, conspicuous in his scarlet surroundings, as I often had seen him in his frequent drives in the Pincean.

Apropos of kings, I am reminded of a pleasant episode which took place some years later when traveling with my wife and daughter through Europe. We were on our way to Sweden, taking in Copenhagen, where we spent a week or more. On the steamer from Lybeck I had become acquainted with some artists of note on their way to Copenhagen to attend the opening of a great Pan-Scandinavian art exhibition, which was to take place in that city. Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and even Finland, which, though politically Russian, in all essential culture and language is Swedish, and therefore in its art naturally belonging to the common brotherhood.

The formal opening was appointed for Monday at 1 P. M. Through the influence of my new acquaintance I received cards of invitation, which included the private opening ceremonies in the presence of the royal family, a grand dinner to all the artists present at one of the principal hotels, where about 300 men were seated, visits by rail to various royal palaces in the vicinity. In fact, we were the guests of the city for four days. Precisely at the appointed time the doors were opened and the king and queen, accompanied by the other members of the royal family, entered, followed by the officers of the court. Chairs had been placed for them near the officiating poet, speaker, and the music. Directly opposite and quite near were placed seats for the invited guests, and among them I was seated, rendering close observation quite easy. I need not say that I used the opportunity to its fullest extent during the whole hour the ceremonies lasted. I noticed that the plainest dressed were the king and queen, some of the attending courtiers and officers being so weighted with gold braid that it seemed as if their clothes would have stood up without anything in them. The opening ceremonies consisted of an address of some length, a poem by one of the first poets of Denmark, and music. At the conclusion of the opening function, the king and all his retinue rose, and all followed their example. To my surprise, one of my friends of the steamboat walked up and shook hands with the crown princess, who seemed quite glad to meet him. He afterwards informed me that he had often had her in his arms when she was a little girl, as her father, Charles XV. of Sweden, who was himself an artist, had been his friend.

The official ceremonies being at an end, all scattered about the several rooms to inspect the paintings, of which there was a large number, and many of great excellence. I was standing looking at a large marine scene which I was mentally criticising, when the king approached me.

"Is that your work?" he asked in Danish. I replied in the negative. "Have you anything here?" was his next question. I told him I had not, that I was traveling with my family for pleasure, and that I was an artist born in Sweden, but residing in America since childhood, and was there by invitation of the committee. "Well," he said, "I am right glad to meet you," giving me a cordial hand-shake. He then stood and looked a while silently at the picture, then, as if talking to himself, remarked: "I wish I could paint such a picture." Just then he perceived the queen standing in the doorway beckoning to him, when he left me with a courteous bow to join her. I have often thought that it was strange that I was so self-possessed and could be so natural. The fact was that his manner was so cordial that I forgot that he was a king.

The limit set for this hasty sketch of this my first revel among the treasures of mediæval art prevents my lingering among these charming environments. After a hasty glance at all the galleries and churches of Perugia and Bologne, which enabled me to understand and, to some extent, to appreciate the efforts of the Umbrian and Bolognese, that May in Venice will ever remain a memory of unalloyed happiness. While in that enchanting city, I essayed to execute a commission from one of my friends in Buffalo, and thus I varied my time between a couple of hours of painting and the study of the works of art of which the city is so full. Needless to say that most of my time was spent in the Belli Arti, among the precious *chef-d'oeuvres* of the great Venetian masters. The splendid colors of the Titians, Palma Vecchio, Bonefaccio or others of their contemporaries were my first objects of worship, but after a while the greatness of Carpaccio dawned upon me and I was never weary of studying the story of St. Ursula. I believe, after all, that notwithstanding my love of the sensuous beauty of color,

the more severely intellectual with its naked reality of treatment is more lastingly to my liking, and of this kind of art these pictures certainly deserve a high place.

The churches, too, I haunted. Unlike those of Rome, where for the most part only copies are to be found, here one had a fair chance to study the originals. I remember on one occasion in the San Zaccaria the sexton invited me to ascend a ladder near the high altar to examine a fine picture. The instance is made rather memorable, as I lost the fez which I used to wear, it having been appropriated by a kneeling devotee who sat near me. I was obliged to go home bareheaded, but fortunately my lodgings were not far off. At another time in the Frari, while looking at the great work of Titian, the Holy Family, casa Pesaro, over the high altar, there being only myself with friend Grist, the amiable sacristan allowed me to climb up on the altar for a near view, though when some other *forestieri* entered the church I had to get down in haste.

I think that one of the deepest and most lasting impressions of my visit to Venice at this time was the magnificent wealth of art in the Scoula de San Marco. A wonderful genius, truly, was Tintoretto. Vasari tells us that when the brothers of San Marco wished to have the ceiling of a part decorated with painting four distinguished artists then residing in the city were requested to make designs for the work. Among these was Tintoretto, who straightway took the dimensions of the space to be filled and on canvas painted the scene, put it in its place, and then called the members in charge to inspect it. Objections being made that they had only called for designs, he told them that this was the only way he designed his work, and, as further objection was made in regard to cost, he made a donation of it to the society. Thus it was permitted to remain. After this he was regularly employed at a certain salary to produce

FROM MY WINDOW IN VENICE

PAINTED IN 1875

two paintings at each festa of the saint, and thus every available space became enriched by the fertility of this remarkable man.

Leaving Venice the first of June, I began my homeward journey, tarrying long enough at Milan to see its beautiful cathedral, and that glorious ruin of art, the Last Supper, by Leonardo de Vinci, which, in its perfect state, must indeed have been a marvel, foreshadowing the best scientific technique in composition, color, and design of our day, while in sublimity and thoughtful treatment of a grand subject I think it has no rival in painted art.

My way lay through Turin and the still unfinished Mount Cenis tunnel, where I recall an unpleasant forty minutes in darkness, stifling smoke, and terrifying explosions, as if the whole mountain would fall to crush us, but which were only innocent torpedoes to warn the workers at the outlet of the coming of the train.

In Paris the Salon was open, and thus an opportunity was furnished me to compare the new with the old in art, and, though far from blind to the excellent scientific technique as exhibited in the works of the best modern painters, the idea forced itself upon me that the great masters of the renaissance were gigantic in intellect as well as thoroughly trained workmen and masters, and that they had brought art as near perfection as was in human power.

With the exception of a couple of studies from my window in Venice, I had devoted all my outing to the examination of the works of the great masters, thereby hoping to advance my technique, but beyond the knowledge which I think every artist ought to possess of what has been done, and may be done in art, I do not think I had made any practical gain. Nay, I am not sure but that my endeavors to equal them were a positive detriment.

Before I went away, Nature had been almost my sole guide, and in that way I had arrived nearer to the works of these models than what I accomplished when trying to bring out in my own work the peculiar excellencies I fancied in theirs. True, they sought Nature, and each in his own way found her — especially was this true of portraiture. No one has approached her nearer than Raphael, Titian, Robusto, Velasquez, Rembrant, and some of their contemporaries, but I was yet to discover that any hopes I might have of ultimate success, as far as my ability could insure it, lay not in painting Velasquez, Rembrants, or Titians, but simply Sellstedt's as well as my powers enabled me to interpret Nature.

XXIX

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY CITIZENS

ON my return to Buffalo, I found ready and profitable employment in portraits of older and distinguished judges and lawyers to be placed in the General Term court room, and of some of the mayors for the mayor's office. In this way, I secured the friendship of some of the most distinguished members of the bar.

My studio was over the offices of Rogers & Bowen, a noble firm; and that its high reputation has moulted no feather, the names of Locke and Milburn abundantly testify. It was in this office that our distinguished ex-President Cleveland finished his legal education. Henry Ware Rogers, the elder of this firm, was a man of strong personality, with strong convictions, and positive in his manner of uttering them, but with a jovial and kindly disposition, which made him a popular and pleasant companion.

He was my landlord and used to pay me frequent visits in my studio. His nephew, Mr. S. S. Rogers, was admitted to the firm and eventually succeeded him. I remember Mr. Rogers coming into my studio one day in a nervous manner, with a lowering look on his face. "What is the matter?" was my question. "Oh," said he, "nothing, only Sherman hasn't any reverence." I suspected that they had differed, so I said: "Mr. Rogers, I can tell you what the matter is; Sherman is too much of a Rogers; is not that it?" He broke out laughing. "Well," said he, "I guess that is it." I knew that he loved his nephew and was proud of him. Not long after

this he gave up his practice and moved to Ann Arbor, where, among the professors of the university, he found genial company till his death a few years afterwards.

Nature had made a masterpiece of moral worth when Dennis Bowen was born. Nor had she been niggard in intellectual endowment, and yet so evenly balanced was his whole being that good, normal, and lucid common sense seemed to dominate the whole man. Thoughtful, reliable, well trained in the duties of his profession, his clients placed the utmost confidence in his judgment and felt their interests safe in his keeping. Whether from lack of forensic eloquence or innate shrinking from publicity, his voice was seldom if ever heard as a pleader in open court, but with all his gentleness he never hesitated to speak his mind when occasion required. An instance of which I remember. A wealthy acquaintance of his came to the office to discuss some legal business in which he was interested. In the course of their talk, Mr. Bowen bluntly charged his interlocutor with dishonesty. "Why, Mr. Bowen, you don't mean that; why do you say it?" "Because it is true," was the uncompromising rejoinder.

Mr. Bowen was fond of fishing. It was indeed his only diversion from his arduous work. Being the part owner of a small steam yacht, he with his friend, Joseph Warren, used to spend many happy days on the swift Niagara after muscalonge and black bass. On one occasion they succeeded in capturing a large muscalonge, which was photographed suspended from a pole between the two friends. This eventually led to trouble between two other members of the bar. There was a trial in court involving some property, the late William Dorsheimer being retained by one of the parties. Mr. Bowen and the late distinguished Judge Smith had testified that Mr. Dorsheimer's client could not be believed under oath. Mr. Bowen was a very large man and the judge quite

under the usual size. In his defense of his client, Mr. D. used these words: "Notwithstanding the muscalonge and the minnow of the bar have testified, etc." Of course, Judge Smith was highly offended, and indeed I think with all his real Christian character never fully got over his indignation. I spoke of his feelings to Mr. Dorsheimer, and he regretted his hasty words, which he told me occurred at the time to him by having seen the piscatory picture. Being himself very large, he did not realize the feelings of a gentleman less colossally endowed by Nature.

Mr. Bowen was one of the founders of the Falconwood Club and of the Buffalo Club, whose first president was Mr. Fillmore, his former guide in law, for whom he ever retained the utmost respect.

I have formerly alluded to Sherman S. Rogers as a favorite member of our Shakespeare Club; if I refer to him again, it is that I may link myself in memory to one whose nobility of character and sterling worth as a prominent citizen and Christian gentleman deserves more fitting tribute than my poor pen can give. Of his standing among his professed peers it is not for me to judge; that it was enviable I know. In his private life he was fortunate; his wife was a model of all the charms which can make home happy. Greatly blessed were they in their lovely children, and a more united family was not to be found. I think Mr. Rogers may have had political aspirations, but if so they were not satisfied. In every way fitted for office, he lacked one thing that contributes to success. His bid for office greatly resembles that of Coriolanus before his Roman voters. Two proud to bend, and conscious of the rectitude of his motives, he seemed to lack the tact to conciliate, and some of his worthiest efforts for the amelioration of the poorer citizens were misconstrued against him. The only office he held was as president of the Civil Service Committee, a thankless

office which was not likely to advance his political aspirations.

Nature had endowed Mr. Rogers with strength and manly beauty and with a joyous disposition. Witty and appreciative, he loved poetry, especially of the humorous kind, of which he was an excellent reader with great power of imitating dialect, to the great amusement of his friends. His greatest amusement was fishing, and he was an expert in luring an old trout out of his hole. In later years he preferred the larger sports to be found at Narragansett Pier, where striped bass became his victims, and I think the capture of a thirty-pounder would give him greater pleasure than to win an important lawsuit. I recall a week at Anthony's, where I was with him as his guest, as marked with white in my existence. He afterwards bought the place, and it became his ordinary summer home during the fishing season. Once while we were out fishing, he at his favorite rocks and I some distance from him on a steep bank near "the yellow rock," at about the time to go home in the evening a thick fog set in, so thick that nothing could be seen that could give you your bearings. He had left before me, while the house could still be seen, expecting to find me there before him. I had left my place and started to go back, but got lost in the fog and walked round in search of the house, but being a stranger it was perhaps half an hour before I at last arrived. My friend came to meet me with great joy, thinking that I had slipped and fallen in, having been in the greatest anxiety about me. The whole episode made so strong an impression upon him that he was fain to let his feelings take a poetical turn, which resulted in a long, humorous description in rhyme.

After the marriage of his children and the unexpected death of his lovely wife, which took place in California, Mr. Rogers used to relieve the loneliness of his home by a social game of whist with a few of his chosen friends,

THE SEVEN
(unfinished group)
PAINTED IN 1885

among whom none held a more intimate place than the Hon. James O. Putnam, who, since his return from Brussels, where he had been charge d'affairs, had lived with his charming family in happy retirement. Another of Mr. Rogers' valued friends was Mr. W. Johnston, a highly cultivated and agreeable gentleman of leisure. It was at one of these symposia that I saw my friend for the last time. It was a cold winter evening when he sent his carriage for Mr. Putnam and myself to come and dine with him, Mr. Johnston, who lived nearer, being also of the party. After a delightful evening of mingled social merriment and indifferent whist, the carriage was again provided, and our generous host insisted on giving us his personal company to our respective homes. A few days later, he left for California to visit his gifted poet son, in whose beautiful home he breathed his last after a short and wholly unexpected illness.

It is given to few to leave a memory so universally respected as that of E. Carleton Sprague. In his profession few stood higher; as a thoroughly cultivated gentleman he was the acknowledged peer of the best. Broad of view and catholic in his sympathies, his opinions on all questions bearing upon the welfare of his country were always treated with due and respectful consideration. Though firm in his own beliefs, he was ever ready to treat with respect those of others. Outside of his profession his tastes were wholly literary; eminently of a social nature, he was happiest in his family circle and the company of appreciative friends. By nature religious, he was no bigot; and though Unitarian by choice, he was not of those who stare with compassionate wonder at an intelligent believer in orthodoxy. He was a diligent student of the Bible, which he held in high esteem. As a public speaker, he had few equals in graceful style, always scholarly and to the point, and it was a great pleasure to

listen to the easy flow of his elegant English. He was one of the founders of our Liberal Club, and at the time of his decease its president, and long will his last address to that association be lovingly remembered by all who heard him. Mr. Sprague's mind was a storehouse of beauties of literature; especially was it filled with poetic extracts. Naturally gifted with a good memory, he never neglected to keep it bright; indeed, he told me that it was a habit of his to memorize something each morning while making his toilet as a memory exercise. The news of his sudden death came to me while in Bermuda, where we had been together only the year before enjoying the beauties and delightful climate of those happy isles.

I do not know that I can better or more concisely express my estimate of those highly honored and richly gifted friends, Solomon G. Haven and George W. Clinton, than by copying the following correspondence:

Hon. Conrad Diehl, Mayor:

Dear Sir,—On a visit to your office some time ago, my attention was called to the portraits of the ex-mayors of our city, several of which were by my own hand. I had heard of an effort to supply the missing ones by contract and expected to find a complete series, but I found that such was not the case. Among the missing were those of two men, either of whom, to say the least, had equaled the greatest or best, whether in intellect, attainments, or purity of public life, and both had been my personal friends: George W. Clinton and Solomon G. Haven. To the latter I was bound in family ties, and his early death marks one of the saddest epochs of my life, and if I be spared with unimpaired faculties a few months longer their "counterfeit presentments" shall yet look down upon us from these walls.

At present it is of the former I would speak. At my advent in Buffalo in 1842, George W. Clinton was mayor

of the city. I first saw him when he was delivering a public lecture, but my acquaintance with him was formed many years afterward and I learned to admire his attainments. The friendly notice he was pleased to take of me in turn soon caused my feelings to ripen into an affection on my part which I have reason to think was in part at least returned; and this is why I desire to offer this wreath in the form of such likeness as memory, aided by photograph, has enabled me to produce.

If I have failed to portray his real character, his honesty of purpose, his intense love of nature, and his faith in God, I have only failed as his own severe expression of features sometimes failed. I can recall none of the makers of Buffalo who have left us more deserving of a green memory. It may be that the most he did in its material interest was when as judge the criminal was made to quail before those awful eyes, or when in judgment between man and man he preserved his ermine pure. He little cared for wealth except as means for intellectual freedom, and it is in the higher and purer intellectual and moral atmosphere that we must look for the results of his influence.

His contributions to literature were such as would have made him famous had he cared for fame. Not only his forensic studies, which occupied the earlier part of his life, but even, and perhaps I should say, especially, those exquisite letters to the daily press descriptive of his dalliance with the denizens of outdoor nature in his rambles through woods or by streams. While there was nothing in literature or science with which this gifted man was not familiar, his studies in botany seemed best suited to his retiring nature; and to his intimates, his quiet death under heaven's own dome with his favorite flower still in his cold hand seemed a most fitting close.

Respectfully yours,

L. G. SELLSTEDT.

Mayor's Office, Buffalo, N. Y., July 25, 1899.

L. G. Sellstedt, Esq.,

78 West Mohawk St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt from you of the portrait of Judge Clinton and your interesting communication accompanying it, and to express on behalf of myself personally and as mayor of our city, grateful thanks for your valuable contribution to the gallery of portraits in the mayor's office. Your work has received the highest commendation and praise from every person who has looked upon it. It brings us back the past when great and good men were our possession, and whose influence and example are still with us. We cannot too often be reminded of the estimable lives they led, and the culture and refinement they contributed to our community. May the sweet and sacred influences of their pure lives ever remain with us to guide, strengthen, and elevate us in our course of life. Your communication containing so much that is historical and valuable will be presented to our Historical Society, to be preserved in their archives.

Again thanking you for your valuable present, I remain

Your obedient servant,

Conrad Diehl,

Mayor.

Buffalo, Oct. 25, 1899.

Honorable Conrad Diehl,

Mayor of Buffalo.

Dear Sir,—In my former communication, where I explained my motive for offering to contribute that of Judge Clinton to the collection of portraits of ex-mayors, I promised to paint one of the late Honorable Solomon G. Haven for the same purpose. This picture is now completed and waits your acceptance.

In laying this second offering on the altar of friend-

ship, I can scarcely lay claim to disinterestedness. The happiness I feel in presenting the picture is only equaled by the pleasure I have had in my work, when, as imagination bodied forth his noble features, he seemed to encourage and approve my efforts.

To those who knew Mr. Haven well, anything like panegyric or even historical reminiscences would be superfluous, nor is this the place, were I able to do justice to his memory, to sketch even a faint outline of his life and character; but the memory of the greatest or best suffers by time and a whole generation has come upon the stage since his death.

But to those who now have our municipal welfare in their keeping, it may not be out of place to say that a more fearlessly honest, a more intelligent and clear-headed man, whether as eloquent pleader in a court of justice, a patriotic and watchful caretaker of our country's honor or material interest in Congressional debate, or as head of the municipal affairs of the city of Buffalo, never has occupied the mayor's chair than Solomon G. Haven.

Respectfully yours,
L. G. Sellstedt.

I first saw Millard Fillmore in court and greatly admired his noble and dignified appearance as he arose to address the jury, his carefully chosen language, modulated tone of voice and logical argument. At this time Mr. Fillmore had recently returned from his duties at Albany, where he had filled the office of State Comptroller, to resume his law practice as head of the firm of Fillmore, Hall & Haven, a firm second to none in legal acumen and professional honor, and in whose office some of the foremost members of the bar in our city have held it an honor to study and graduate. But Mr. Fillmore's legal attainments and political acts are history,

and were I capable of commenting on them, this would not be the place to do it. I will only observe that I believe that a more careful man of entrusted interests, conscientious counselor, or more patriotic servant would be difficult to name among those who have adorned the bar of our city. It is not, however, with Mr. Fillmore, the lawyer, comptroller, or even President we have to do at this time, but with Mr. Fillmore, the gentleman and private citizen, such as I found him and learned to understand and to estimate his character. It was only after his return from Washington, overwhelmed with grief for the loss of his beloved wife, and the subsequent death of his lovely daughter, that I became acquainted with the gentle and unpretending man. A self-made man, in youth he found it necessary to adapt himself to social habits requiring much tact and circumspection. That he came of good stock was evident to any one who met his plain but dignified old father, a typical American of the best sort, or his uncle, the well-known Elder Fillmore of the Methodist Church, who so piously filled his sacred office.

Prominent traits in Mr. Fillmore's character were punctuality and exactness in all his dealings. This sometimes led those who did not know him well to think him close fisted. Methodical in the extreme, he kept account of trifles, only to forget all about them, and I have reason to believe that his liberality, whether private or public, was commensurate with his means.

As to his punctuality, I recall an occasion on which he had failed, and it was distressing to me to see how grieved he was. I was painting his portrait and had appointed a sitting which he failed to attend. When I reminded him of it I really felt sorry for him. "Mr. Sellstedt," said he, "I am deeply grieved, for I have prided myself on punctuality, and this is the first time it has failed. The truth is I forgot all about my appointment."

Between the families of the firm of Fillmore, Hall & Haven there had always been intimate relations. This was naturally shared by my wife, a younger sister of Mrs. Haven, and an intimate friend of the lovely and gifted Miss Fillmore, whose sudden death from cholera, some time before our marriage, left so deep an impression on the community and caused such social void to her father. After I entered the family circle I saw much of Mr. Fillmore in a social way. In his library at home, where we usually sat, his simple manner and intelligent conversation were always delightful. He loved books, and besides most of the English classics, works of reference, and other works of importance, his library contained translations from literary and scientific works of recognized value in other languages. History and geography were favorite studies, especially the former, a goodly number of large maps on rollers being conveniently placed so as to be ready at hand.

There was with all the apparent serious dignity in Mr. Fillmore's usual manner, a very marked humorous side, which made him an excellent story teller, to the great amusement of his friends, when he would give free vent to his humor and power of character imitation.

As he was naturally of a skeptical turn of mind, I think mysteries had little place in his mind, and, though attentive to the forms and requirements of religious duties, I do not think that he cared at all for theological studies. I remember he once told me that while in London he was invited to attend a scene where extraordinary manifestations were expected of the celebrated medium, Hume. The whole thing turned out a failure, which was laid mostly to his utter unbelief, which so disturbed the spirits that they lost their power.

Mr. Fillmore was an ideal sitter while I painted his portraits, three of which it was my privilege to execute. He never seemed tired, and he would tell pleasant

anecdotes generally of his congressional experience, the strange characters he had met, etc., etc. Once I asked him why he signed the Fugitive Slave bill when he must have known it would hurt his political prestige. He said it was by the advice of Mr. Webster, his Secretary of State. The substance of it was already in the constitution, and it was thought best to give way to the South till the Territories were made States, when a constitutional amendment to abolish slavery could be hoped for; in fact, Mr. Fillmore's respect for law was one of his most marked characteristics.

In this brief description of men of mark and nobility of character who have honored me with friendship, both my head and heart are in unison while I acknowledge the beneficial influence received from the mental and moral contact with that pure and highly-organized spirit, James Osborn Putnam. I do not know that I can more fittingly express my offering to his name than by quoting from the remarks I was permitted to make before the Historical Society of Buffalo on the evening devoted to the honor of his memory, and which have already been printed in the Society's publication:

"I need not say that I am proud to add my mite to this occasion; the privilege is indeed precious to me, and I esteem it a great honor.

"We are here to-night to hallow the memory of one of our noblest citizens. His learning, eloquence, patriotism, and other civic virtues have been the theme of the able and discriminating address to which we have had the pleasure of listening, and I feel sure that could his spirit be cognizant of our acts, he would be pleased that his friend Larned, whom, he more than once told me, he regarded as Buffalo's first living citizen, had been chosen 'speaker of his living actions.'

"My own meagre and imperfect tribute must needs

be purely personal. It is the overflow of a heart full of love which I have reason to believe was to some degree mutual. I often wondered what in me he found to honor with his friendship. Art it certainly was not; perhaps for that he cared too little; it may have been our common devotion to the genius of Shakespeare; or it may have been that mysterious and subtle something which an old and very intelligent Shaker I used to know called my soul-atmosphere.

"Although I long had known Mr. Putnam as an able and highly-respected member of the bar, a trusted officer of government, a cultivated gentleman, and generally distinguished citizen, it was not till my admission to the Shakespeare Club, of which he was a star member, that we became acquainted; but from that time, some thirty years ago, our friendship grew apace until it ripened into an intimacy which only death could sever. But, though the memory of our mutual relations is dear to me, I claim no preference in Mr. Putnam's choice of friends, for I am well aware that he had older and more valuable friends to whom he was closely bound, of some of whom it will be my pleasure to speak later. Besides his social nature, high ethical sense, fine tact, and, more than all, generous appreciation of all that was good in others, made him the idol of refined society, and must have engendered many strong bonds of friendship of which I could have no knowledge. But, while he was a favorite, while few social functions among his friends were deemed complete without his presence, I have reason to believe that his circle of intimates was choice rather than extensive.

"Although deep religious sentiment, seriousness, love of truth, hatred of hypocrisy, and shams were the foundation of his moral character, there was nothing of a bigot in its make up. Tolerant of the opinions of others, he was ever ready to admit and acknowledge the good in all.

This natural sweetness of temper and buoyancy of spirits were ever ready to bring life and animation into the company unless oppressed with that physical suffering to which he seems to have been a frequent victim; but even then the stimulus of a witty allusion or a suggestion from a favorite author would cause them to expand into the natural florescence of their abundant elasticity.

"I recall one pleasant instance of his never-failing ready wit. A number of society people had been invited to a house-warming at the formal opening of the Falconwood Club, Mr. Putnam being one of the guests. On the way down by the steamer he lost his hat. When later we were assembled round the festal board he was called on for a speech; he began to make excuses, alleging total lack of preparation, unexpectedness, and so forth, to which the irrepressible Joseph Warren jokingly objected, declaring that this could not be true, since he himself had written the speech for him, and that he must have it in his pocket. Quick as thought, Mr. Putnam exclaimed: "Why, I lost it; it was in my hat when it blew off." He then went on to address us, and those acquainted with his ready eloquence need not be told that his witty and entertaining speech, in which he did not spare his friend Warren, was greatly enjoyed by that hilarious company.

"While always entertaining, it was, perhaps, in our Shakespeare Club that our friend displayed one of his brightest sides. He took Shakespeare seriously, loving him most in his sublime parts, or those which indicated the profundity of his insight into human nature. In later years he was fond of reciting Ulysses' speech to Achilles in 'Troilus and Cressida.' Perhaps he fancied in it an adaptation to his own life, as I confess it fits mine, and may have meaning to others of advanced years with unfulfilled ambitions and lofty aims. I quote the passage because he loved it so:

'Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright: To have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Die there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.'

"Among the friends of Mr. Putnam with whom I was personally acquainted were Messrs. Fillmore, Haven, Hall, Sprague, and Sherman Rogers. I will not trust myself to speak of the ladies. The apparent physical delicacy of his slender figure often gave his friends solicitude. One instance I recall. I think it was at Mr. E. C. Sprague's house that some of these gentlemen met for a farewell gathering on the eve of his departure for Havre de Grace, where he had been appointed consul, that one of his friends (Haven) remarked after he was gone: 'Dear Putnam, we shall probably never see him again.' Yet the irony of fate willed that he should see them all in their graves.

"He must have had a very marked affection for Mr. Haven; at least, he cherished his memory greatly, and I am sure from the talks we had in my studio that he had the highest respect for his character and talents. I had an unfinished portrait of Mr. Haven in my room which he admired very much, as it was a very good likeness, though painted from the corpse. This he requested me to let him have to keep in his study while he lived. As it is no longer wanted for that purpose I shall be pleased to have it go to this society, as I think it far better than the one now there.

"I have alluded to Mr. Putnam's lack of interest in painting. This, I think, rose in part from defective vision in his latest years; perhaps, also, his absorption in his business and kindred studies had prevented his attention being called to it. I remember that while I was his guest in Brussels, where he had invited me to visit him when I was staying in Paris with my family, I proposed a visit to the art galleries. He had not been there before, and was much interested, regretting that he had neglected to visit them. Especially was he interested in the Wirtz collection, that melange of artistic vagaries so well calculated to cast their fearful weird over the sensitive beholder.

"But, though his interest in pictorial art was limited, his love of poetry and the higher forms of literature was boundless. No touch of the poet's fancy was too fine for his exquisite sense, no shade too elusive to escape his sympathetic nature. As he loved Shakespeare, so he revelled in Spencer and Shelley, and no beauty of diction escaped his critical acumen.

"At all times a delightful companion, he always brought out the best that was in me. May not this fine tact be one of the secrets of the charming conversational powers of which he was a past master?

"Mr. Putnam's last visit to my studio was on the afternoon before the Angel of Death touched him with his wing; he seemed tired and feeble, but, after a slight restorative, his spirits rose to their usual tone, and I had no reason to fear that I should never again hear the sound of his familiar and ever-welcome footfalls approaching my studio door.

"Though I think Mr. Putnam's orthodoxy would have satisfied even John Knox himself at least in essentials, his broad mind could not be bounded within the ironclad precincts that enclose error as well as truth. He was a liberal thinker, willing to discuss the difficulties which science has put in the way of that simplicity of faith which all regret the loss of, and which will ever trouble the intelligent believer. Immortality seemed to fill him with dread, the idea of living forever was associated with a never ceasing activity, and what he most desired was rest. These were the promptings of a feeble frame, which confined a glorious spirit. None knows anything of a future life beyond what Christ has told us; but though he has left us the assurance that in his Father's house are many mansions we are left in ignorance of their nature. Of one thing we may be reasonably sure; the influence of a good life will be felt till time shall be no more.

"Whatever be the nature of his spirit life, whether

conscious of his mortal existence and of remaining friends, or translated into an infinite of blissful oblivion beyond the conception of our limited understanding or farthest reaches of imagination — in the hearts of his friends his memory will be everlasting."

Though I received substantial proof of friendly regard from that distinguished member of the bar, Judge J. M. Smith, who had been at one time my brother-in-law's partner, I cannot lay claim to an intimacy which would justify treating him as an equal. There was in his manner, however friendly, a certain dignity which seemed to forbid familiarity. I might joke with Mr. Haven, Mr. Rogers, nay even with Mr. Fillmore, but, notwithstanding his lack of inches in height, I could as easily have ventured such freedom with the Pope of Rome as with Judge Smith. His Christian character found vent in liberality to the Episcopal Church, of which he was one of the most useful and devoted adherents, and his recognition of the importance of art culture took concrete form in a donation while living of $5,000 to the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy.

The Buffalo Fine Arts Academy was the outcome of the need felt by some resident artists of a public institution where examples of good art might be available, not only for the students' benefit, but as a means of elevating the standard of art among our citizens. This required money; rooms must be secured and furnished; transportation, insurance, and labor were items that must be met with cash. An exhibition conducted by the Young Men's Association had awakened public interest, and yet, but for the collapse of Mr. Humphrey's Rochester venture, there was reason to fear that the sanguine hopes of the projectors might have ended in Spanish castles.

I do not here intend to repeat the story of the incep-

tion and early struggles of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, now, thanks to later munificence, one of the proudest monuments of advanced American intellectual culture, which has so truthfully been told in Mr. Chapin's valuable booklet, but I desire to acknowledge my debt due to some without whose practical aid failure must have resulted.

Although it is difficult to differentiate between these friends who upheld my arms I may, without prejudice to others, place Mr. John Allen, our treasurer, at the head of the list. A noble hearted man was John Allen. Always responsive to the calls for charity and the deeds of benevolent institutions, there were few laudable efforts in behalf of the general good of the city that had not felt the support which his gentle heart and public spirit prompted; and many there were who sincerely deplored his early death.

The names of the thirteen gentlemen whose money gave birth to the infant enterprise and those of their successors in liberality are securely embalmed in the annals of the Academy; my own endeavors are also sufficiently recorded, but the aid and encouragement I received from Mr. Henry Richmond, and especially from Joseph Warren, ever ready with his wise counsel and influence, and William G. Fargo, whose liberality facilitated transportation, are all deserving of grateful remembrance. Last, though not least, is my gratitude due to the daily press, which so ably and generously seconded my efforts.

In looking back on the Academy's early struggles, the sturdy form of Captain Dorr looms up in the misty vista. I recall his never-ceasing material aid. Did I need men to hang pictures while arranging them for exhibition, his men would come to my aid free of expense to the Academy, for the running expenses of the gallery were at all times the crucial conundrum. But Captain Dorr was altruistic to the backbone; it seemed as if he only

lived to be of use to others. Patriotic to the last degree, he did not spare his services during the dreary days of our Civil War, nor was there any public effort for the general good that did not feel his lifting hand.

He represented the best type of the American sailor. Lack of early advantages had been amply supplied by sterling common sense, experience, and diligence. No one in our city was more respected. In a sense, he was what is called a "character," by which I suppose is understood something out of the common, but his eccentricities, if so they might be called, were nearly always the results of his good heart. He never could see suffering or distress without wishing to ameliorate them. Generous to a fault, and hospitable without bounds, he may almost be said to have kept open house. The following anecdote fairly illustrates these characteristics:

Meeting Mr. James O. Putnam and myself in the street, he invited us both to a noon dinner, "pot-luck" he called it. After our acceptance, he asked me to accompany Mr. Putnam to the house, saying that he was obliged to go to the post-office, but would be at home ahead of us, as he was driving. On reaching the house, we found he had not arrived, but we were hospitably received by Mrs. Dorr. It was full half an hour before he came, when he apologized for the delay by saying that he met a lady just as he was leaving the post-office who was lamenting that she would be late for a train to take her home, etc., etc. "Get right into my buggy, madam, and I'll soon take you there." That was the reason why he was late for our pot-luck, which we found consisted of roast mallard duck and the usual accompaniments of a well-ordered dinner.

Another man to whom I was much bound was the late Dr. Thomas T. Rochester, than whom Buffalo never had a nobler citizen. His open nature left nothing for the critic's scalpel; always outspoken and sometimes

severe in speaking his mind, there dwelt within as soft a heart and generous a nature as ever was given man to bear. Professionally at the head of his contemporaries, there was no arrogance in his manner or language, which was always simple and direct, though his condemnation of what he looked upon as irregularity and quackery was unmistakable and uncompromising.

For several years he served as president of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy and gave his personal aid and attention to its interests with his accustomed energy in all that he undertook, giving me most valuable and effectual support in my endeavors to keep up the character of the institution.

Though in this sketch my object is to pay a tribute of gratitude to his memory for his aid in behalf of the B. F. A. A., and especially for his devoted professional services to my family, as well as his personal friendship, I cannot forget a pleasant evening at his house, because it brings livingly before me another friend of kindred nature — Sanford Eastman, of sacred memory.

Dr. Eastman had made arrangements to move to California, hoping its climate would prolong his life, which was threatened by consumption. Mr. Joseph Warren, ever ready to give a helping hand, with Dr. Rochester and other friends, thought this an opportune time to tender him a testimonial in his honor. This was to take the form of a watch and chain, and it became my privilege to solicit the necessary funds. It was thought that $275 might suffice for this, but at Mr. Warren's suggestion, $1,000 besides, in cash, would come handy, and he thought it could be easily subscribed. Buffalo was not as rich then as now, and we had to be modest in our requests. I went round among his friends, and it took but a few hours to make up the sum required, the contributors being mostly his brother physicians, two or three of his wealthier patients being privileged to add

their mite. The presentation was at Dr. Rochester's house, whither we had been invited for the evening to give our friend a send-off. I had procured a thousand dollar greenback, which I folded small and put inside the case of the watch, a fine Jorgenson. At the presentation, amid the social and jovial company, nothing was said of the money, and so the dear doctor, while the whole was a great surprise to him and greatly gratifying, was left in ignorance of his good fortune till I informed him of it on our way home. He then told me that it came in good time for him, as that very day he had been informed that a thousand of his had gone up in the Chicago smoke, being invested in one of the insurance companies. It was not many years after that when Death claimed his victim in his California home, and a few years later he was followed by his friend; but the names of Eastman and Rochester shall long stand for what is noble and good in the City of Buffalo.

The Honorable William P. Letchworth is another to whom my grateful remembrance is due, not only for his valuable aid in the affairs of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, of which for several years he was the president, but also for his friendship to me in our private relations. I remember with pleasure some delightful house parties at Glen Iris, his hospitable home, and the choice spirits I met there. Among others I recall two beautiful young women, whom, on account of their glowing, rosy cheeks and sweetness of character, we called the "Detroit Reds." One of them became the wife of one whose brilliant talents, whether in prose or verse, had already begun to shed luster on the city of his adoption, and whose lovely character and gentle ways made him the idol of our society. It was here they met and here they plighted their youthful troth.

O! happy days, of days the best,
When crescent Nature claims her rest,

And lovers sigh their tender vows,
Beneath the dome of pendant boughs,
In hidden nooks while daylight fades,
And love confess in sylvan shades,
When maples blush, and chestnuts fall,
And woodland perfume pervades all,
O! Day of Joy, O! Hour of Bliss,
When first we 'changed our mutual kiss.

Mr. Letchworth needs not my pen to eulogize his benevolent altruism; his fame securely rests upon "the works that follow him." His memory lives in his labors in behalf of the unfortunate, as the moving spirit of the State Commission of Charities and Correction, and in the effectual aid rendered to Dr. Frederick Peterson in establishing that model institution for the care of epileptics, the Craig Colony; and also in his invaluable, exhaustive researches on these and kindred subjects, in printed form.

His private life is simple, unostentatious, and wholly beyond reproach; in a word, a model gentleman.

Memory brings up many more, both men and women, to whom I stand indebted to for the pleasant life, now soon to close, which, during the last sixty years, I have spent in this beloved city, but my tale is already extended far beyond my original intention. I will, therefore, close these recollections with a tribute to a gentleman whose name for more than half a century has stood for everything good and worthy of respect.

Good old Dr. Shelton! Methinks I see his portly figure, as with his hands behind his back he slowly promenades about his dearly beloved St. Paul's, little dreaming that the stones he walked on should one day bear his name. Shelton Square we call it now. Ah! a rare man was the doctor. Brusque, direct, simple — and sometimes even rude in his address — he was still one

of those bright souls for which it seems to me the pearly gates must ever stand wide open. "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord" were surely meant for such. This, too, I think would be the consensus judgment of all who knew him well.

Circumscribed as he may have been in his theology theoretically, in practice he was really one of the broadest men that ever cassock covered. He might refuse to designate his neighbor's Presbyterian edifice by name of church, calling it their place of worship, because he believed in the Divine right of his own, but personal hatred for anything but evil was utterly foreign to his charitable heart.

I painted two portraits of him, and he seemed to enjoy the sittings. Once when speaking of his younger days he told the following, being part of his ministerial experience. We were talking about a portrait by Mr. Tuttle. I give his own words as near as I can recall them:

"The first thing that Mr. Tuttle said after he began was: 'Mr. Shelton, I don't believe one word of the Bible.' I was greatly shocked, but, believing that he spoke through ignorance, I made up my mind that it was my duty to try to convert him. I did my best to show him his error, and he asked me to lend him books to read. I finally succeeded in changing his view and to accept the church's doctrine, but," here with an expression of disgust, "the fellow went and joined the Presbyterians."

My self-imposed task is ended. Looking back, I can see much that might have been and is not. But for my father's early death, I might have been a bishop, might have been a pastor in some country parish in my native land; more likely a magister in some seat of learning, or at least a teacher in a public school, unless my stars had conjuncted towards a professorship in Upsala. These

are indeed might-have-beens. I might have been, had I so willed, an old retired sea captain; I love to think that I might have been a better painter had I had the early training needed to become one. Ambition I had, high standard was mine, too high, perhaps, for my limited powers. In one thing, however, I have not failed; I have not failed in my loyalty to the pure, the good, the beautiful in Art.

THE END

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